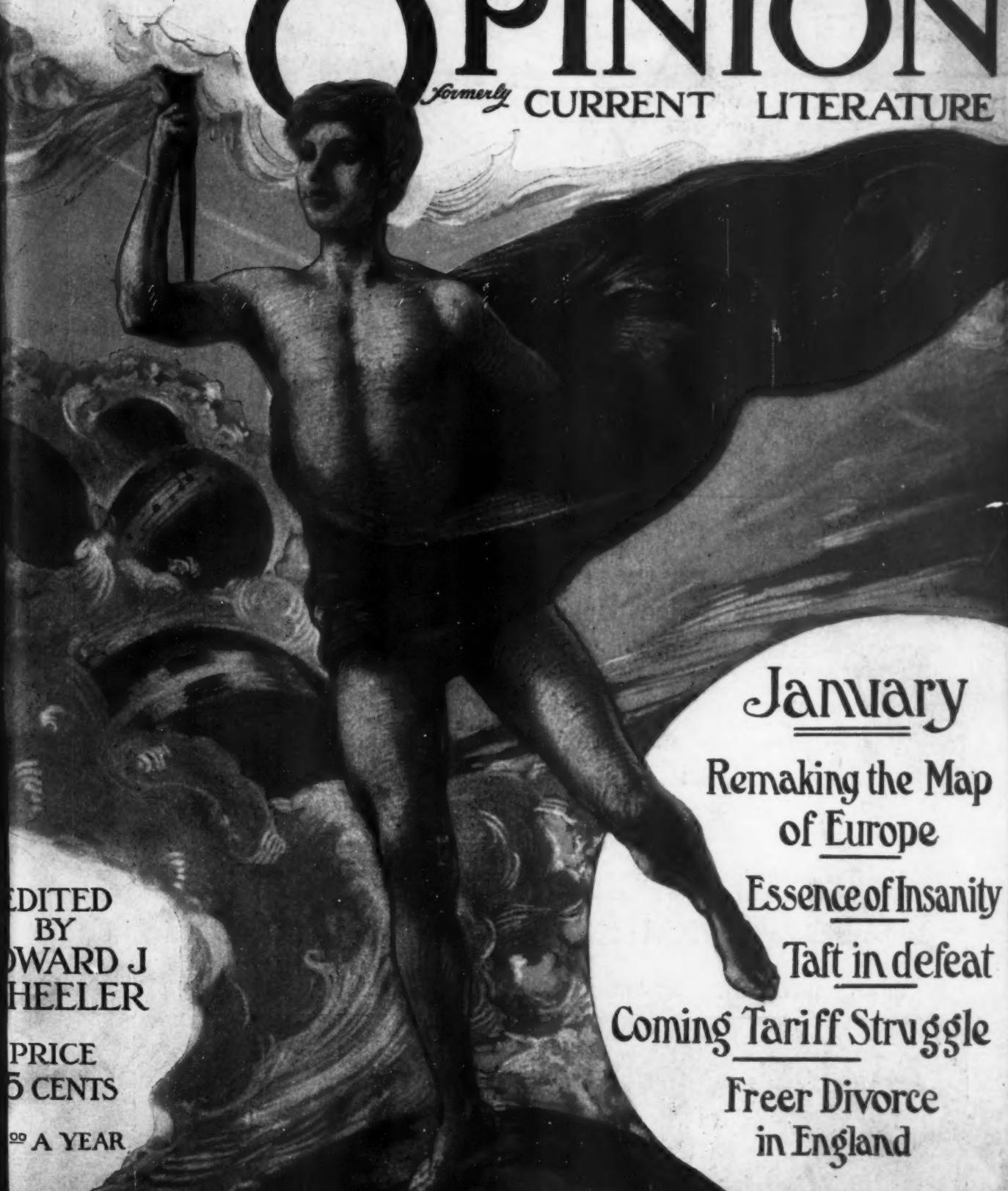


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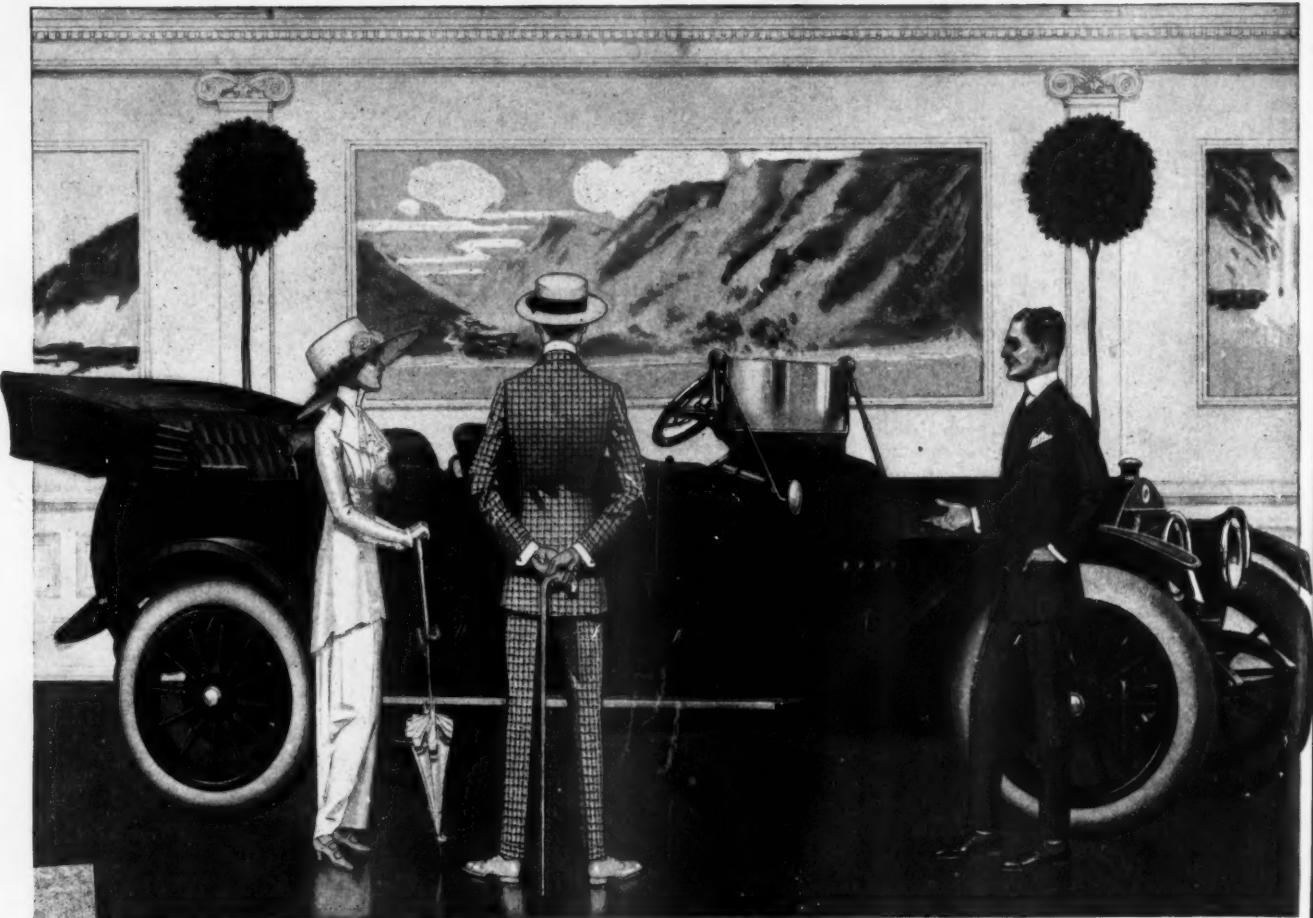
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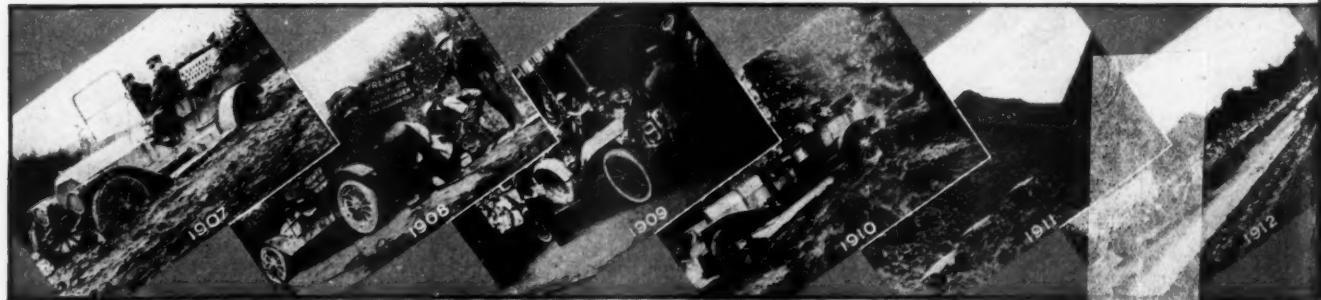
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# CURRENT OPINION



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR



ASSOCIATE EDITORS: LEONARD D. ABBOTT,  
ALEXANDER HARVEY, GEORGE S. VIERECK

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No. 1

## A Review of the World

**M**OST of the hopes and fears regarding political affairs during the next four years have seemed of late to be revolving about a single central point at which sits, with his usual expansive smile, a private citizen who answers to the name of William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan has been saying nothing publicly during the last few weeks and doing nothing. No matter. He remains in the spot-light. The House of Governors meets, discusses important subjects, effects at last a permanent organization with a salaried secretary, and the country looks on with languid interest. It is wondering about Mr. Bryan. The last session of the sixty-second Congress assembles and proceeds with the legislative business of a nation of ninety millions of people. The public pays but perfunctory attention. It has heard that Mr. Bryan has leased offices in Washington for the coming year and it asks itself excitedly, why? The Progressives hold a national conference in Chicago and Mr. Roosevelt denounces all fusion with the old parties. The public look and listen for a day or two, then proceed to discuss the news that Mr. Wilson is going to request Mr. Bryan to become Secretary of State.

Hysterics Caused by Mention of Bryan for the Cabinet.

**S**UCH at least is the general impression one gets of the situation from scanning the press of the country during the last few weeks. Mr. Bryan looms very large in all the speculation regarding the Wilson administration. A large part of the Pres-

ident-elect's mail while he was in Bermuda, it is reported, consisted of letters about his rumored intention to offer Mr. Bryan the post of Secretary of State. "The Bryan flurry of recent days," remarks the Springfield *Republican*, "is a kind of 'throw-back' reminiscent of the years when, if Bryan took a pinch of snuff, the 'interests' of

the country sneezed in sheer terror.... At one moment it seemed as if there was a storm-center of Bryan hysteria again hovering over New York City. It began with the report that the Nebraskan might enter the Wilson Cabinet, and, with that as a basis, report after report of a fearsome nature gained circulation." One of these reports was that Mr. Bryan would be the secretary of the treasury and was getting ready to launch a new issue—the old "greenback heresy"—upon the country. Still another rumor was that Mr. Bryan was practically selecting Mr. Wilson's whole Cabinet for him. Washington grew fully as excited as New York.

What Wilson Thinks of Bryan.

**O**NLY a few years ago Woodrow Wilson was asking whether there was not some way in which Bryan could be "knocked into a cocked hat." But all that has been changed. On October 5 last, speaking in Lincoln, Mr. Wilson said:

"I am proud to come to Lincoln and render my tribute of respect to the great champion of liberty who set the Democratic party free at Baltimore. With the tact which ought to characterize a great leader, Mr. Bryan did not attempt to dictate what the choice of the convention should be, but he did attempt to prevent, and he splendidly succeeded in preventing, the control of that convention by those interests inimical to the people. If I, as a result of the freedom of that convention, my responsibility is all the greater to live up to the standard to which Mr. Bryan brought that representative body of Democrats."



"Would that we could do something at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan once for all into a cocked hat."—From Mr. Wilson to Adrian Joline, Esq., on April 29, 1907.  
—Cesare in N. Y. Sun



—Murphy in Portland Journal

The New York *Sun* regards it as certain that Mr. Bryan will be the next



A PICTURESQUE SURVIVOR

In the general Republican wreck of November last, Sereno E. Payne, of the Payne-Aldrich bill, did not go down. He will be a member of the new Congress and will take the lead in the attacks upon the Democratic revision of the tariff. He is a fighting politician of the old school. He is heavy and lumbering, but he arrives on time.

Secretary of State, and it raises a cry of warning. It scans the Bryan platform of 1900, with its denunciation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty (under which the Panama Canal has been undertaken), its declaration for a strict exclusion law not only for Chinese but for all Asiatics, its condemnation for the "ill-concealed Republican alliance with England," and then asks: "Who can read it and not shudder at the thought of entrusting him with the management of the foreign relations of the government?"

Send Bryan to England,  
Says Watterson.

COLONEL WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, scents trouble and hastens to indicate a way to avert it. There is good warrant, he admits, in history for the selection of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State; but there are in his case two handicaps. He has, first, a series of personal grudges with leaders in Congress—notably Champ Clark and Underwood—upon whom President Wilson must largely rely for success. He has, second, very definite ambitions about 1916. "What is Mr. Wilson to do? A free fight is predicted by the common enemy; even friends have their doubts about a wholly happy union." Colonel Watterson proceeds to nominate Mr. Bryan for ambassador to the Court of St. James, a post already left vacant by the death last month of Whitelaw Reid. That will remove the friction, and, besides, Colonel Watterson does "so want to see Mr. Bryan in knee-breeches and silk stockings." So far this nomination does not seem to be seconded; but the Philadelphia *Telegraph* also lays emphasis on the fact that "all the leaders in the House are now against Bryan," and it is to them Mr. Wilson must look, "not to outsiders, however great their reputations may be as orators and

mischief-makers." It may be predicted, it thinks, that "Mr. Bryan will be completely discouraged in his efforts to 'run' the next administration."

The Democratic Point of Danger.

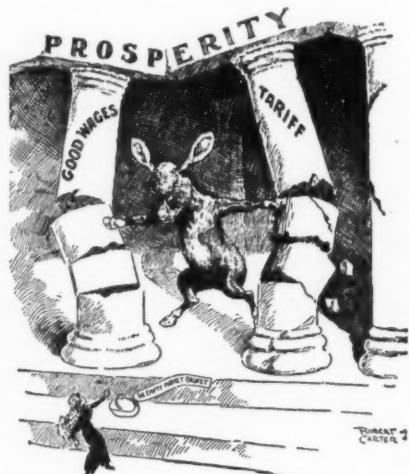
FROM the *Age-Herald*, published down in Mr. Underwood's home city of Birmingham, Alabama, we get the assertion, by its regular correspondent, that Mr. Bryan is the Democratic point of danger. It says:

"Mr. Bryan is of the build of the would-be-leader, and he promises to be a serious danger to the Wilson administration. Were he in the Cabinet he would insist upon dominating or building up an opposition to the President. If he does not go into the Cabinet he is almost certain to endeavor to dictate from the outside and to declare himself in the newspapers and magazines upon every issue which comes up."

Another Southern Democratic paper, the *Houston Post*, ventures the mysterious gastronomical remark that "those who expect Mr. Bryan to attempt an experiment in self-effacement are full of prunes." It adds:

"Mr. Bryan might make a most creditable Secretary of State, but how could he confine his activity to that somewhat restricted sphere? He would be sure to take a hand in tariff discussion or banking and currency discussion. He would have his partisans within communicable distance at all times, and very likely he would make the editorial columns of *The Commoner* a hotbed of criticism and censure. A course of this nature could have but one result, and that his early withdrawal from the Cabinet, which would be a signal of trouble."

The Hearst papers started in to warn Mr. Wilson "not to inject the wrangling and dictatorial spirit of Mr. Bryan into his Cabinet veins"; but they were called down by Mr. Hearst, with a signed communication to the effect that no needless objections should be made to Mr. Wilson's following his

SAMSON  
—Carter in N. Y. Press

own judgment. "The great need of this country," said Mr. Hearst, "is judicious radicalism, and a combination might be exceedingly advisable in which Mr. Wilson would furnish the judgment and Mr. Bryan the radicalism."

What Bryan's Selection Would Do to the Bull-Moosers.

**H**ENRY ALLEN, of Kansas, one of the national leaders of the Progressive party (and one of the cleverest), writes to the Emporia *Gazette* discrediting Mr. Bryan's power in the coming administration. "If signs mean anything," says Mr. Allen, "the solid South is in the saddle in the Democratic party," and the Southern statesmen are of the traditional type. "To them the Progressive policies mean nothing. They regard the program of the Progressive party as little more than the phrase-making of ambitious demagogues. They regard Mr. Bryan as impractical, but useful with the public. They are prepared to give him everything he wants—except his way." Mr. Allen finds, in fact, that the standpat Democrats are already "preparing to do for Mr. Wilson just what standpat advice and standpat companionship did for Mr. Taft." The Republican papers generally are chuckling, not only over what they believe Mr. Bryan, whether in the Cabinet or out of it, is going to do for the Democrats, but also over what he will do to the Progressive party. Thus the Boston *Transcript* remarks:

"During the Baltimore convention word came from Oyster Bay that the Colonel was 'praying for Clark.' It is easy to imagine him at this moment 'praying against Bryan,' for with the Nebraskan at the right hand of the new President the winning to the new party of the Bryan Democrats would prove all the more difficult, and without such an accession the new party would find it hard to earn a permanent place as a political entity in our national life."



GO AWAY  
—San Francisco Call



PASSING IT ON

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Shouts for Bryan Even from Conservatives.

**M**ORE notable than anything else in connection with the Bryan matter is the temper with which the more conservative Democratic papers speak of him as a possible Secretary of State. The New York *Times* struggles over the pros and cons of the situation in a rather tumultuous way. For all its hostility to Bryan, it rather thinks that he might do less harm inside the Cabinet than outside. Loyalty to his chief would in the former position "tie his hands," and that might be "a first-rate way to chloroform" him. The Baltimore *Sun* stoutly defends Mr. Bryan from the charges of selfishness or malice-against and, while it does not commit itself, it can view him as a Cabinet official with equanimity. The New York *World* compares Mr. Bryan not unfavorably with past secretaries of state, and says:

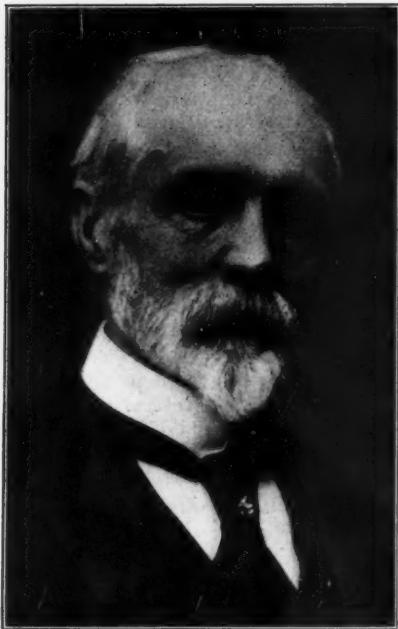
"Mr. Bryan would never be a satisfactory Secretary of State for the champions of Dollar Diplomacy, or for millionaires who regard the Diplomatic Corps as an annex to the Four Hundred. But we believe that his attitude toward foreign questions is the attitude of a vast majority of the American people, and we observe that the opposition to his appointment comes chiefly from people who want the State Department to remain a subsidiary Wall Street corporation."

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* thinks his selection might be an "admirable stroke." The Louisville *Post* is sure that all progressive Democrats would be well satisfied by it, and they constitute "nine-tenths of all the Democrats." The *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver) is sure that not only the Democrats want him in the Cabinet, but the country and Woodrow Wilson as well; and that Mr. Bryan wishes to be there. The "logic of events" ensures his appointment and his acceptance.



HE WILL LOOK LESS CHIPPER SOON

The heaviest part of the work in tariff revision will fall on Oscar W. Underwood. The load is a heavy one, and it has broken more than one man in previous revisions. In addition to Republican attacks, Mr. Underwood may have to count on attacks from Mr. Bryan as well, who regards him as a protection Democrat.



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## HONORED BY TWO NATIONS

The death of Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador at the Court of St. James, was made the occasion of a handsome courtesy by the British government. After services in his honor in Westminster Abbey, the body was conveyed to a British battleship, which brings it to America in ceremonious pomp.

**O** THE Tariff Agony Begins. **N** THE sixth day of this month the agony will commence. The agony, of course, is the revision of the tariff. "Schedule A—chemicals, oils and paints: Monday, January 6"—that is the beginning of the official announcement made by the ways and means committee for the tariff hearings. It ends with: "Free List, administrative features and miscellaneous: Friday, January 31." Between the two dates each schedule will be given two days, from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., for public hearings. When this part of the agony is over, the committee will try to formulate results and probably to draft bills for the extra session of the incoming Congress. Then will come the struggle in the lower house. Then that in the upper house. Then a final struggle in the joint conference committee. By that time it will almost surely be the last part of June and it may be much later, depending largely upon the amount of oratory. The one prayer which the country seems to unite on to a man is that revision, since it must come, may come quickly. "What is essential," says the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "is to get the thing done and out of the way."

Prayers that Revision  
May Be Speedy.

**B**UT there are lions in the way. Everybody is agreed that the revision that is to be made should be made quickly. But they have always agreed beforehand on that. Will the new Congress, consisting largely of new men, be any more suc-

cessful than other Congresses have been in the matter of speed? Hope whispers yes and Experience shouts no. The one big advantage the new Congress will start with is the fact that five of the schedules—"the fighting schedules" Underwood calls them—were revised by Congress along Democratic lines in 1911 and 1912, and four of these bills were passed with the help, especially in the Senate, of the progressive Republicans. The presumption is that those bills can be again passed with but little modification. But it was well known that they would be vetoed by President Taft and never become law. Whether they will be passed again, with a Democratic President in the White House, as readily as before is a matter of doubt.

a) Protective Tariff and the  
Presidential Vote.

**T**HREE are at least half a dozen important factors to be considered when one tries to get a line on the coming tariff struggle and its results. The views of Woodrow Wilson are one. The views of William J. Bryan are another. The views of Oscar Underwood and Champ Clark, but especially Underwood, are a third. The views of the Progressive Republicans in the Senate are a fourth. You may put any one of these four factors first in order of importance and find good reasons for doing so. Then the tariff plank in the national Democratic platform and the nature of the bills already passed and vetoed by Taft are factors of importance. And a fact which is already being emphasized not only by Republicans and Progressives but, according to Washington dispatches, by "many Democratic members of the House" as well, as a reason for conservative revision, is that the vote for Wilson was about one million less than the combined vote for Taft and Roosevelt, both of whom stood for the principle of protection. "While the country has endorsed the Democratic program of abandoning a 'stand-pat' position," so runs the reported interpretation of the conservative Democratic Congressmen, "it has not given the Democratic party carte blanche to enact such tariff legislation as is desired by radical Democrats."

Progressive Republicans Hold  
the Balance of Power.

**T**HE Democratic platform declares emphatically that "the federal government, under the Constitution, has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue." But it also declares: "We favor the ultimate attainment of the principles we advocate by legislation that will not injure or destroy legitimate industry." Evidently any Democrat who wishes to can fight against any schedule that will hurt any industry in his State and stand

on this latter declaration in doing so. There are in the Senate, according to an analysis made by the *N. Y. Times*, at least seven Democratic Senators "to whom certain schedules of the tariff seem sacred"—more sacred presumably than the Democratic platform made by Mr. Bryan. Shafroth and Thomas, of Colorado, have announced their opposition to a reduction on ores and sugar. The Louisiana Senators will resist any reduction on sugar. Overman and Simmons, of North Carolina, will not consent to see the cotton-spinning industry "unduly threatened by low tariff duties." As the Senate is likely to be evenly divided, Mr. Underwood, says the *Times*, "will be under the necessity of dicker- ing with the Progressives." The *N. Y. Evening Post* sees things in about the same way, and it thinks the best plan of battle will be to pass again the bills vetoed by Taft. "The balance of power," the *N. Y. Globe* agrees, "is in the hands of the dozen or more Republican Progressives."

Funeral of Tariff for Protection  
May Be Delayed.

**I**F THIS view of the situation is correct, then the time does not seem to have come for the death and burial of the protection principle. The Republicans and the Progressives are avowed Protectionists, tho strongly oppozed to a "prohibitive tariff." With them holding the pass in the upper house, and with Underwood and Clark, who are saying little about a tariff for revenue and much about a "competitive tariff," holding the seats of influence in the lower house, the outlook for an entire abandonment of protective rates at this time is not generally rated as A1. Three years ago Woodrow Wilson had an illuminating article in the *North American Review* in which he declared: "Existing protection should not be suddenly withdrawn, but steadily and upon a fixed program upon which every man of business can base his definite forecasts and systematic plans." The real danger of the Democrats, as the *Springfield Republican* sees it, "is not from an excessive radicalism in tariff reduction but from an excessive conservatism." The *Atlanta Journal* (mouthpiece of Senator Hoke Smith) says:

"What does Democracy purpose to do with this [protective tariff] system that has been built up for the partisan benefit of liberal contributors to Republican campaign funds? Certainly, there is no thought of smashing it at one reckless blow; for a plan that has evolved through long decades and that has interlaced itself with the country's whole business fabric cannot be safely torn asunder at one session of Congress or even in the course of one administration."

## Frightful Discords in the Christmas Chorus.

**I**F YOU are looking for nice, pleasant, Christmassy reading just now, skip a page or two right here. For there is something in the sobs of three-year-old children whipped to work when they are longing to go to bed that brings great crashing discords into the song the angels sang; and the sweet tale of the wise men bowing before Mary and her child fails frightfully to fit into the story of present conditions as told last month by another Mary to the District Attorney of New York City and to the aldermanic committee that is investigating police graft. In fact nothing could have been worse timed, from a sentimental standpoint, than the revelations made before the New York State factory investigating commission concerning child-labor in the tenements of this state unless it was the revelations being made at the same time before the aldermanic committee by women-keepers of houses of ill repute who have turned on the police for "jobbing" them. The two series of revelations give tremendous emphasis to a recent statement made by Woodrow Wilson in a discussion last July of municipal misgovernment. "Something, not the public opinion," he said, in an interview in the *New York Evening Post*, "something sinister controls the government of our cities and prevents our controlling it."

## Not Child Labor Only, But Baby Labor.

**I**T IS no uncommon sight," said Dr. Anna Sturgis Daniel, a physician in charge of the out-patients of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, "to see children of four or five years of age working practically all day on paper flowers. I remember one case where a child of three worked until ten o'clock at night on flowers. At some time of the year practically all the children of working families work late into the night." How, she was asked, do the mothers keep them at work? Her answer was: "They beat them generally. They can't afford not to make them work until all they have to do is done. They would starve." In the past year Dr. Daniel has visited 372 families, of which 182 were doing outside factory work of some kind, and in 79 of these families—nearly one half—there were cases of contagious diseases. She had seen nine persons working in one family where there was tuberculosis. She told of other cases where work was being done by children just recovering from measles or scarlet fever. Dr. Daniel's testimony was amply confirmed by others. Miss Maud E. Miner, a probation officer of the city, said: "I have often seen children of seven years old working as late as half-past ten at night on paper flowers, and I have seen children of seven and nine years of age

working all Sunday afternoon at sewing on buttons. The parents made them work until dark, so as to save the gas bills." Miss Elizabeth D. Watson, an investigator for the commission, found babies three and four years old helping dress dolls for the Christmas trade. Their regular share of the work was turning the dresses right side out after they had been stitched. A single trade, that of embroidery, employs in New York City 61,000 home workers, half of them children.

## Overwork for Women Breeds Defective Children.

**O**UTSIDE New York City, the commission found conditions in many of the canning factories almost as bad. The chief of the canning investigation asserts in a signed article in the *New York Times*:

"We have claimed, and it is a fact, that a boy of 12 was forced by his parents to work from 4:30 A. M. till 10 P. M. one day and that he started work at 4:30 the next morning. It is also a fact that 1,259 children under 16 years of age were found at work in the canneries, 317 of whom were from 14 to 16 years, 801 from 10 to 14, and 141 under 10, ranging from 3 years up. One child was 3, three 4, ten 5, sixteen 6, twenty-six 7, forty-six 8, and thirty-nine 9 years old."

He tells of women working 119½ hours in a week, and as high as 21½ hours a day. Yet more than one-half the factories of the state get along without employing children and some of them make good profits without working women extreme hours. There are factory laws in New York state, but the canning industry, it seems, has been exempt from their operation. There is no law limiting the number of hours that even a child of six may work at home. Dr. Max Schlaff, in charge of the newly created clearing house for defectives, conducted by the department of charities in New York city, says that in examining 800 defective children he finds that in the majority of cases the mother was physically and mentally unfit, because, as he puts it, "she is an industrial slave." Conditions are worse in America, he asserts, than in any other country of the world. There are 20,000 defective children in New York, largely the direct result of the overwork and overstrain to which the mothers are subjected in the factories. "The woman in industry has offspring who are nervous, say. They grow up and resort to some drug to quiet themselves. Their offspring are neurotic. The next generation is feeble-minded."

## Keepers of Disorderly Houses Turn on the Police.

**W**HEN Gib the Blood, one of the slayers of Rosenthal the gambler, was in hiding, he went for a time to the flat rented by a Mrs. Mary Goode. In the prosecu-

tion of Becker and the gunmen, the district attorney received material assistance from Mrs. Goode. She has now come to the fore to tell her story of police graft and persecution. She has kept a house of ill repute, or rather an apartment, for years. Of late the "business" has been organized into what is called the "vice trust." Mrs. Goode refused to join this trust, running an independent house. She has paid the police \$60.00 a month, she says, for "protection"—one-third of her net returns. She was content to do this indefinitely, as long as she was protected. But her refusal to join the trust queered her. She has been hounded out of one place after another where other women connected with the trust were allowed to stay unmolested. Finally she turned on her persecutors and appeared before the aldermanic investigating committee last month ready to testify to all she knew, and to plead for the regulation of her kind of business by a commission of citizens. Other women of the same sort, stirred by her courage, have of their own motion appeared before the district attorney for the same purpose. Their stories are all circumstantial and, it is said, corroborate one another.

## The "Vice Trust" in New York City.

**T**HREE are 35,000 "disorderly women" in New York City, according to Mrs. Goode, "including girls who took to the life because they could not make a living in the shops." The average price for police protection is \$60 a month, but some houses pay as high as \$1,000 a month. Any one of these houses would take in \$1,500 on a Saturday night, and these "are not the exclusive houses, but the ones that cater to the laboring classes." All the small flats that have large revenues escape molestation if they belong to the "vice trust." This is run by men, nearly all foreigners. Mrs. Goode names a number of them, and also their special agent, who has a beer-bottling establishment and sells beer to all the houses. The "trust" places two women in charge of each house, on a percentage basis. It has a board of arbitration to settle all disputes among the inmates. Each inmate has cards which are punched to show the amount of "business" she brings in. The "trust" is in alliance with police officials and when raids are made its houses are let alone. Mrs. Goode told of the location of hundreds of houses and apartments. In two blocks, she said, the total number of "disorderly" apartments comes to more than 700! Now a number of keepers of independent apartments have got together to fight the "trust" and to see to it that if they can't do business in New York City nobody

else shall. It is a case of thieves falling out, and the situation is one that has never before been paralleled in New York. These women plead to have their business recognized and segregated and regulated. "Let us come out in the open," says Mary Goode. "Give us some place we can call our own. Take the police and the parasites off our backs and society will be the better for it." A general investigation by the district attorney's office has followed her revelations.

Needed: A Scientific Study of Prostitution.

HERE is one Christmassy thing, after all, about these two series of revelations and that is the effort being made to bring about relief. Never before was the chance as good as now to shatter the system of police graft in New York City. What to do about the disorderly women is still an unsolved problem, but systematic study is being made of it. A "Bureau of Social Hygiene" has lately been established at a cost of \$150,000 as an adjunct to the State Reformatory. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is the moving spirit in this bureau, and its purpose is to establish a sort of laboratory for the investigation of the causes of waywardness among girls. Dr. Howard Kelly, of Johns Hopkins University, declares that the war on the social evil has never been waged on a scientific basis. The Bureau of Social Hygiene will endeavor to secure the needed scientific basis. In the meantime, Mrs. Goode's idea of recognition and segregation has obtained little favor. That plan, says Dr. Kelly, has produced a series of dismal failures, in Europe as well as in this country. Opposition to any such plan comes from the Children's Society, the Society for the Prevention of Vice, the Society for the Prevention of Crime and the Committee of Fourteen. One of the staff of District Attorney Whitman, who has had special work to do in prosecuting disorderly resorts, says: "I am opposed to segregation because that would open broader fields of graft than are possible even under the present conditions. A good many of the women would not want to be segregated, and the result would be that these women would pay large sums for protection that would permit them to ply their calling in clean parts of the city." On the other hand, the plan adopted in the Iowa injunction and abatement law—now being urged by Senator Kenyon for Washington—has, it is claimed, eliminated commercialized vice from that State and cleaned up the red-light districts in Los Angeles, Seattle, Minneapolis, Rochester, Bridgeport, Des Moines, Lincoln, and other places. The special target of that law is the owner of the house used for a disorderly resort.



—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

The Supreme Court Speaks; the Stock Market Shivers.

THRILLS of one kind or another seem to run up and down the nation's spinal column these days every time the United States Supreme Court speaks. It spoke last month in regard to two trusts, and the thrills were almost as great as they were after the decision ordering the dissolution of Standard Oil and American Tobacco. The "Bath Tub Trust" may not be one of the industrial giants of the world; but the decision that it must be dissolved applies to the selling methods of a large class of industries and the effect is likely to be wide-reaching. The decision ordering the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific combination to be dissolved touched the solar plexus, apparently, of nearly every big railroad system in the country—the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the New Haven and many others. Under the effect of these two decisions, one affecting railroads and the other affecting "industrials," the whole stock market shook and shivered like a stricken bark, and the bears had the first real good time they have had for many a month. Union Pacific "went off" more than twenty points in one week, and nearly everything else on the list sagged heavily.

Must All the Great Railway Systems Dissolve?

IN THE combination of Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, the late Mr. Harriman accomplished his greatest coup. He did not, it appears, really want such a combination. All he

wanted to do was to add the Central Pacific—from Ogden on to the coast—to his Union Pacific line, thus giving him a direct line to San Francisco. But the Southern Pacific had the Central locked up by a ninety-year lease, so Mr. Harriman proceeded to purchase 46 per cent. of the stock of the Southern, which gave him actual if not absolute control of all its operations. The two roads were competitive for only a small part—less than ten per cent.—of their business. Rates were not raised afterwards. There was no "holding company" such as had been dissolved in the Northern Securities decision. There is no evidence that Mr. Harriman or his successors served the public any worse than it had been served before, or that the roads were allowed to deteriorate. At least nothing of the kind is alleged in the court's decision. If that combination is an illegal "conspiracy in restraint of trade," there seems to be no hope for any other big railroad combination, for none other, it is probable, can show a cleaner record. The New Haven, for instance, has acquired possession of all the New England railroads except the Canadian lines and one little road—the Bangor and Aroostook—up in Maine, as well as most of the trolley lines and all the steamship lines from New England to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The N. Y. Central has the Michigan Central, and the Lake Shore and the West Shore and, through them, any number of smaller competing lines. The Pennsylvania has the Reading. The Illinois Central, the Missouri Pacific, the Baltimore & Ohio, even the Canadian Pacific,—in fact, nearly all the big systems—own roads more or less competitive. "What a breaking up," remarks the Rocky Mountain News (Denver), "of great railroad combinations must follow this decision!"

Four Mighty Words in the Supreme Court's Decision.

THE decision of the Court was unanimous. While the competitive business of the two roads, says the Court, "was a comparatively small part of the sum total of all traffic," nevertheless "it was large in volume, amounting to many millions of dollars." Nor does it make any difference that rates were not raised and improvements were continued. "It is the scope of such combinations and their power to suppress or stifle competition or create monopoly which determines the applicability of the act." The most important words in the decision seem to be those four—"their power to suppress." Even if a combination does not actually suppress competition, it is illegal if it has the power to do so. As Holland, the well-known correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*, points out, "not merely

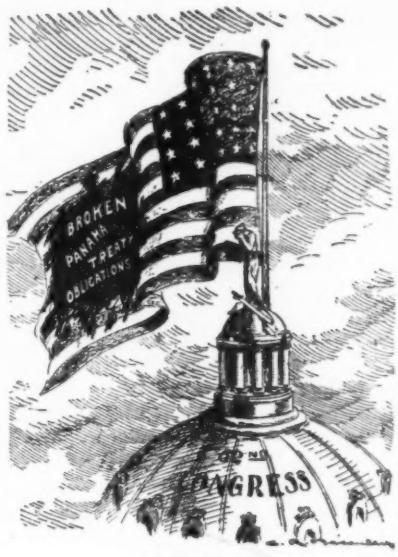
active monopoly but potential monopoly must be eliminated." In other words, even what Mr. Roosevelt has called "a good trust" is illegal if it has the power to be bad. The Court next proceeds to declare that the stock of the Southern Pacific held by the Union Pacific (amounting to about \$126,000,000) shall not hereafter be voted while in the ownership or control of the latter, and dividends must not be paid on it unless a receiver is appointed to receive them. If plans satisfactory to the court for the dissolution of the combination are not presented within three months, a receivership shall be established to dispose of the stock "in such wise as to dissolve such unlawful combination." But the Court is not altogether merciless. Nothing in its decisions, it says, will prevent the consideration of a plan of dissolution that will allow the Union Pacific to retain the Central Pacific. That is all Mr. Harriman was after.

How Wall Street  
Took the News.

THE decision came as a surprise to Wall Street and the country, and the first effect on the market, strange to say, was a rise in prices. Union Pacific preferred stock leaped up from 90½ to 96½, and Southern Pacific collateral four per cent. bonds advanced seven points. Even the common stock of each road advanced slightly. In the next ten days, however, Union Pacific common dropped 21 points, the total market value of the stock depreciating more than \$45,000,000. Southern Pacific common remained nearly stationary. As to the ultimate consequences, the N. Y. *Sun* reminds us that the stockholders of Standard Oil and American Tobacco "did not suffer much" by the dissolution of those trusts, and it does not believe the Union Pacific stockholders will ultimately be damaged. The *Wall Street Journal* is of the same opinion. "That property values will be disturbed," it remarked the morning after the decision, "it is hard for any student of corporation history to believe." But the San Francisco *Chronicle* thinks "great economic loss" will follow "with no hope of gain of any kind to the shipping public," since "you cannot reduce prices by increasing costs." The *Sacramento Bee* is sceptical as to real competition's being restored, and the N. Y. *Tribune* remarks that just as the country is becoming reconciled to the Sherman law this decision "is likely to make it wonder if that act does not, after all, make a fetish of competition."

The "Rule of Reason"  
Gains Favor.

SUCH criticism of the decision is not, however, common. The Supreme Court, as it goes on to apply its doctrine of "the rule of reason" in interpreting the Sherman law, seems to be gradually winning public



THE STAIN  
—Macauley in N. Y. *World*

sentiment, even that part of it that was at first fiercely hostile to the doctrine when it was first expounded. The Chicago *Record-Herald* notes this fact. "The rule of reason," it remarks, "is still followed in spite of many foolish attacks upon it based on the inexplicable notion that to give the Sherman act a 'reasonable' interpretation is somehow to emasculate and destroy it." Mr. Wickersham, the attorney general, is in no doubt whatever of the efficacy of the Sherman law as now being construed by the court. In his recent report he says that much of the criticism of the oil and tobacco decrees has been based on the fact that the selling value of the stocks affected has increased. But the purpose of the Sherman law, he holds, was to protect property, not to destroy it. The Northern Securities decision was followed by a like appreciation in the value of the stocks affected; but its great benefits to the public are not now questioned. Says Mr. Wickersham:

"The first tangible result of these dissolution suits is the fact that no new combinations have been formed during the last four years. The prices of raw materials have been distinctly affected by the dissolution, and both tobacco leaf and crude oil sell at much higher prices since the unification of substantially all the buyers has been removed than those which previously prevailed."

There are now pending in one stage or another eighteen suits in equity against large combinations, and criminal indictments in eight more cases. Among these combinations are the "sugar trust," the "shipping trust," the "harvester trust" and the U. S. Steel Corporation. And the "money trust" is now being hunted by the Pujo commission under the skilful guidance of its attorney, Samuel Untermeyer. The Stock Exchange is under fire, and radical changes there are growing increasingly probable as the methods of manipulation are exposed to light.

Will American Honor Be  
Buried at Panama?

BEFORE this year of our Lord 1913 has emerged from the future and vanished into the past, it will see ships sailing from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean through a continuous water course at Panama. The canal will not be ready to take care of the traffic of the world for at least another year. But the watercourse will be practically complete, tho the necessary equipment for handling big ships in rapid succession will not be. It has been a costly proceeding. It brought the republic of France to the verge of revolution. It brought secession to Colombia, resulting in the loss of the state of Panama. And if Senator Root and many others are to be believed, it is in imminent danger of costing the United States, beside the \$400,000,000, more or less, which we will pay for it, our national honor and our influence for right and justice among the civilized nations of the world. It will be a splendid ditch, with a minimum depth of 41 feet and an average width at the bottom of 649 feet. Will it also be deep enough and wide enough to bury the reputation of the United States for good faith and international probity? This will be the liveliest question Congress is likely to have up for consideration during this its last session.

Senator Root Grows Passionate.  
I SAY to you," said Senator Root with unusual feeling, speaking to the New York Chamber of Commerce a few weeks ago, "that if we refuse to arbitrate it"—the construction of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty—"we shall be in the position of the merchant who is known to all the world to be false to his promises. . . . Among all the people on this earth who hope for better days of righteousness and peace in the future, we shall stand in the light of our multitude of declarations for arbitration and peace, discredited, dishonored, hypocrites, with the fair name of America blackened, with the self-respect of Americans gone, with the influence of America for advance along the pathway of progress and civilization annulled, dishonored, and disgraced." The issue thus strongly defined has since been brought home to the President and to Congress by the formal protest of the British government charging us, in diplomatic language, with repudiating our treaties. The British journals unanimously support their government's protest. Their tone is, for the most part, moderate and kindly. But that of the Canadian press is in many cases truculent and bitter. One of the Canadian papers declares that "the proposed celebration of the

Hundred Years of Peace between the United States and Great Britain should be abandoned in the absence of conditions which insure its continuance." Another suggests that the British Empire take no part in the Panama Fair. Still another calls on the Dominion to curtail every commercial connection with this country. Yellow newspapers may have been invented in the United States; but they are not limited to this country.

The Protest of Sir Edward Grey to President Taft.

**T**WO important concessions are made by Sir Edward Grey, secretary of foreign affairs of Great Britain, who voices that nation's protest. He concedes our right to fortify the canal—a right which a number of Americans have been loudly denying. He says: "Now that the United States has become the practical sovereign of the canal, his Majesty's government do not question its title to exercise belligerent rights for its protection." That ought to settle *that* question. The other concession is made in the following words: "Nor do they"—his Majesty's government—"find, either in the letter or the spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, any surrender by either of the contracting powers of the right to encourage its shipping or its commerce by such subsidies as it may deem expedient." What Sir Edward, speaking for the British government, does object to is that in the recent act of Congress establishing rates for the Panama canal we have granted to our coastwise trade a subsidy in a particular way, the effect of which will be "to impoze upon British or other foreign shipping an unfair share of the burden of the upkeep of the canal" and to create a discrimination in charges such as "to prejudice the rights secured to British shipping" by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. "It is only with great reluctance," says Sir Edward, that his Majesty's government have felt bound to raise objections. While "no room for doubt" seems to his Majesty's government to exist as to the effect of our act, "they desire to state their perfect readiness to submit the question to arbitration if the government of the United States would prefer to take this course." And now it is our move in the game.

A Nice Point in International Law.

**T**HREE treaties figure in this matter. To settle the construction of one treaty, by public discussion, is bad enough; but to settle three at once—or four, counting our arbitration agreement—is a much more formidable task, especially when a new administration is about to come into power, with the revision of the tariff, the reconstruction of our corporate industries, the creation of a new currency

system and a few other things like that on its hands. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 bound both parties—the United States and Great Britain—not to obtain any exclusive control over the ship canal, that was even then contemplated, and pledged that the canal should be kept open "on equal terms" to the subjects and citizens of both countries. This treaty was superseded by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which provided for exclusive control of the canal by the United States, but did not change the provision regarding "equal terms," so Sir Edward points out. On the contrary, it reiterated that provision, extending it to the shipping of all nations conforming to the rules of operation that might be made. When this latter treaty was made, the United States had not obtained sovereign rights over the canal zone. They came later, and the extent to which they changed the situation constitutes the nice question in international law which is the real heart of the present controversy.

How the Canal Act Will Injure British Shipping.

**T**HE contention of President Taft and Secretary Knox has been that, having secured the cession of the canal zone to the United States, we are now building a waterway on our own territory, over which we have absolute right of ownership and control, including the right to allow our own commerce to use the canal upon such terms as we see fit—unless we have by treaty restricted our rights. This is just what Sir Edward avers we have done in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. We have agreed to grant "equal terms" to the shipping of "all nations." By giving our coastwise traffic freedom from all tolls, while charging the traffic of other nations \$1.20 a ton, we have discriminated against ships other than our own. In two ways he sees injury in this to British ships. If a cargo from Great Britain, for instance, or Canada, is intended for San Francisco, it might be cheaper to land it at New York, say, and tranship by one of our coastwise vessels through the canal free of tolls. Moreover we have agreed by the treaty to establish "just and equitable" tolls, which Sir Edward takes to mean tolls that will pay for the operation and maintenance of the canal and a fair rate of interest on the sum expended in its construction. If vessels engaged in our coastwise traffic are to pay nothing, the charges levied on other ships must be proportionately larger. Identically the same situation, says Sir Edward, arose under the Treaty of Washington in 1871, when we protested against Canada's rebates on certain freight on the Welland Canal. We claimed that that was a violation of the "equal rights" guaranteed to us in boundary waters, and in the

face of our protest the rebate system was abandoned.

Bombarding Washington in Regard to the Canal.

**I**N THE discussion that has ensued in the American press, it must be admitted that the weightiest comment so far is strongly in favor of the British contention and in harmony with Senator Root's view of the case. The demand for a repeal by Congress of the provision that gives coastwise traffic a free passage of the canal is emphatic and insistent. Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, retired, who has made a special study of the canal situation, denounces our position as "indefensible morally, legally and ethically." The secretary of war, Mr. Stimson, in his annual report, urges the repeal of the provision mentioned on the ground that our coastwise ships, being already protected by law against competition from foreign ships, are in no need of the exemption from canal tolls. Even at the present charge over the Panama railway of \$4.00 a ton, the traffic is increasing because it is profitable. It will flourish much more rapidly at the rate of \$1.20 a ton, the rate fixed for the canal. A petition from California has been sent to President Taft, requesting him to urge Congress to repeal that part of the act protested against. It is signed by Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, David Starr Jordan, president of the Stanford University, Archbishop Riordan, Congressman Kent and others, who regard the existing act as a dishonorable violation of our treaty obligations.

**I**F Congress refuses to repeal the act complained of, says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, we shall be bound "by the elementary decencies of international intercourse" to submit the matter to arbitration. "You can not trick a man out of something and then swear you will permit no impartial judge to decide whether it was a trick. You cannot do it, that is, and then hold up your head among honest men." The N. Y. *Sun* insists that there is no duty before Congress more urgent than the repeal of the act exempting coastwise traffic from canal dues. Most of the New York papers sing in the same key—the *Times*, *Herald*, *World*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Tribune* and others. Says the *World*:

"The Panama Canal act should be amended at once. It should be amended because it directly violates the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. It should be amended because by the payment of national funds it favors 'a special industry which does not need such assistance,' as Secretary Stimson at this late day pathetically points out. It should be amended because no traffic monopoly on the sea can possibly deserve greater consideration



ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE REVISIONS OF THE MAP OF EUROPE

This is the distribution of the country as the Balkan allies would like it and it is the very arrangement that will drive the Triple Alliance into war.

—London *Sphere*

than this Nation's solemn pledge to another nation that ships of all nations shall receive equal treatment at the canal."

"We are bound by every consideration of honor and good faith," thinks the Boston *Transcript*, "to retrace the step we have taken." That, agrees the Springfield *Republican*, is "the only honorable escape from arbitration." The Philadelphia *Ledger* recognizes that "an influential element in American public life" is unwilling to submit the question to arbitration on the ground that no unbiased tribunal could be secured, all other nations having the same interest as Great Britain in the decision; but it also urges repeal, to silence "the sinister reflection upon the national honor." The Chicago *Tribune*, the Indianapolis *News*, the Louisville *Post* are among the journals outspoken for repeal or arbitration.

A Challenge to American Sovereignty.

**B**UT no law of Congress, maintains the N. Y. *Press*, is arbitrable. "Lawmaking by the United States is a function of sovereignty. To challenge the right of the United States to enact a law, and to demand the arbitration of that right, is to challenge the sovereignty of this Nation. Its

people will never tolerate such arbitration. No treaty of arbitration could ever contemplate such a challenge of American rights. It is fair for Great Britain to appeal to the President, and to Congress through the President, for a reconsideration of the law which constitutes the alleged breach of our treaty with Great Britain. But it does not rest within the power of the President and of the Senate to annul by arbitration the effect of a law of Congress." The N. Y. *Evening Journal* (Hearst's paper) has a characteristic editorial entitled: "A Little Late in the Day to Pull Down the American Flag to Oblige England." It maintains that the Panama Canal is our property just as much as the Manchester Ship Canal belongs to England. It calls those who object to the present Canal act "sickly sentimentalists," and says:

"England's request to this country to pull down the American flag over the Panama Canal, and allow the English to use that piece of American territory as they please, is not at all new.

"A good many years ago, as early as 1776, the English objected to any kind of an American flag, on any kind of American territory. It took something of a struggle to make them give up the notion that the flag ought to come down then.

"England is wiser now. And after a

little while she will give up the foolish effort—even tho it be encouraged by treacherous American newspapers and American officials—to put American territory and American enterprise under English control."

Detecting Railway Influence in the Canal Protest.

**A**NOTHER journal that regards the entire administration of the Canal as one of "purely domestic relations" is the Brooklyn *Citizen*. The Toledo *Blade* sees in England's protest and in American support of it the secret influence of the transcontinental railroads—Canadian and American. It says:

"This protest is aided and abetted by newspapers and trade organizations in the United States, which inform the country as to the wickedness of breaking treaties, of the unpardonable sin of establishing a system of discrimination on the canal. Investigation will show that the press raising the hullabaloo is the press that is invariably friendly to the big railroad companies, that the trade organizations are made up of people interested in the railroad industry."

The Washington *Post* sees a better way out than either arbitration or the amendment of the Panama Canal act. Arbitration, it says, would be a colossal blunder. In effect it would be the Monroe Doctrine itself that would be passed upon. It takes its cue from an article by Dr Hanis Taylor last summer, in which he said: "Within the Canal Zone the United States is sovereign for all the purposes of international law. Under that law it is well settled that a treaty becomes 'voidable,' not void, whenever a change has taken place in the fundamental conditions existing at the time it was made."

Shall We Mend or End the Treaty.

**I**F, THEN, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is voidable, says the Washington *Post*, let us proceed at once to abolish it. "There need be no friction whatever. The treaty is voidable because the canal is American territory—a condition that did not subsist when the treaty was made. If the United States had owned the Canal Zone in 1901, there would have been no Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Why not abolish it now?" If Mr. Bryan becomes Secretary of State this would probably be the course most agreeable to him. But the Washington correspondents report that careful examination of Sir Edward Grey's protest indicates that a much easier way of meeting his main objections may be found, namely, by amending the Canal act so as to make it appear clear that only American ships engaged exclusively in coastwise traffic can go free and by indicating that the tolls levied on other ships will be adjusted on the same plan as if our coastwise ships had to pay.



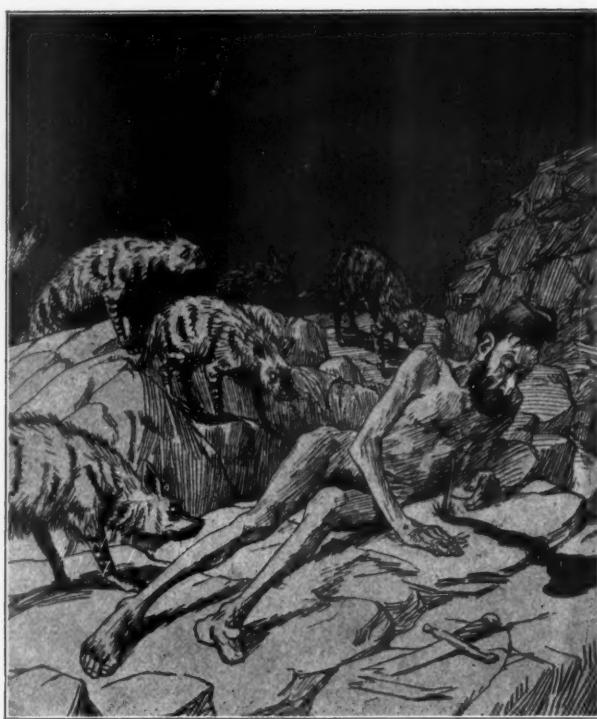
THE CZAR: "Why, o Death, are you here when I have given you so much to do in the Balkans?"  
—Munich *Simplicissimus*

The Powers Assemble to Decide the Balkan War.  
LONDON displaced Constantinople last month as the center of the world's interest when the plenipotentiaries of the Balkans gathered in the British capital to change the map of Europe. If the alterations in that map were left to the powers immediately concerned, the *Paris Matin* reminds us, the cartography must present no difficulty. Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and even sulking Greece—who may stay away at the last minute—have agreed regarding this map. Turkey, to be sure, does not like maps made in Balkan capitals,

but she is relatively less important than she was and her ideas on the subject of maps are out of date. Bulgaria shows up in London with a map annexing Macedonia and Thrace without Constantinople. Servia's map takes in old Servia and gives her a thirty-mile strip on the Adriatic. Greece swallows up Epirus. Montenegro has acquired the Sanjak of Novi Bazar and a portion of Albania. Thus do the Balkan states swell as Turkey shrinks to nothing much in Europe beyond the limits of her capital. With the principals negotiating on this basis after their fierce fight, Europe is but incidentally concerned. The crisis is really made by that interested bystander, Austria, through the medium of a demand which one of her diplomats has expressed neatly, declares the *London Mail*. "Let Albania alone. Make Salonica a free port." The simplicity of this demand on paper makes its effect upon the new map of the Balkans infuriating to the fighting kings. Servia, whose map is ruined by the ultimatum from Vienna, announces that Austria must be prepared to exterminate at least one Balkan people. War between Austria and Servia would drag in Russia. Russia would drag in France. Germany would help her ally. Yet that map must be drawn and speedily! Never were London dailies so full of maps.

What Austria Wants in the Balkans.

VIENNA, if we may guide ourselves by the inspired utterances of her official journals, cherishes no illusions on the subject of Turkey.



THE NEW STATUS QUO IN THE BALKANS  
—Munich *Simplicissimus*

Austria understands perfectly that the Sultan rules no longer in Europe, says the *Neue Freie Presse*, echoing that other candid daily, the *Zeit*. Neither does it occur to Viennese diplomacy that the Balkan allies should lose the spoils of a victory they have won. A new great power has arisen in Europe and Austria knows that. She anticipates the shrinkage of European Turkey to the limits of Constantinople. Were that capital to be taken from the Sultan with the rest, Vienna would have her say. But Austria feels convinced, and her inspired dailies echo the conviction, that the Bulgars and the Serbs and the Montenegrins and the Balkan family in general will be sane enough to leave Constantinople out of account. Any other possibility provokes a crisis so extremely serious that the *Zeit* can not even contemplate it. However, if the plenipotentiaries have gone to London in a mood so reckless that Austria is not to be heeded—well, as the *Neue Freie Presse* observes, Bulgaria is not the only land with trained soldiers and Servia has no monopoly of French artillery.

Austria and the Territory of the Balkans.

AUSTRIA is amazed, at least officially, by suspicions that she covets a portion of the territory conquered from Turkey by the Balkan allies. Nothing could prove a subject of profounder indifference to diplomatic Vienna, if her dailies say truly, than the distribution among Greeks, Bulgars, Servians and Montenegrins of the Turkish soil they now camp on. Rou-



FANNING THE FLAME  
—Robinson in *New York Tribune*

mania, who wants much although she has kept out of the war, may come to her own terms with the victors. They may do what they please with the Sanjak of Novi Bazar. These points are dwelt upon by Count Berchtold, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, because he is accused in Paris dailies of precipitating "crises" about them. Not until we reach the Aegean or cross over to the coast of the Adriatic do they become acutely aware in Vienna that somebody is talking about maps. The attitude of Austria—and Hungary, her partner in the Dual Monarchy, is with her—is described in the Vienna dailies as self-denying. She wants no territory whatever in the theater of war. That flatly contradicts the notion that she aims at seating herself on the Aegean at Salonica. Austria not long ago voluntarily got out of Novi Bazar, her one path to the Aegean.

Austria's Profession of Indifference to Salonica.

**C**ONTRADICTING many positive assertions in the dailies of Europe, Austria-Hungary, through Count Berchtold, authorizes a profession of complete indifference to the fate of Salonica. The allies in the Balkans may decide its destiny to suit themselves. The place may be Bulgarian or Servian or even Greek. Vienna asks only that Austro-Hungarian trade be not discriminated against there. Other allocations of places and positions concern Austria not at all—until we come

to the plan that extends Servia to the Adriatic at Durazzo and, as Vienna contends, renders the independence of Albania impossible. "On the question of Albania," to quote an inspired utterance in the *London Mail*, repeated in other forms to representatives of French and German dailies, "Austria-Hungary is and must be adamantine. The stand she is compelled to take on this question does not in all probability preclude a certain limited territorial rearrangement in favor of Montenegro in the north and of Greece in the south." It does, seemingly, render impossible the emergence of Servia upon the coast of the Adriatic—"any development that would lead to the possibility of a Slav naval base on the Austro-Hungarian flank." Austria understands that her allies are with her.

The Triple Alliance Issues Defiance to the Balkan States.

**E**UROPE was in a state of nervous tension over the deadlock between Austria and Servia when a renewal of the pact binding Vienna, Berlin and Rome in the famous Triple Alliance was trumpeted from those three capitals. The treaty of renewal would not have been negotiated in the ordinary course of events for a long time. Its further lease of life runs to 1920. Every European daily not under official influence beholds in this development a diplomatic hint of the strongest sort to the old world. Servia would have to fight the whole Triple Alliance in order to seat herself upon



—Minor in St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

the Adriatic. Her inspired newspaper retorted at once that Servia is ready to be exterminated to the last man. If, however, Servia is so anxious for an outlet on the sea, asks the Vienna *Zeit*, why does she not seek it on the Aegean? Servia feels, indeed, that Austria is sending her too far afield in quest of her place in the sun. The report that Vienna sent an ultimatum on the subject to the Prime Minister



—London *Punch*



—London *Punch*



THE ARTILLERY DISPOSITIONS THAT HURT THE TURKS

In this hasty placing of their guns the Turks showed, say the military experts, their incapacity to worst a modern foe. The scene is the vicinity of Scutari, where the troops under Nazim Pasha lost all the Krupp guns with which they began battle.

at Belgrade turns out premature. There is going on merely a lively correspondence, as a result of which the Servian mind tends to grow inflamed.

Servia's Prime Minister Defies Austria.

**S**ERVIA lost little time in retorting to the announcement of Austrian intentions. She means to have her outlet on the Adriatic. That most outspoken of all the Balkan Prime Ministers, Nicholas Pashitch, now at the head of the Servian government, issued an elaborate statement over his own signature to the London *Times* in which this loophole on the Adriatic is made imperative. History might be cited to show, he adds, that Servia's claims extend much farther to the south. "Indeed, Albania belonged to Servia formerly until conquered by the Turks." The retort to this in Vienna was such that European dailies seemed actually to feel a new war on a grander scale. There were panics upon the basis of a mobilization of Russian troops along the Austro-Hungarian frontier. The heir to the throne of the Hapsburgs paid a visit to the German Emperor out of which so much rumor was manufactured as to alarm even the London *Times*. There can be no doubt whatever, it concedes, that the army of the Czar Nicholas and the army of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph are in process of mobilization. The censors have suppressed despatches on the subject. These powers clearly expect little from the map-makers in London.

Effects of Failure to Change the Balkan Map.

**T**HE fact of most significance in the Balkan crisis, as the well-informed London *Chronicle* sets it forth, is that Vienna prohibited last month the despatch of news anywhere regarding the movement of Austro-Hungarian troops. Austria has even recalled her warships from Constantinople. "It can not mean much less

than a general mobilization," adds the British daily, in close touch with military opinion. That the mobilization in Russia is no less general seems to be established by the revelations of the Vienna *Reichspost*, a daily known to be the mouthpiece of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne. That organ gives a most bewildering impression of the deadlock brought about in the councils of the Russian Czar by the Balkan crisis. The Jingo element about Nicholas II., made up of ecclesiastics, reactionary grand dukes and military magnates, insists upon war for the Slav idea. The Czarina, a German, and the party about Foreign Minister Sazonoff talk of peace. The Russian minister in Belgrade, protected by a powerful clique in St. Petersburg, encourages Servia in flat defiance of the orders of his own superior officer at home. Russia, apparently, has two policies, but she mobilizes steadily.

Forces at Work in the Balkan Conference at London.

**S**ELDOM have the newspapers of Europe manifested such national partialities as the Balkan crisis inspires in their comment upon the conference at London. The *Novoye Vremya* (St. Petersburg), for instance, sides with the Triple Entente—France, Russia and Great Britain—in arguing that Servia should be allowed her outlet on the Adriatic. Even Liberal London dailies incline to the same view, while admitting that the Servian demands in their original form are preposterous. The German dailies side with Austria, as do the Italian dailies, unless one takes up an out-and-out Socialist paper like the Rome *Avanti* or a radical sheet like the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Even the independent dailies incline to the Triple Alliance or the Triple Entente, according to the place of their appearance. The only facts respecting which they are in substantial agreement are that Russia has mobilized, that Austria has mobilized and

that Italy may mobilize. They say further that the German government is with Austria and that France is striving constantly to hold the Russian jingoes in check. The attitude of the British government remains, the London dailies say, what it was when Prime Minister Asquith made his speech two months ago on this exciting subject. There must be no partial settlement of the Balkan question, he declared, but a general and final settlement agreed to by the great powers. It is against his policy to see Albania partitioned. Perhaps the London *Standard* best expresses the British idea just now:

"It is admitted that the Balkanic Allies are not to be deprived, as Mr. Asquith has stated, of the fruits of their victory. That which they have taken they will be allowed to keep. The question which causes anxiety, tho not as yet apprehension, is the claim of Servia to possess herself of territory which, as a matter of fact, she has not occupied, and to which she has no title by right of conquest. The annexation of a substantial frontage on the Adriatic and the whole of Central Abania would be an act of aggression for which it is inconceivable that she could find support anywhere."

Has Turkey Really Suffered Defeat?

**A**ND ARMISTICE, affecting Turkey and Bulgaria chiefly, having enabled the military experts of Europe to study the situation before Constantinople, we find them in substantial agreement that the Sultan is not so terribly defeated a potentate after all. Were the Turks to recommence military operations, they might even turn the tables upon their Christian foes. This impression, set forth with assurance in dailies like *The Telegraph* in London, the *Temps* in Paris, and the *Kreuz-Zeitung* in Berlin, is supposed to inspire amusement in General Savoff, commander-in-chief of Bulgaria at the front and the most illustrious soldier in the world for the moment. He takes comfort in the circumstance that Turkey has lost command of the sea, thanks to the valor of the little Greek fleet. The few war ships left to the Sultan are off shore near the Chatalja lines, shelling stray Bulgarian regiments that forgot the terms of the armistice. Moreover, as the expert of the London *Post* suspects, it never was part of Savoff's program to enter Constantinople. He is satisfied to see Thrace and Macedonia swept clean of Turkish troops, with Adrianople besieged and Constantinople bottled up. His position is glorious, as the *Temps* remarks, but it is not altogether secure. The Turks do not regard themselves as the defeated side yet. The notion is endorsed by the military expert of the London *Standard*. A portion, at any rate, of the Turkish army, he says, has

been reconstituted. It is holding its own with vigor behind the Chatalja lines. "Those entrenchments themselves form an obstacle which the Bulgarians are not likely to overcome without an appalling addition to the terrible list of casualties." Bulgaria has no reserve left. All her fighting men are at the front.

Horrors of the Siege  
of Adrianople.

ANY day may bring news of the fall of Adrianople, where the Turks, driven to their last line of defense, are holding out against a combined Bulgarian and Servian army of a hundred and fifty thousand men. The slaughter in this part of the theater of war has been compared by the military experts with the carnage at Little Round Top during the battle of Gettysburg and the sanguinary episodes involving Japanese and Russians on the supreme day before Port Arthur. The armistice led to the tracing of a neutral line in front of Adrianople. Premature reports of the fall of the place have not induced the Turks to concede that it can be taken from them. They have retained an enormous strategical advantage in locking up so large an army before the city they prize beyond anything but Constantinople. Once Adrianople falls, its besiegers would reinforce the regiments at the Chatalja lines. Accounts from Sofia represent the besiegers as constantly gaining and the garrison to be in dire straits for food. Yet there were vast stores at Adrianople before it was invested, if we may trust Turkish newspaper stories. The garrison may keep the investing army busy for weeks to come. The foot of every wall is said to be piled with heaps of dead.

Grave Charges Against  
Bulgarians in Salonica.

SALONICA had no sooner been entered by the Bulgarians, observes the Manchester *Guardian*, than a reign of terror was inaugurated by troops who were allowed to go to the last extreme. The Turks, accused of excesses in this campaign, have never been worse than the Bulgars in the course of their march across the theater of operations, we read in the British paper. King Ferdinand's troops no sooner found Salonica at their mercy than they began to pillage the town systematically. "Bands of soldiers, guided by the riff-raff of the local population, entered whatever houses seemed to hold out the best prospects of booty." The homes of the citizens were stripped of valuables. "The terror-stricken owners made no resistance, and indeed such a course would have been worse than useless in view of the bayonets held to their breasts and the revolver muzzles pressed to their temples." Hundreds of cases of this kind have been reported by victims.

In the general confusion the Greeks arrived and proceeded to massacre the Jews. The explanation of this anti-Semitism is the alleged circumstance that corrosive sublimate was served to Greek officers when they asked the Jews for cognac.

Greeks and Bulgars at One  
Another's Throats.

BY THE time the armistice went into effect, the Greeks and the Bulgars seemed to have got up a little war between themselves. Their differences have to do with the ultimate fate of Salonica. The arrival in that city of the King of the Hellenes, we read in the Paris *Action*, turned the heads of his subjects so completely that they flew the flag of their country from all public buildings. King Ferdinand, if despatches are reliable, sent a tart reminder to King George that there is more than one sovereign in the Balkans. The episode has brought on a fierce controversy between an official organ in Sofia and the inspired daily at Athens. Greece, to follow the Bulgarian view, has been a drag upon her

allies all through the conflict. She has done no fighting on land. She pledged herself to sweep the Turks from the seas. She has sulked. Her infantry were worthless and fled at the first shock. Indignation in Athens at these Bulgarian insinuations led first to a complete detachment of the Greeks from King Ferdinand's army at the front and finally to a series of independent operations against the Turks by the Greek government. It looks now as if the Hellenes had left the Balkan alliance altogether.

How Constantinople Faces  
the Situation.

ALONG the chain of fortified positions known as the Chatalja lines, some miles north of Constantinople, stretch the two hostile forces. The Bulgarians under Savoff—who has temporarily left the scene—are held back by Turkish war ships, which can shell the enemy's right and left. The armistice is apparently not strictly observed in places. The month's despatches report the Turkish ships as shelling the bridge on the main road



KING CHOLERA AT CONSTANTINOPLE

This untouched photograph reproduced from the London *Sphere* shows the line of railroad track leading to the Sultan's capital. We are supposed to be just inside the Chatalja lines. The men on the ground have fallen victims to the dread disease, and some are not even dead.

to Constantinople the other day, because Bulgarian stragglers ventured there. There are also Turkish warships in the Black Sea near Lake Derkos, holding back the Bulgar left. At the tip of the peninsula, some miles behind the Chatalja lines, Constantinople idles away the time in the cafés. The troops are moving aimlessly along the roads leading out from the town to the forts. There are hundreds of individual soldiers of the Sultan, reports the correspondent of the *London Mail*, sleeping by the wayside or living in little bivouacs of their own. The woods immediately to the north of the Turkish capital still afford refuge to thousands of idle soldiery. What order prevails is maintained by regiments from the foreign warships hurried to the Sea of Marmora last month.

How Cholera Adds to the Horrors of Balkan War.

**C**HOLERA has achieved more for the allies in the Balkan campaign than all the guns in the artillery of General Savoff. There were days last month when eight hundred died every twelve hours inside the Turkish lines from the scourge. This mortality, according to the *London Times*, was entirely unnecessary. The most ordinary sanitation or a veritable trifle in the way of medical attendance would have rescued the Turkish troops from this worst of all their foes. "A Dante," to quote the correspondent of the *London News*, "could picture nothing worse than the sights that meet the eye on every side—the dead and the sick mingled on the bare ground with no vestige of straw even to make easy

their last bed." In every tent along the string of forts at Chatalja the dead and the living seem huddled together. "On each side of the railroad track the dead lie in strings as they were thrown from the train going in to Constantinople." Men who have not caught the infection are starving for bread. The troops in the actual fighting line get rations more or less regularly; but the hordes of refugees who poured inside the Chatalja lines after the first Turkish reverses starve or die unaided.

German Experts on Causes of Turkey's Defeat.

**O**NE need not seek far for the explanation of Turkey's loss of the war, in view of the wealth of fine comment in Berlin dailies from the pens of German military experts. What has succumbed in the Balkans, observes Field-Marshal von der Goltz in the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, is an army of raw recruits from Turkish fields. Until four years ago, he insists, Turkey had no army in a European sense. There had, it is true, been an organized levy in the preparation of which German officers assisted. "Only in 1908 did Turkey set about the creation of an army in the modern sense, with a trained peace establishment and behind it a series of reserves." This work had been inaugurated with zeal, but after thirty years of lethargy the task was slow and difficult. "How was it possible suddenly to communicate to people a knowledge of modern tactics, of shooting, of a proper use of the features of the country, when there was no one to act as instructor?" There had been too much delay in preparing a

staff of instructors. The formation of an officers' corps takes some years. "In the hour of need it was necessary to call in all the available men in order to fill up the units." There was no time to consider their training for war.

The Inexperience of Young Turkey in War Explains Her Plight.

**U**PON the sheer incapacity of the men in high command in the Turkish army great stress is laid by the competent military expert of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, who taught a few years ago in the war school at Constantinople. Excess of administrative work, politics, long absences for the suppression of domestic disorders and above all the corruption under Abdul Hamid, combined to demoralize the men in high command. Turkey thus went into her fight with a deficiency of trained military leaders. The subordinate leadership was not fine enough to atone for the weakness at the top. This is shown by defective fire discipline, defective fire control, failure to utilize the lay of the land in battle and the poor choice of artillery positions. There was a complete breakdown of the Turkish intelligence service at the front. There was a breakdown of the commissariat and of the train service. In Macedonia, again, the Turks were numerically inferior to their foe. In Thrace they were strong enough, but they split their force. It is the old story, concludes this high authority, of the inadequacy of the raw recruit to face the trained man. Bulgaria had trained her troops for a generation.



AWAITING THEIR MEAL

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*



TAP LIGHTLY, PLEASE!

"This battering ram will do the trick!"

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*

## Bulgaria's Preparation for Her Turkish Campaign.

MORE than twenty-five years have passed since Bulgarians began to prepare themselves for their triumph over the Turk, observes the military expert of the Berlin *Post*. "Plans of campaign have been the unending exercise of Bulgarian staff officers, while every movement of troops, guns, railroad trains and ammunition has been reported at once to headquarters." Thanks to the Bulgarian population in Macedonia and Thrace, Bulgaria has had a secret intelligence service "such as no nation has known," and one that cost her little or nothing. Hundreds of the Bulgarian officers have studied the ground over which they are fighting. The Bulgarian staff performed miracles of energy in concentrating troops along the Chatalja lines, according to the military expert of the Rome *Tribuna*, who was on the spot. Turkish negligence left the railroad from Kirk Kilisse—where Savoff won his first splendid triumph—to Chatalja almost intact for the use of the Bulgarians. North of Kirk Kilisse there is no railroad and the roads into Bulgaria are not worthy of the name. Supplies had to be transported through torrents of mud. Transport has been greatly facilitated by the new railroads the Bulgars have built as they marched along. The progress of the campaign from first to last inclines many of the military experts to agree with the Paris *Débats* in its conclusion that Bulgaria possesses to-day, from the standpoint of efficiency, the finest army in the world. The one drawback is that the Balkan kingdom has put its last man in the field. Even the youths, who ordinarily would not be with the colors until next summer, are at the front. Turkey, in the event of a renewal of the war, has her Asiatic levies to draw upon. Greece, from a military standpoint, is not taken very seriously except at Athens. Montenegro, it seems, has spent herself. There remains Serbia, who, the *Figaro* says, is saving herself for the test with Austria.

## Military Outlook of the Immediate Future in the Balkans.

THE appearance of frost, reported somewhat vaguely in the despatches, may serve to kill the germs of cholera at the Chatalja lines. In that event, there will be a revival of spirit among the Turks, and especially among the Bulgarians. The situation is summed up by the military expert of the London *Nation* as one of stalemate. The war has, he thinks, entered a new phase. The resumption of hostilities—and many observers seem to predict a good deal more of the fighting as if they had "inside information"—may change our impressions of the outlook for Turkey:

"The Bulgarians were very far from suffering a reverse in their tentative at-



HIS ONLY HOPE —Winner in the Pittsburgh Post

tacks on the Chatalja forts; they did, indeed, achieve such a measure of success that their retirement astonished the English correspondents with the Turks. But it is quite clear that, after testing the strength of the Turkish lines, they must have come to the conclusion that they could not hope for the moment to carry them by assault. There is here no matter for surprise. They lost heavily at Kirk Kilisse and Lüle Burgas, and there is reason to fear that it is the young men, who are the brain and spirit of the army and the hope of the nation, who have been most freely sacrificed. That, indeed, is the tragedy of every war. The less efficient troops must always be kept in the comparative safety of reserve lines and fatigue duties. Those are exposed whom the army can least afford to lose. There is no means of judging what truth there is in the Turkish statements that cholera and enteric are devastating the Bulgarian army. But it is possible. When the soil of battlefields and bivouacs reeks with the diseases of a defeated army, it commonly takes its revenge upon the victors who have invaded it. With all their intelligence and education, the Bulgarians are still, in matters of hygiene and sanitation, a simple race which has only just begun to emerge from eastern conditions, and to impose the necessary precautions will test the discipline of their army more severely than the ordeal of the field."

## Outbreak of Hostilities Between Germany and the Vatican.

ALL Germany rang last month with echoes of the conflict involving the Imperial Chancellor with the Vatican. Provocation to this war was given by the government's drastic action against the Jesuits. Behind the Chancellor, now that the crisis has come, stands the Emperor himself. His Majesty is represented in the latest despatches as furious at the rebuff to his policy of conciliation in dealing with

the church. The Chancellor has taken the sensational step of inviting the Socialists to become one fraction of a new "block" in the Reichstag. His object, apparently, is to halt the clericals of the Center party in their preparations to make war upon the government. Such have been the results of an action of the federal council which recently suppressed a plan to permit Jesuits, as a religious order, to resume their activity. The situation thus suddenly precipitated is studied in the inspired organs like the *Kreuz-Zeitung* from a far wider standpoint. The world is invited by the Berlin non-clerical press generally to infer that Emperor William dreads the growing interference of the Vatican in the politics of his realm. Clerical dailies like the *Germania*, the great organ of the Roman Catholic Center party, complain that the faithful are oppressed because they wish their clergy placed upon an equality before the law with the ministers of other denominations. The upheaval hinges for the moment upon a possibility—it may be remote but it exists—that the Chancellor may base his sovereign's Reichstag policy upon an unprecedented political combination. Acceptance by Herr Bebel and Herr Bernstein of the invitation issued to the Socialists by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg to cooperate with him would effect a revolution in the Germany of William II.

## Difficulties of the Jesuits in Germany.

ANTI-JESUIT laws and anti-Jesuit decisions in individual cases greatly obscure the merits of the controversy over the action of the German Bundesrath against the great religious order. The famous statute enacted over forty years ago, when Bismarck championed the *Kulturkampf*, has suf-

fered but slight modification. The first of its drastic clauses, we read in the clerical organ, deals with the Society of Jesus in its corporate capacity, prohibiting its existence as well as that of kindred or affiliated societies, within the territory of the German Empire. "This clause remains unrepealed and unmodified, so that a further measure of justice yet remains to be meted out before the freedom of the church can be regarded as fully restored. A second clause, repealed several years ago, was directed against individual members of all the orders included in the above category. It was permissive rather than absolute, and enacted that such individuals might, if foreigners, be expelled from the German Empire, and, if Germans, be compelled to reside in certain places and prohibited from residing in others. The clauses bearing upon foreigners, as the Roman Catholic London *Tablet* points out, is a legislative superfluity, since the German states are already armed with full powers for the expulsion at very short notice of all foreigners indiscriminately. The execution of the law is vested in the Bundesrath, or federal council. The interpretation rather than the letter of the law is the cause of the anti-Jesuit crises arising, especially in Bavaria, from time to time. Clerical organs in Germany allege that applications of the law are often despotic in spirit, amounting sometimes to a denial of the right to freedom of conscience.

Charges of Political Activity  
Against the Jesuits.

IN SPITE of the uproar over the modification of the anti-Jesuit laws in organs like the Berlin *Post*, conservative and Protestant, and the *Kölnische Zeitung*, inclining to liberalism but still anticlerical, the Bismarckian measure remains practically in force. Only the clause enabling the government to expel individual Jesuits or to subject them to special police control suffered modification. The Jesuits who availed themselves of the privilege granted them when the friendly Prince von Bülow was Chancellor have abused it flagrantly, according to accusations in the anticlerical press and more especially in the Socialist press. They live together in community with more or less evasion of the spirit if not the letter of the statute. It has proved much harder to punish them for this than to keep them out of the empire altogether. One reads in the Socialist *Vorwärts* that the law as administered by "clericalized bureaucrats" permits Jesuits in some portions of the empire to do as they please. To this the clerical *Volkszeitung* (Cologne) retorts that the concession granted already is but an instalment of further rights to be wrung from the Reichstag. This has been the view of the Center party, the second largest group in the

Reichstag, ranking next to the Socialists in strength there. The Center won a triumph in the concession granted by von Bülow. They had a grievance still unredressed in the remaining provisions of the modified anti-Jesuit law.

Determination of German Clericals  
to Repeal the Anti-Jesuit Law.

FOR the last twenty years and more, the powerful Center party in the Reichstag has striven to effect the repeal of the whole anti-Jesuit law. The method required by the constitution is a parliamentary resolution addressed to the federal council. The attitude of von Bülow to these recurrent phases of political activity was always benevolent. Without a word of warning, the present Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, reached a brisk decision that Jesuits shall not be permitted to enter the empire upon the terms they ask. He followed up this preliminary anticlerical attack with an announcement that if the Vatican creates trouble its diplomatic relations with the Hohenzollern dynasty shall be suspended. There was an instant outburst of jubilant comment in those German newspapers which dread the political influence of the Pope. The somewhat liberal *Magdeburger Zeitung*, always alarmed by concessions to clericals, feels now that "Protestant Germany has recovered herself." That able foe of Jesuits, the *Hannover Courier*, applauds the Chancellor as a "Bismarckian figure." That Berlin daily which has always deprecated the obsequiousness of Imperial Chancellors to the Vatican, the *Neueste Nachrichten*, affirms that the whole German nation is behind the Bundesrath in the controversy raging so fiercely. A conspicuous organ of the solidly respectable business element, the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, is rejoiced that the government is no longer in dread of the most dangerous enemies of Protestantism, the Jesuits. In a word, the German people, if one may derive an impression from the German press, are with the German Chancellor, with the exception of the element represented by the clerical organs already cited.

Socialists Look Askance at the  
German Chancellor's Invitation.

FURIOUS as is the din of warfare between the Emperor and the Vatican, they will be reconciled upon "the backs of the toiling masses" in the end. Such are the cynical reflections of the Socialist organ of Berlin, the *Vorwärts*. The Pope and the Chancellor can be too useful to one another, we read in the columns of this daily, to be at one another's throats all the time. Emperor William will want more battleships before long. He will remember the artillery, so sadly in need of renewal. Never could the Socialists compromise their differences

with him by a sacrifice of the ideal of international peace. These views are an echo of what is said just now by that distinguished German Socialist leader, Edward Bernstein. One tremendous bribe in the gift of the German Chancellor is lost sight of in these considerations, to follow the reasoning of the Paris *Débats*. The Socialists are much weaker in the Reichstag than they need be owing to an outrageous "gerrymander." The antique and superannuated apportionment law gives the clerical over-representation in the Reichstag, while robbing the Socialists of seats rightfully theirs. The eagerness of the Center to repeal the anti-Jesuit law is no greater than the anxiety of the Socialists to be rid of a statute which seems to cut down their strength in parliament one half. Once the Imperial Chancellor professed a willingness to come to terms upon this basis, he could do with the Socialists, the French daily suspects, much more than the *Vorwärts* will now admit.

How Socialists are Gerrymandered  
Out of Seats in the Reichstag.

HERE are in Germany small rural constituencies by the dozen whose voting power is ten, twenty and twenty-five times that of the populous towns. The anomaly is pointed out by that careful student of the fatherland, Mr. W. H. Dawson, in an article on the topic in the Manchester *Guardian*. The capital of the empire itself, he reminds us, offers one of the most striking examples of the unfairness of the present system of representation. Two of the six single member electoral districts into which it is divided have actually decreased in population between 1871 and 1912 to the extent of sixteen and forty per cent., respectively, while the remaining districts have increased by 41, 114, 208 and 450 per cent., respectively. The smallest of these districts has now a population of only 65,000, or less than half that which would entitle it to a seat were representation proportionate to population, while the largest district has a population of 728,000, a figure which on the same principle, would entitle it to four seats instead of one. Thus, as the *Vorwärts* bitterly laments, is the principle of universal manhood suffrage, ordained by the imperial organic law, flouted in practice. It is in the power of the Imperial Chancellor to effect a stupendous change in the Reichstag by a new apportionment. The possibility is dreadful to the Center, since their over-representation is calculated at fully twenty-five per cent. A fair apportionment, on the other hand, must give the Socialists a hundred and forty seats—perhaps more. For the sake of such a gain, some observers declare, even the irreconcilable Herr Bebel would listen at least to the proposals of the Imperial Chancellor.

A Militarist Ministry  
Formed at Tokyo.

**P**ROPHECIES that the reign of Yoshihito as Emperor of Japan would prove an era of reaction are not belied, apparently, by the temporary appearance of General Terauchi last month in the capacity of Prime Minister. This stern soldier is described by those newspapers in Europe which have studied his career as a champion of the German, not to say Prussian, ideal. Japan, if he had his way, would become an armed camp. He was made Governor-General of Korea, suspects the *Indépendance Belge*, Belgium's great liberal organ, because his military attitude to things in general would "hold the natives down." His administration at Seoul has inspired the keenest criticism of his country in such outspoken organs as the *Manchester Guardian*. The General, whose career has been colored by the camp, is suspected of being little else than a glorified drill sergeant of the type dear to Frederick the Great. He was potent in the ministry that brought on the execution of Kotoku, the alleged anarchist. He was at the head of affairs in Seoul when the Korean Christians suffered for their faith. His merit, from an imperialistic standpoint, is the eagerness he always shows when the army and the navy appeal for appropriations in the diet. His ascendancy would, therefore, mean an increase of the armed strength of Japan. The statesman he displaced, the Marquis Saion-Ji, belonged to the philosophical radical French school in Japanese politics. He wanted the party system of government. He was not in the good graces of his sovereign.

Yoshihito Determined to be Japan's War Lord.

**T**ERAUCHI must be deemed Prime Minister at Tokyo in a very subordinate sense. Behind him stands Katsura, whose creature he is said to be. Katsura is blindly devoted, according to the Paris *Matin*, to the Emperor, while the Emperor is no less blindly devoted to himself. Yoshihito, for all that, is very much less "divine," in the traditional sense, than was his father. The new sovereign appears before his subjects in no such tremendous majesty as he may like. His constitution, say the gossips, is feeble. He wears a sickly face. Since his accession he has shown himself rather frequently upon the streets, on horseback and even afoot. His physicians have told him that he must take exercise freely. On one occasion he made a speech. There is no mystery about him. His teachers in French and English write that he shows a keen intelligence, but they found him prone to melancholy. His reign may not be a long one. Luckily the nine-year-old heir to the throne is a healthy, cheer-

ful boy. Yoshihito is held responsible in the European dailies for the somewhat sudden fall of the Marquis Saion-Ji from power. He wanted a militarist Premier, and Terauchi would have been an ideal instrument.

More Ships and More Troops for Japan.

**J**APAN will be stronger on the seas in three years than she was during the war with Russia. The elder statesmen, affirms the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, are bent upon making the naval strength of their country equal to the combined squadrons of all the powers in far eastern waters. The figures call for thirty-one Dreadnoughts in commission, but no student of politics at Tokyo understands how the money is to be raised. Japan's problem is her army. She can not be supreme in far eastern waters and at the same time maintain a force large enough on land to vindicate her policy in Manchuria. Thus contend the French experts. Nevertheless, according to the Paris dailies, tremendous exertions will be made to realize the ideal. This notion is based upon a theory that Yoshihito has taken the German Emperor as his model. His instrument is to be Katsura, it seems. Katsura is recognized by all classes in the empire as a veteran statesman whose ability has been tested in both war and peace. He will sustain to his sovereign the relation of Bismarck to the first Emperor William. The arrangement has the sanction of the elder statesmen, whom the correspondents represent as panic-stricken at the state of the national defenses.

No More Democracy for Modern Japan.

**W**ITH a dummy Premier as the instrument of Katsura, the world is likely to hear little, at least for a time, suspects the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, of self-government and the power of the people at Tokyo. The press will be taken in hand after a fashion calculated to make the timid censorship of the Marquis Saion-Ji seem benevolent. The watchword is to be imperialism. There will be a formal and efficient correctness in administration. Elections will be held, but they will be conducted in the Russian style. The courts will be "independent," but the conception of that term is to be Napoleonic. The Prime Minister will be a puppet. Modern Japan thus becomes a masquerading despotism like Rome under Augustus. This gloomy picture, painted in some German organs, is not altogether a caricature from the standpoint of even the friendly London *Times*. That stout champion of everything Japanese concedes the failure of the party system at Tokyo. It apologizes for the shortcomings of the two civilizations which blend with such curious effects

under the sway of Yoshihito. It warns us not to be misled by the misinterpretations of organs which behold all things in the lurid light of a yellow peril.

Katsura, Incarnation of Militarist Japan.

**I**F KATSURA be the Bismarckian genius his sovereign beholds in him, Japan, we are invited by European organs to infer, will soon rule the Pacific. That has been the dream of this statesman since he entered public life, and he is now an old man. "In the art of diplomacy he has had few superiors," says the London *Standard*, "and as an adept at political maneuvering he has had no equal in Japan." His fury at the terms of peace with Russia was notorious. He would have carried the elder statesmen with him in a plan to reject the treaty concluded in this country but for the intervention of the cautious Mutsuhito, then on the throne. Katsura felt that a humiliation was forced upon his country because of her inadequate strength by land and sea. He pledged his followers—and he has many of these among the ruling elements—to a rigid Jingoism. He was foiled for a time by the Marquis Saion-Ji. That diplomatic and Gallicized politician has a theory that the world will be alarmed if Japan builds warships too fast. Certainly, he laid down Dreadnoughts slowly. He kept the army upon its peace footing. Katsura remonstrated with the old Emperor in vain. The new sovereign is not so deaf.

Korea Groaning Under Japanese Sway.

**F**OR a parallel to the condition of Korea under Japanese sway, certain observers at close range, including the British paper published at Kobe, *The Japan Chronicle*, have suggested the plight of Finland under the Romanoffs. The work of General Terauchi at Seoul is appreciated benevolently by the London *Standard*, however. He was a resident general in the land, it says, "appointed to carry on what was, after all, rather a pretense of respecting native institutions." He made the best of things. "Unprejudiced observers have borne witness to the failure of an attempt to treat Korea as some of the feudatory states of our Indian empire are treated." The Koreans were incapable of ruling themselves, avers the British daily. "The best thing that can happen to them is the gradual and cautious introduction of an administrative system in which competent Japanese officials will hold all the higher posts." That was the idea of General Terauchi. The result was what the Tokyo press has described as a conspiracy against his life by disaffected native Christians. The last official act of the Marquis Saion-Ji was to arrange for a re-trial.



HE, TOO, HAD A PIGTAIL ONCE!  
Chao is his first name, Ping is his middle name and Chun is his last name. He heads the Chinese ministry and he parts his hair.

The Sensational Conspiracy Trial in Korea.

HAD it not been for the agitation in England against a gross miscarriage of justice, as the Manchester *Guardian* hints, official Tokyo would never be seen in the act of clemency to the Koreans. As it was, they all got another opportunity to tell their tale in court. The past few weeks have brought the familiar tale into the despatches afresh. The tortures, the perversions of evidence, the anomalies of judicial procedure were gone into most minutely. The attention of the civilized world has been drawn to the process. One finds champions of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in the British press minimizing the horrors brought out by witness after witness. Liberal organs like the Manchester *Guardian* find space for indictments of all that goes by the name of Japanese civilization in Korea. Incidentally the case tends to reveal General Terauchi as the foe of freedom of the press, as the enemy of Christian ideas, as the bulwark of medievalism. He has, if we may trust journalists on the spot, countenanced torture or at least tolerated it as a means of subduing a too independent population. He is made out by his critics a monster of cruelty at a time when the inspired native press, and more particularly the *Jiji Shimpō*, holds him up to the admiration of mankind. There is little doubt, assuming the Tokyo dailies generally to be well-informed, that General Terauchi was to have been blown up, stabbed, poisoned, as opportunity afforded.

Asquith's Life Imperiled by Woman Suffragists.

**S**COTLAND YARD received definite information last month that bomb-throwing has been incorporated into the plan of campaign of the militant advocates of votes for women. Precautions of an unprecedented character are to be taken, it now appears, to protect the lives of members of the cabinet. This sensational announcement follows hard upon a declaration of war trumpeted from Paris by the indomitable Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and her famed daughter Christabel. "We are in open revolution," the elder of the ladies is quoted as saying to the *Matin*. "We have decided to fight the men as men, that is, by violence." Notwithstanding the assurance of *Votes for Women*, London organ of the cause, that the language of Mrs. Pankhurst has been distorted, the authorities profess genuine alarm. The Prime Minister is followed by detectives everywhere, according to newspaper reports. Mrs. Pankhurst turned up in London in a defiant mood, proclaiming herself ready to go to prison. She refuses to pay a farthing of the fines she has incurred. A no less defiant utterance on the part of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who remains in hiding on the continent, was a prelude to a general assault upon the letter boxes attached to metropolitan lamp posts. Acid is deftly introduced into these receptacles, the effect upon correspondence being highly inconvenient. Militancy has everywhere revived. One suffragist hurled a pair of slippers at a judge on the bench in the course of his severe admonition to a woman champion of the rights of her sex. The latest report is that every conspicuous crusader under the Pankhurst and Pethick-Lawrence banners is dogged by emissaries from Scotland Yard.

Woman Suffragists Make British Statesmen Ill.

**N**O CABINET minister is to make a speech in public without hearing the familiar demand of votes for women. This policy, a revival of the tactics dropped after the flight of Christabel Pankhurst to Paris, led to a riot at the installation of Augustine Birrell as rector of Glasgow University. Eleven women were forcibly ejected for trying to shout the eminent cabinet minister down. It occurred to someone in the audience to cry aloud that a bomb-thrower had forced her way in. The effect was terrifying. Scores of students formed a brigade on the spot and marched in force upon the headquarters of the militant suffragists. The police threw themselves between the young men and the women at the climax of the riot. The streets of Glasgow in the vicinity of the Pankhurst headquarters were for a time not unlike a field of battle. Women

shrieked at the top of their voices and strove to rescue banners seized by the students. Police drew clubs and dashed into the masses of belligerents. Mr. Birrell was said to have sustained severe injury from a missile hurled at him, but he seems to have escaped with only a lump on his forehead.

Hunger Strikes Not to Effect the Release of Woman Suffragists.

**M**ILITANT suffragists are not in the least disconcerted by official intimations that hunger strikes will henceforth secure no releases from British jails. It has been the policy of the ministry heretofore to permit the Pankhursts and their followers to starve if they felt so disposed, but not to starve to death. Hereafter they may go unfed until life is extinct. Force feeding will not be resorted to in any extremity. That is the warning sent forth in the name of the Home Secretary. The leaders of the women suffragists receive these hints with open scorn. Mrs. Pankhurst defies the Prime Minister to permit any militant suffragist to die of hunger. That the policy of forcible feeding has proved impossible is conceded by the *London Times*, fierce foe of the cause of female suffrage. "It may be admitted," it says, "that feeding by tube is a failure as applied to resisting women." It is no less clear to the *Birmingham Post* that the government must reconsider its means of combating the hunger strike. But the idea of allowing women to starve themselves to death is not palatable to many opponents of the militants.

Fights Between Men and Women at British Mass Meetings.

**M**ILITANCY has now rendered it difficult to hold a political meeting of any great size in Britain without physical encounters between the sexes. These entail such episodes as the tearing of feminine garments into tatters, the use of hat pins by suffragists in a manner that draws blood, and a general clubbing of heads by the police. In these respects the riots that broke up the Welsh meetings of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, David Lloyd George, were characteristic. The national anthem of Wales had concluded in a grand chorus of five thousand voices. Mr. Lloyd George himself had made a ringing declaration of Liberal policy. A shrill feminine voice was heard demanding votes for women. The London organ of the cause gives the subsequent events in the words of a victim:

"The words were scarcely spoken when all surrounding us, with one instinct, literally fell upon us. We were torn apart, our tight-fitting caps were wrenched off, our hair savagely clutched and pulled down and used as a means of torture. Blows rained upon our uncovered heads, collars and ties were torn off,

knees were rammed into our backs, and every attempt made to throw us to the ground and trample on us. Thick clothing and foresight prevented still worse attacks from being successful. One of us was so fiercely clutched round the waist that her ribs were nearly broken, and she could scarcely breathe. It was hell let loose—a revelation of the latent beast in man."

British Press Comment  
Upon the Sex War.

**S**UFFRAGISTS would do well to take note of the indications afforded by physical violence in handling them publicly that they have gone too far. Such is the editorial judgment of the London *Times* upon recent riotous demonstrations against militants. "Contemptuous tolerations of their interference with the ordinary rights and liberties of other people," this great daily adds, "is fast giving place to disgust and a disposition to abate the nuisance. It will be a misfortune if no gentler methods avail to teach them the alphabet of the code of political manners observed by men." But this is not the general view. The crowds who retaliate upon militant suffragists by the exercise of violence seem to forget, says the London *Mirror*, that these disturbers are women or even human beings. "We are ashamed the foreigners should read of such doings in England," says the London *Standard*. "As long as the suffragists were violent in their methods, their cause retrogressed. Now some of their opponents have become violent, their cause may again advance." If the follies of militancy, adds the Manchester *Guardian*, were many times greater, the violence the women now meet with would still be inexcusable.

Is the Woman Suffrage Agitation  
in England Obscene?

**A**CCUSATIONS involving the moral tone of the extreme wing of the woman suffrage party in England have been laid before the Home Secretary. The matter was brought before that exalted official in the House of Commons by no less eminent a champion of conservative ideas than the Marquess of Tullibardine. He professes to have received his cue from the utterances of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Lord Cromer, both in the forefront of the agitation against woman suffrage. At the headquarters of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies in London doctrines indistinguishable from immorality are alleged to find support. It is true that only the extreme group of militants can be open to the censure of the Marquess from this standpoint. The Home Secretary will have the matter investigated—or so he says. The result may be a totally new line of attack upon the militants. They retort that the ministry is resorting to a stale device based upon insinuations that certain elements in

the suffrage movement cherish "advanced" ideas on the subject of marriage and the form of the family. If the Home Secretary institutes a prosecution along these lines, the ensuing sensation would be unprecedented.

Law-Breaking Advocated  
by Woman Suffragists.

**V**IOLENCE and defiance of the law have been incorporated so boldly into the policy of Britain's women suffragists that no pretense of legality is made by the leaders. There are exceptions here and there, but the Pethick-Lawrences as well as the Pankhursts find themselves at the head of an army resolved to go to the last extreme. The candor of *Votes for Women*, London mouthpiece of the crusade, is characteristic of the present mood. It says:

"A vigorous rally of all the Suffrage forces is urgently needed. It is not necessary for us to preach militancy to the Women's Social and Political Union. The leaders and the rank and file of that magnificent fighting force are equally determined to press the issue to a triumphal finish.

"But we do preach militancy—vigorous and sustained militancy—to all those women who have hitherto thought that the victory was to be won by constitutional methods alone. Surely they have awakened at last from their dream of conquest by trustful confidence. Even at the eleventh hour they can save the situation by determined action.

"We call upon every single woman in the ranks of the Woman's Movement to come out and fight, to adopt the essence of the militant creed by ceasing to approach politicians as suppliants entreating favor, and by demanding as upstanding women an immediate Government measure of enfranchisement as their right. Let them give the Government clearly to understand that in default of the payment of this long overdue debt,

they will assert and maintain their claim by active and persistent opposition and by methods that are unpleasant and harassing, and that they will not hesitate, if necessary for the vindication of the fundamental principle of human liberty, to use methods that are in open defiance of the law."

Is the Asquith Ministry to Alter  
Its Woman Suffrage Policy?

**L**ONG before the militant suffragists have gone the length of bombing, the Prime Minister will introduce a bill granting all the demands of the woman suffragists. The assertion seems wild in view of inspired editorials in the ministerial dailies of the traditional Liberal type. Yet the prediction is confidently made in more radical organs like the London *Chronicle* by writers who are known to have the ear of the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith is at present, we read, "in two minds" on the whole subject. Personally his feelings are not strongly enlisted. Mr. David Lloyd George, on the other hand, would bring in a woman suffrage bill to-morrow were it not for the hostility of Winston Churchill. That uncompromising lord of the admiralty is supposed to be in a defiant mood. He assures Mr. Asquith that it would be cowardly to yield in the face of threats of bomb-throwing. The pressure of the labor group upon the Prime Minister is now very strong, however. The Keir Hardies and the Philip Snowdens want a suffrage bill. The conservatives include a small group favorable to the idea. For these reasons, radical organs tend more and more to foretell a complete triumph of the woman suffragists in the near future. The latest utterance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is hailed in the press as a confession of defeat.



BRINGING THE MILITANTS IN LONDON A DROP OF HOT SCOTCH  
These ladies walked all the way from Scotland as a demonstration of their readiness to face imprisonment and even death in aid of the militant movement.

# Persons in the Foreground

## WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT IN DEFEAT

ONE of the finest things about the American people is the way they take political defeat. The recent election was a fairly fierce contest between three armies; yet any one mingling in the crowds surrounding the bulletin boards in New York City a few hours after the polls closed could not have failed to note the perfect good nature evident on all sides. We are so used to that sort of thing that we take it as a matter of course. But when we observe how difficult it is for the beaten party in some other countries, especially in some of the South American republics, to take a licking gracefully, we can find reason to thank heaven for this American trait, and to thank the American colleges which have done so much to foster it.

Mr. Taft is one of the worst defeated men ever in the White House. But no man ever took defeat in a finer spirit than he seems to have taken it. And at no other time during the last four years has there been such a general chorus of praise for him as a man and a representative American as since the election. This praise does not take the form of a few consolatory remarks concerning the deceased. It is apparently spontaneous and full of good will, admiration and esteem; and it comes in full measure from those who regard him as being a total failure as a political leader.

Mr. Dooley remarked not long ago that Mr. Taft was a natural-born private citizen! The remark has an edge to it as well as a point; but after all it is a tribute to the man if not to the politician. The New York *World* closes an editorial in the same vein. It remarks: "Unlike some of our Chief Magistrates, Mr. Taft is well qualified by temperament, character and habit of life to fill admirably the difficult station which now opens to him. He will make one of the most amiable and dignified ex-Presidents that we ever have had." Another paper hostile to Mr. Taft politically, the *Emporia Gazette* (William Allen White's paper), remarked the day after the election: "Of all the millions of votes cast against President Taft, probably not one hundred thousand have been cast in malice. . . . If he is in sorrow to-day, no one in all the nation is glad of it." Mr. Bryan said much the same thing:

"As an ex-President and as a man of character, he will carry to his retirement the esteem and good will of the people and will be useful in international politics—a growing field of honor and dignity."

Mr. Taft has not borne himself, since the election, like a man bowed down with sorrow. The first cabinet meeting after the election is said to have been positively boisterous with merriment as the members cracked jokes at one another's expense. Two speeches have been made which show the temper of the President under defeat. One of them, made on November 12 before the United Daughters of the Confederacy, is called by Mr. Bryan's *Commoner* "an epoch-making speech." Referring to the relations of the South to our national government since the war, Mr. Taft remarked:

"I speak for my immediate Republican predecessors in office when I say that they all labored to bring the sections more closely together. I am sure I can say that, so far as in me has lain, I have left nothing undone to reduce the sectional feeling and to make the divisions of this our country geographical only. But I am free to admit that circumstances have rendered it more difficult for a Republican administration than for a Democratic administration to give to our Southern brothers and sisters the feeling of close relationship and ownership in the government of the United States. Therefore, in solving the mystery of that providential dispensation which now brings on a Democratic administration to succeed this, we must admit the good that will come to the whole country in a more confirmed sense of partnership in this government which our brothers and sisters of the Southland will enjoy, in an administration in which Southern opinion will naturally have greater influence, and the South greater proportionate representation in the cabinet, in Congress and in other high official station. While I rejoice in the steps that I have been able to take to heal the wounds of sectionalism and to convey to the Southern people, as far as I could, my earnest desire to make this country one, I can not deny that my worthy and distinguished successor has a greater opportunity, and I doubt not he will use it for the benefit of the nation at large."

If any one can find any trace of sourness or grouchiness in that, he can do more than we can. In his speech before the Lotos Club, in New York

City, four days later, Mr. Taft referred to his position as a defeated President in a jocose way. He began with a reference to the legend of the lotos-eaters and then said:

"I do not know what was in the mind of your distinguished invitation committee when I was asked to attend this banquet. They came to me before the election. At first I hesitated to accept lest, when the dinner came, by the election I should be shorn of interest as a guest, and be changed from an active and virile participant in the day's doings of the nation to merely a dissolving view. I knew that generally on an occasion of this sort the motive of the diners was to have a guest whose society should bring them more closely into contact with the great present and future, and not be merely a reminder of what has been. But after further consideration I saw in the name of your club the possibility that you were not merely cold, selfish seekers after pleasures of your own, and that perhaps you were organized to furnish consolation to those who mourn, oblivion to those who would forget, an opportunity for a swan song to those about to disappear."

The entire speech was a cheerful, unreserved discussion of the burdens and responsibilities of the presidential office. It is not, he said, a position to be enjoyed by a sensitive man; but the experience "toughens the hide of the occupant so as to enable him to resist the stings of criticism directed against him from the time he takes office until he lays it down." There is a touch of resentment in this and in his further references to "the cruel injustice that has been done to many public men" by the muckrakers; but the resentment is not caused apparently by his defeat. It almost seems, indeed, that the defeat comes to him as a release from an unwelcome post. "The mere enjoyment of the tinsel of office," he says, "is ephemeral, and unless one can fix one's memory on real progress made through the exercise of Presidential power, there is little real pleasure in the contemplation of the holding of that or any other office, however great its power or dignity or high its position in the minds of men. I beg you to believe that in spite of the very emphatic verdict by which I leave the office, I cherish only the deepest gratitude to the American people for having given me the honor of having held the office."

The sustained mental work required in the office is not, Mr. Taft said, as great as is generally supposed; but the nervous strain is greater. He closed by referring to his successor as follows: "Health and success to the able, distinguished and patriotic gentleman who is to be the next President of the United States." Referring to this speech, Henry Watterson, in the Louisville *Courier Journal*, says in the columns of that paper:

"In going out of office badly defeated, yet feeling no bitterness, desiring to make no explanations, and worrying most over his failure to accomplish something that he believed to be of first importance to human welfare, the retiring President leaves a decidedly good taste in the mouths of those who voted for him and those who voted against him. . . . President Taft's swan song is that of a sane, sensible, temperate man whose philosophy of life is too optimistic to be reversed by reverses at the polls, and whose sincerity of purpose was never questioned even when the position he occupied as a party leader forced him into unpopular attitudes."

The future of Mr. Taft is, of course, a matter of considerable speculation. The relations between him and the President-elect seem to be very cordial, and the expectation is voiced here and there that Mr. Taft will be nominated by President Wilson to fill the first

vacancy that occurs on the Supreme Court bench. Mention is also made at times of the fact that Mr. Taft will remain the titular leader of his party and to the possibility that he will be renominated in 1916 and returned to the White House. This possibility does not, it may be remarked, arouse any very lively hopes on one side or apprehensions on the other. One line of political effort Mr. Taft himself expresses his desire to continue is that in defense of the Federal Constitution, and to remove the feelings of unjust hostility which he thinks are being excited against it. It is reported that a league will be formed for this purpose of which he will be President. Two other issues he is likely to support actively—that of international arbitration and that relating to the future status of the Philippines. His chief regret, he says, on leaving the White House, is the failure of the general arbitration treaties, and his chief fear of the incoming administration seems to be that all the good done by American rule in the Philippines will be dissipated by premature action promising the island complete independence in the near future. Mr. Taft has a private income, it is said, of about \$6,000 a year. He is expected to supplement it by resuming the practice of law in Cincinnati or by accepting the Kent professorship of law in Yale, or perhaps in both ways.

Four years ago, just after his election as President, Mr. Taft said:

"When I consider all that has come to me I wonder, with trembling, if there is not to be some great misfortune to offset it all. We have our health and our children, with never the loss of a child. My parents are dead, but they lived to an honored and peaceful old age. I have not had any grievous sorrow. Politically, there were the Philippines; it was the turn of a hand whether I should go there. If I hadn't, I don't suppose I should be the President elect at this time. Of course, it is sometimes said that opportunity comes to every man and that it is to his credit that he seize it, yet looking back I cannot see that I exercised any shrewd discrimination. I cannot persuade myself it was my own wisdom that led me into the work. Twice came the offer of a place on the Supreme bench. My inclination was to accept, and it was not due to my judgment after all that I did not. I have much for which to be thankful, and I cannot help wondering if there is not to be some compensatory sorrow."

Mr. Taft in defeat appears to be more cheerful of the future than he was in victory. If anybody has a surplus of commiseration to pour out we advise him to find some other object upon which to expend it. William Howard Taft seems to need it less now than at any previous time in the last four years.

## THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

**W**ORDS could not be made more peremptory than those in which M. Armand Fallières has announced his refusal even to consider the possibility of his own re-election to the Presidency of the French Republic. The white-haired old gentleman has, in fact, signed a lease for a six-room flat to which he will repair in a few weeks when he quits—unless the unexpected happens—the glories of the Elysée. The election must be held at Versailles, not in Paris, the Senate and the Chamber constituting a "national assembly" for the special purpose of choosing a chief magistrate.

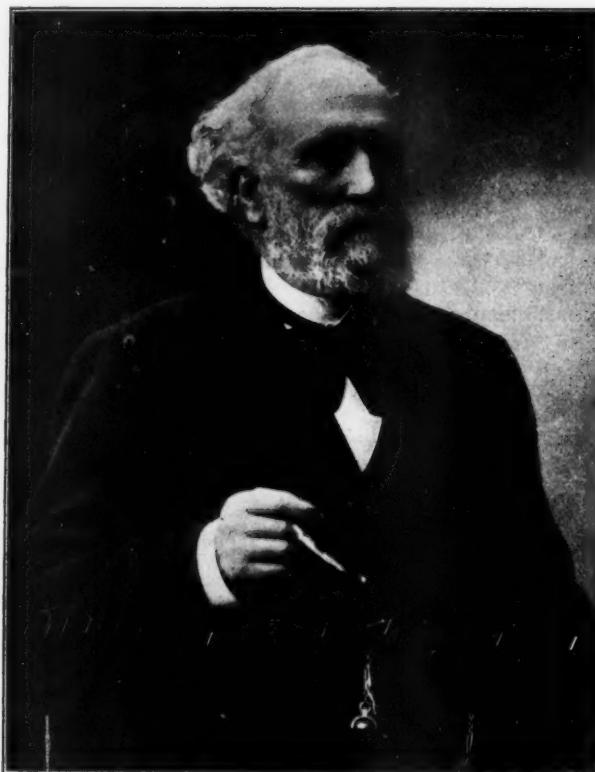
Since M. Fallières eliminates himself so insistently, precedent, according to the Paris *Figaro*, indicates Senator Antonin Dubost, the venerable but forceful dean of the upper house. The white side whiskers of this cold and impassive politician lend an atmosphere to the deliberations of the French Senate—over which he presides—that reminds the *Matin* of the Paris of Balzac. Dubost, we read, is perhaps the only living statesman with courage enough to have clung to side whiskers after Sedan. They went out with the extinction of the third empire, like the fashion of wearing low slippers on the

street. Now the side whisker is coming in again. In a few months more, it will be on the cheek of even the clerk behind the counter, the coal heaver in the cellar, the millionaire in the automobile. Dubost will see himself vindicated.

Now, this detail of the side whisker, in which the civilized world has come back to Dubost, symbolizes the career of this extraordinary man. The world, and more particularly France, comes back to him not only as regards side whiskers but the whole attitude to life. Breathing an atmosphere charged with emotion, Dubost is cold, correct, calm. His elongated high hat repose very straightly upon his bald cranium as he paces in a severe frock coat from his home to his seat on the lofty dais in the Senate. His impartiality is constitutional. He can not, that is to say, feel or sympathize or glow with or for anybody or anything. In all the years of his connection with the Senate it has been difficult to ascertain what passions agitate his breast. Bred to the bar, he has the rare scholarship of the French lawyer. Inclined to piety, he has been forced to subdue his spiritual fervor in presiding over a company of atheists or, at any rate, anticlericals. With a decided taste for German philosophy and German beer, he has had

to drink French wine and wax hotly patriotic on the theme of Alsace-Lorraine. Dubost is, in short, a cold fish, our contemporary declares, colorless, impassive, uninspiring, and for that very reason it dreads his election as highly probable. He will seem to yield to all while bending every will to his own. Moreover, his tastes are Spartan and his presidency will wear a shabby aspect.

Ribot is the sublime candidate. Rodin, the renowned sculptor, who confesses to an itch to do a bust of Ribot, compares the statesman to an archangel charged with some tremendous warning. Ribot has been forty years in public life as administrator, minister, senator. He has aged tremendously in the past year or two, according to the Paris *Figaro*, but this serves but to accentuate his likeness to Neptune rising from the sea. He has been called the intelligence and the conscience of France. His eloquence, of which so much is said in European dailies, belongs to the head, not to the heart. The pleasure derived from his speech by those who listen in rapture to him is esthetic and intellectual, never emotional and ecstatic. His gestures—slow, effective, energetic—give him statuesque effects, now the Michael



A PANAMA PREMIER WHO MAY BE A PRESIDENT

Alexander Ribot was at the head of the French ministry when the canal scandal nearly overthrew the republic at Paris. His name emerges now on the list of candidates for the chief magistracy.



A PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY IN PARISIAN POLITICS

Monsieur Pichon is one of the highest authorities on foreign politics in the French chamber of deputies. He talks so well and is so fond of dining that he has strong support for the succession to President Fallières.

Angelo Moses, again the Phidian Zeus. Rodin is said to have been brought to distraction by vain efforts to "do" Ribot with one arm towards Heaven and legs apart. Ribot, observes the Paris daily, knows what to do with his legs while addressing an audience, a circumstance revealing how tremendous a success he must have been on the stage. Then there is that cultivated, clear voice of his, never loud, never bombastic, but oh! so convincing. A lie never was told in the voice of Ribot, the French organ avers. His articulation is so precise and his French so exquisite that even the anticlericals—they suspect him of secret bargains with the Pope—strain their ears to lose no vocal effects. The students from the law schools and the young actors fresh from the provinces crowd the gallery when his name is down for a great debate. He has a trick of throwing his god-like old head back and laughing with such a miraculous lightness and ease in the course of his very greatest speeches that the technic of the thing is imitated as classical by the students of elocution. Nor is there anything histrionic or artificial in Ribot. He is statuesque and tremendous naturally, and altho he happens to be a hearty eater and takes little exercise, he has escaped the obesity of elderly Frenchmen. Altogether, Ribot, the French dailies opine, would rank among French Presidents as Killarney does among Irish lakes or as Thor does in

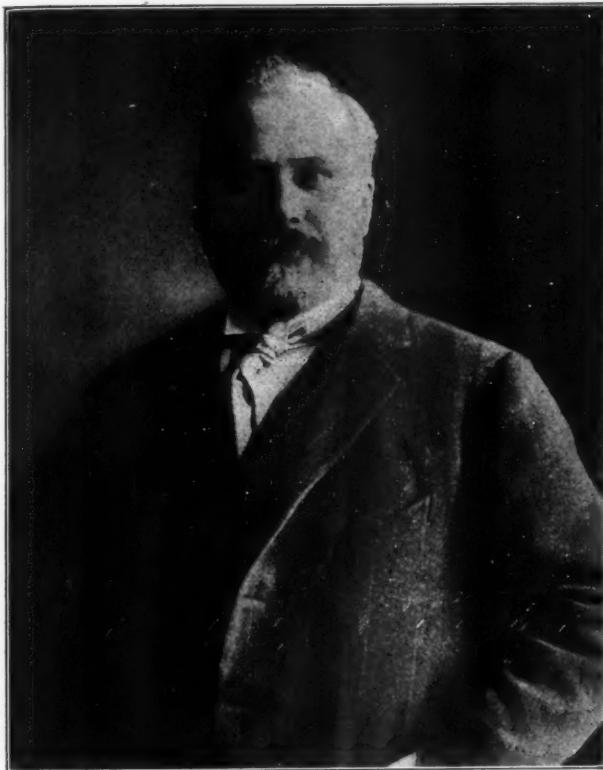
the Norse mythology. But it will be difficult to elect him. The atheists dislike his regularity at church.

Bourgeois, in whom so many profess to behold the next French President, is overwhelmed, according to a recent account of him in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, by a consciousness of failure in life. He longed from boyhood to become an artist. Fate made him an illustrious statesman—deputy, diplomatist, senator, minister, premier, the world's best known advocate of peace, a glory of the Hague tribunal. He has the statesman's gifts, eloquence, prophetic insight, magnetism, integrity. He flies from the honors that are his to the studio in which he makes statues and pictures. He would gladly exchange his fame for that of Rodin, according to the Austrian organ. Léon Bourgeois has been dragged from his studio to enter a French cabinet. He has the artistic temperament in the fine sense—dreaming, wistful dark eyes, a round brow, dainty ears set well into the cheek, a slim neck and the sensitive quiver of the lip in emotional moments. His talk is always of the arts. He writes criticisms of the exhibitions for the French periodicals under a pseudonym. He corresponds with promising but unappreciated youths of talent. He interests himself in the struggles of genius for recognition.

So bemused is Bourgeois in his world of dreams that the *Figaro* doubts if he clearly realizes how determined are the

efforts to elect him to the chief magistracy. He consecrates his leisure, it seems, when he is not perfecting a statue or defending ministerial measures in parliament, to a philosophical work of profound but undiscovered significance. M. Bourgeois has written a book or two already upon themes moral and didactic. He never can persuade himself that his message for mankind must be delivered. The story goes that his volume had been placed in type. It had been revized in proof by the author. A tremendous doubt crossed the mind of Bourgeois. He consigned manuscript and proofs to the flames. Once more he sat down to formulate a philosophy. He was out of office. He had just declined the post of Premier. He shut up his studio and dropped the sculptor's tool. Day after day he wrote, studied, revized. His solitude was rudely disturbed with an entreaty that he join another ministry. Bourgeois listened. Again he consigned a manuscript, laboriously compiled, to devouring flames. Why not, then, elect him President? The *Figaro*, asking that, observes that the office would give him leisure to finish that great book.

Poincaré, or "square fist," has a name that goes well, observes a writer in London *Truth*, with his massive head and strong and homely features. He will receive many a vote for the post of President in the election now so near, predicts the Paris *Temps*, a paper partial to him. But M. Poincaré happens



THE CZAR'S CHOICE FOR THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY

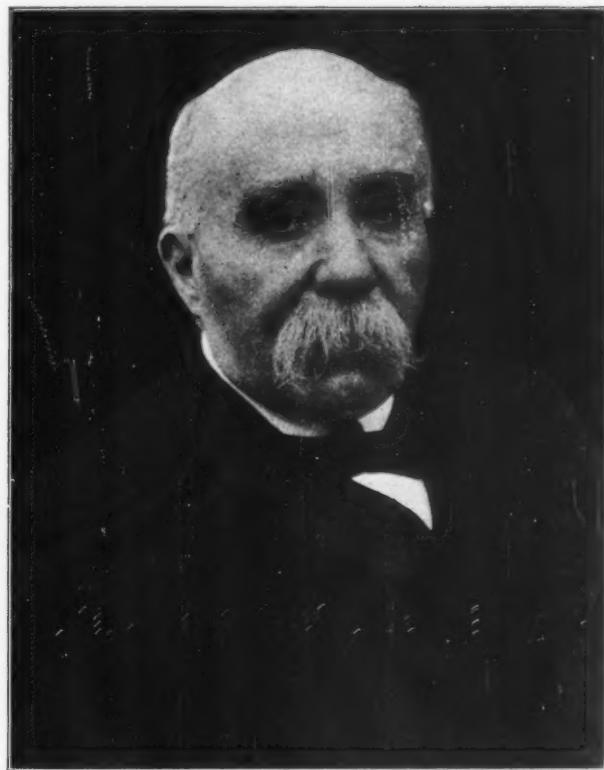
When Premier Raymond Poincaré was in St. Petersburg recently the palace dignitaries drank his health ostentatiously as the successor of Fallières in the Elysée.

to be Premier and the prophets of the result do not favor him. He represents in the chamber a constituency that would be exposed to the brunt of invasion in the event of a war with Germany. That fact is supposed to get on his nerves. He is always for pacifying Berlin, for arriving at a compromise. The tendency leads to whispers that Poincaré would make a Potsdam President. He is to-day the greatest lawyer in France, a social leader in the republican set. Unfortunately for his chances, he suffers from the French prejudice against "arrivism." The ambition of Poincaré has always been to arrive, to get on, to succeed. He has done that, thanks to a clever wife, thanks to solid abilities, thanks to profound knowledge of the law. But these things can not be forgiven, we are reminded, because he lacks the wit, the charm, the personal magnetism to atone for them. One must not be too successful in life and Poincaré is.

Clemenceau—there is the President! That is the insinuation of the *Paris Aurore*. The trouble with Clemenceau, according to disillusioned prints like the *Lanterne*, is his readiness to substitute an epigram for a principle. He has no convictions—only sarcasms. Bald, aged, fiery, eloquent, his powers unclouded, his poverty honorable, he would nevertheless be impossible in the capacity of president. He is too sensational, too fond of saying the brilliant thing. In every crisis, he would bring

on war with a sarcasm. Then there is the question of his strength. His old age finds him in good health, but he must be nursed carefully in moments of febrile excitement. He had the ill luck to involve himself in the Panama scandal. He retired for some years from public life. Time vindicated him in the end. There is no stain upon his record. But the memory lingers. His furious anticlericalism remains unabated. In a word, he lacks the judicial temperament, and, it is to be feared, he can impose no restraint upon his tongue. Intellectually he is the most brilliant of all the possible presidents, according to the Paris papers, but temperamentally he is impossible. Yet he has his supporters.

Deschanel will be in the running, of course, the elegant, irresistible, smiling Deschanel. As the prospects of Dubost, the cold and careful, grow out of the circumstance that he presides over the Senate, the chances of Deschanel depend upon the fact that he presides over the chamber. And as Dubost suffers because he is so severe and simple, Deschanel is hurt by his sheer exquisiteness. The Senator is antique, correct, reserved. The Deputy is delightful, princely, perfect. Everything at present indicates a struggle between Senate and Chamber with the personalities of Dubost and Deschanel weighing in the balance one against another. The situation is complicated by the wealth of material available. Even the



HIS ASSET AS A CANDIDATE IS A DAUGHTER

Georges Clemenceau is the father of one of the most charming widows in France who, in the event of his election, would grace his presidency as Hypatia adorned Constantinople.

lucid and informing Pichon, the great authority on international affairs, the foreign minister who took France through the Moroccan crisis, has his friends. He would be what we call a dark horse. Pichon is a great talker, chaste of rhetoric, as the French say, glorious at banquets. That is of the first importance, since the President of the French Republic must shine at the table to he shine nowhere else.

In the end, the republic may have to fall back upon Fallières. The possibility is dwelt upon by the solid, respectable portion of the French press. M. Fallières is of the genial, good-natured type, safe, discreet. He was reared in the country and he loves to sit under his grape vines. He can not shoot well, like Deschanel, nor make an epigram like Clemenceau, nor look sublime like Ribot, nor carve a statue like Bourgeois, nor look virtuously severe like Dubost; but he has the rare advantage, as the *Débats* points out, of being nothing in particular. M. Fallières is colorless, kind, unassuming. He trots through the streets of the French metropolis with an old umbrella in one hand and a worn leather satchel in the other. His trowsers bag horribly at the knees and he must run at times to escape passing vehicles while drivers yell at him. All this is not impressive; but no one can suspect him of imperial ambitions or Napoleonic conceptions. He prefers private life owing, it seems, to the state of his liver.

## THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF ARTURO GIOVANNITTI

**O**F ALL the men in this country thrown up into public view by the seething, bubbling social discontent of the Twentieth Century, none is more interesting than Arturo Giovannitti, the young Italian who, with Joseph Ettor, was acquitted a few weeks ago of murder in connection with the Lawrence strikes. He is not the usual type of labor agitator. The usual type is not a very complex one. Given a rough experience in the school of hard knocks, a close acquaintance with the struggles of the poor to keep a little ahead of starvation, one fixed idea such as the Socialists implant with their gospel of the class war, a certain or uncertain amount of book-education and a considerable degree of dynamic power and natural courage, and the labor leader is in most cases fairly well accounted for. But in Giovannitti there is something else. He has the soul of a great poet, the fervor of a prophet, and, added to these, the courage and power of initiative that mark the man of action and the organizer of great crusades.

He is but twenty-eight and he has been in this country but twelve years. Near the close of his trial, he made before the court the first speech he has ever made in the English language. It held all hearers spellbound. "In twenty years of reporting," said a veteran reporter afterward, "I have never heard the equal of that speech." Slender, pale, trembling, his voice vibrant with emotion, his eyes welling with tears, "courteous always rather than assertive," he began as follows: "So solemn is this moment, so full with clashing emotions am I now, that I do not know whether I ever will conclude what I have to say." For twenty minutes he "spoke like one in the crisis of passion," and a long hush followed his conclusion, broken by the sobs of men as well as women. Some of the reporters were busier choking down their feelings than making copy, but they have given us an apparently literal report of the peroration:

"I have a wife who loves me, a mother who loves me, an ideal that I love. Life is so wonderful. I feel the passion of living. It is sweet to live. I do not want to die, to go away as a martyr. The life is dear to me, there is something holier and grander; that is my conscience and loyalty to my comrades and my cause. If you say that we shall live I want to say that in the next strike that breaks out in the country where we are needed, there will Joe Ettor and myself go. We will go our humble way, soldiers in the mighty army of workers of the world. If it be that our hearts must be stilled in the same electric chair as wife murderers and homicides; if our hearts be that black, you think—then to-morrow we will pass into a greater judgment, into the presence of

the Almighty, and history will give its last word to us."

Giovannitti was never accused of committing murder himself. It was held that he and Ettor uttered inflammatory speeches, the effect of which was a riot in which an Italian woman was shot and killed. He steadily denied ever having favored violence. All his speeches during the strike were in Italian, and but one sentence was testified to—by two private detectives who said they had lost their notes—that seemed to counsel the use of physical force. This sentence Giovannitti positively denied having uttered, and the jury evidently believed him. But it is certain that he is one of the leaders of the most radical organization—the Industrial Workers of the World—that has grown out of the labor movement. His utterances ring with defiance of the whole "capitalist class," and if he fails to urge his followers to use force it is probably because he considers the use of force to be as yet inexpedient.

Giovannitti is a social portent, all the more so because he is far removed from the criminal type. He has come to his present extreme views by way of the pulpit and the work of a Christian missionary. He was born in Campobasso, a city of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants in the province of Abruzzi, Italy. His father is a physician and a doctor of chemistry. One of his brothers is a physician and another a lawyer. The social standing of the family is good, and they remain loyal to the son who is in this country. Arturo himself received a fair degree of education in the public schools and lycées of that country. Before he was twenty he came to the new world, going first to Canada. For a time he wielded a pick in a coal-mine in the Dominion, and it was there probably that the seeds of his resentment against the industrialism of to-day were planted. Our coal-mines seem to have planted many such seeds. While he was studying the English language in Montreal, a Presbyterian minister there, in charge of an Italian mission, died, and Giovannitti was asked to take his place. For months he conducted the mission, and, evidently choosing the ministry as a career, he began to attend a Presbyterian theological school. In 1904, being then twenty years of age, he received a call to Brooklyn to take charge of a Presbyterian mission there. "I was not exactly a minister," he explains, "but a sort of missionary. I preached to the people on Sundays and taught them during the week." Still bent on entering the regular ministry, he entered the Union Theological Seminary and also registered at Columbia University. But the course of study of a theological school does not seem to

have suited the tropical nature of this dreamer and poet. He stalled at the study of Hebrew. It was, he modestly observes, "a little too strong for my capacities." A call to conduct an Italian mission in Pittsburgh coming to him, he gave up the seminary course and for eight months carried on his mission labors in the Smoky City.

Three Protestant missions, therefore, were conducted by this man now a leader in a movement which blazons to the world its banners bearing the legend,

"NO GOD, NO MASTER."

In Pittsburgh he seems to have come, for the first time, into close contact with the Socialists and to have espoused their cause. The authorities connected with his mission objected to his rapidly growing activities in behalf of Socialism. As a consequence he severed his relations with the mission, and in 1911 returned to New York. This is probably the time when he began to drop God out of his program. There were nights when he slept on a bench in City Hall Park. Then he got work as a bookkeeper, and later was employed on an Italian newspaper, *Il Proletario*, later becoming the editor. His room on West Twenty-eighth street became a sort of center of the "intellectuals" of various nationalities, who engaged in radical discussions of religion, art, literature and political economy. Here he met Ettor and others of the Industrial Workers. When the strike was called in the Lawrence mills he had become a full-fledged radical and was summoned there, his special task being to organize the work of relief for the strikers' families. He declares that the disorder there would never have occurred if the city authorities had not lost their heads completely. "Eight or nine good Irish 'cops' from New York," he says, "would have handled the situation without calling any militia." Journals like the Boston *Transcript*, the Springfield *Republican* and the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* take much the same view. Says the last-named paper concerning the subsequent trial of the labor leaders: "In any riot in which weapons are used, either by the rioters or by those trying to suppress the mob, somebody is liable to be killed; but there was no reason to believe that killing was a deliberate purpose of the leaders, much less that they could be held directly responsible for the accidental shooting of a woman who was among the rioters, as an act of murder. Their conviction under the circumstances would have been rank injustice."

The whole course of the authorities in the Lawrence strike is generally condemned in influential papers. The N. Y. *World* seems to voice the general opinion in the following words:

"Woollen Trust sovereignty in Lawrence committed many outrages and follies during the strike. It needlessly called out the militia. It asked the State's Attorney for a ruling, which he refused, that a speech in Lowell was an interference with military operations in Lawrence. It broke its promise of clemency to men in custody when the strike stopped. It arrested children for preparing to leave town with their parents' consent. Possibly without its knowledge, but in its behalf, dynamite was planted. Of such stupidity was born the arrest of the three men who were yesterday acquitted. Against Ettor and Giovannitti there was no evidence whatever. Their connection with the crime charged was scarcely a question of fact so much as it was a strained interpretation of the law. They had counselled order. They were far away when Anna Lopizzo was killed."

A careful review of the trial is made in *The Survey* (organ until a few days ago of the Russell Sage Foundation) by James P. Heaton. He says that the belief that the charge of murder was "a trumped-up charge," brought as a piece of anti-strike tactics to get Ettor and Giovannitti out of the way, "has been shared by attorneys, newspapermen, ministers and students of public affairs who have followed the proceedings." That the conduct of the trial and its result was a vindication of the probity and judicial acumen of the court was attested by Ettor himself at the conclusion. Even radical papers in Italy, where Giovannitti in the meantime, while in jail, had been nominated as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, expressed admiration for the court that conducted the case.

For ten months the two men were lodged in jail and for a little less than two months the trial was in progress. Thus, says the N. Y. *Call*, a year of their lives was stolen from them and wasted. No statement could be farther from the mark so far, at least, as Giovannitti is concerned. We do not refer now to what seems to be the fact, that the attorneys for the two men were themselves responsible for the long delay in the trial; but we refer to the more important fact that this jail experience of Giovannitti's has given to the world one of the greatest poems (perhaps more than one) ever produced in the English language. It challenges comparison with the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," by Wilde, and is fully as vital and soul-stirring as anything Walt Whitman ever produced. "The Walker" is its title, and we gave extracts from it in our November number. It was published in full in the *International Socialist Review*, and the *Springfield Republican* recently reprinted it in part, giving two and a half columns to it. It is soon, together with other poems by the same author, to be published in book-form. One of these other poems, entitled "The Cage," not yet published, is thought by Giovan-



Photograph by Brown Bros.

## A SOCIAL PORTENT

This preacher who has turned atheist, this poet who has become a man of strenuous action, this dreamer who is translating his visions into vivid revolutionary appeals—Arturo Giovannitti, recently acquitted of inciting murder—is a young, well educated Italian, who for years conducted Presbyterian missions in three cities.

nitti's friends to surpass "The Walker." He produced at least five prison poems, some of them in rhyme and rhythm, which show many technical defects, some in Whitmanesque style. One of them, on Rodin's statue of The Thinker, has the following stanza, showing how far the author has drifted from former theological moorings:

Beyond your flesh and mind and blood,  
Nothing there is to live or do.  
There is no man, there is no God,  
There is not anything but you.

"The Walker" is more than a poem. It is a great human document. It begins as follows:

I hear footsteps over my head all night.  
They come and they go. Again they come  
and again they go all night.

They come one eternity in four paces and  
they go one eternity in four paces, and  
between the coming and the going there  
is Silence and the Night and the Infinite.

For infinite are the nine feet of a prison  
cell, and endless is the march of him  
who walks between the yellow brick  
wall and the red iron gate, thinking  
things that cannot be chained and can  
not be locked, but that wander far  
away in the sunlit world, in their wild  
pilgrimage after destined goals.

Throughout the restless night I hear the  
footsteps over my head.  
Who walks? I do not know. It is the

phantom of the jail, the sleepless brain, a man, the man, THE WALKER.

Here is another extract equally graphic and poignant:

Wonderful is the holy wisdom of the jail that makes all think the same thought. Marvelous is the providence of the law that equalizes all even in mind and sentiment. Fallen is the last barrier of privilege, the aristocracy of the intellect. The democracy of reason has leveled all the two hundred minds to the common surface of the same thought.

I, who have never killed, think like the murderer;  
I, who have never stolen, reason like the thief;  
I think, reason, wish, hope, doubt, wait like the hired assassin, the embezzler, the forger, the counterfeiter, the incestuous, the raper, the prostitute, the pimp, the drunkard—I—I who used to think of love and life and the flowers and song and beauty and the ideal.

A little key, a little key as little as my little finger, a little key, of shiny brass. All my ideas, my thoughts, my dreams are congealed in a little key of shiny brass.

All my brains, all my soul, all the suddenly surging latent powers of my life are in the pocket of a white-haired man dressed in blue.

He is powerful, great, formidable, the man with the white hair, for he has in his pocket the mighty talisman which makes one man cry and one man pray, and one laugh, and one walk, and all keep awake and think the same maddening thought.

This is the sort of thing that Giovannitti's year in jail has produced. It was cheap at the price. Both Giovannitti and Ettor spent their time while in confinement in study, the jailer giving them access to a well stocked library. Giovannitti began with Taine's "English Literature." Then he took up a popular work on the history

of literature in general, in four volumes. Then he began on an annotated edition of Shakespeare, who speedily became his favorite author. He dipped deeply into Carlyle and Balzac, Shelley and Byron, the rebellious note of the two poets being especially admired. Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" was another work read.

Such is the man we have called a social portent. For it is surely an ominous thing that a young man of good family, well educated, markedly religious by nature, coming to this land in search of freedom and opportunity, actively associated with the church in its missionary work among the poor, should in a few years be transformed by his experiences into an extreme revolutionary, bitter against authority of all kinds, flouting the Constitution and denying God. If there is such a thing as a social portent, Arturo Giovannitti is one.

## GENERAL SAVOFF: THE MOST CONSPICUOUS SOLDIER LIVING

ALTHO Michael Savoff has spent the greater part of his life—and he is now fifty-five—in transforming his native Bulgaria from a peasant paradise into one of the great military powers, his name remained, until lately, quite unknown to the world at large. The first stage of the war in the Balkans leaves him, according to the *Berlin Vossische Zeitung*, supreme in the theater of operations, the only modern commander with a renown as a strategist equal to von Moltke's. To his genius is attributable, we are told, the plan of campaign which brought King Ferdinand's legions from their farms in all parts of Bulgaria to the final stand outside the Chatalja lines. General Savoff had worked out a plan of operations long before the crisis. He showed its value at the decisive battle of Kirk Kilisse. He lured the Turkish field army eastward from the vicinity of Adrianople. He held the initiative at every step. He never lost sight of the enemy's main force, which he drove back after a series of routs to its final stand outside Constantinople. Making every allowance for the aid of the forces under General Demitrieff, the military experts give all the glory of the swift and splendid campaign to Michael Savoff. German authorities upon the art of war exult in the circumstance that German blood flows in the General's veins. The French dwell upon the circumstance that one of his grandmothers was French. In character, in training, in aspect, he is characteristically Bulgar, none the less.

Savoff is the scion of a native Bulgarian family, according to German dailies, in which the traits of the peasant blend themselves oddly with those

of the new nobility suddenly created by Czar Ferdinand. Altho the hero of the Balkans is highly educated from the standpoint of his profession, and has traveled and studied in Russia, France and Germany, he has relatives who till the soil in eastern Rumelia, his birthplace, and cling to the peasant costume while doing it. From the period of his first appointment to the cadet corps, we learn from the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, Savoff has been obliged to live upon his pay. The frugality of his early years stamped habits of simplicity upon his mode of life which time has not effaced. He still shaves himself daily, still rubs down his own horse, still brightens his own sword. He exhibits none of the tendencies of the European army officer to horse-racing, card-playing or theater-going. He cannot waltz. But he can shoot with unerring aim and ride like a Centaur, and sleep in his blanket on the bare earth. It is said that to this day he finds a feather bed provocative of insomnia. He fares sumptuously on dry biscuit and water when he must, and he knows how to dress a wound with all the skill of a trained nurse.

The stock from which Savoff sprang produced numbers of those thinking, educated Bulgarian peasants who are the backbone of this nation under arms. The formative and impressionable years of his boyhood include a brief stay at that Robert College in Constantinople which has done so much to produce the Bulgaria of to-day. At twenty-two he was a cadet in Russia. Later he went to a military academy in Germany. By the time he emerged as an infantry officer in Sofia, Savoff was grim, taciturn, hardworking, and, if the accounts of his past be accurate, a

trifle dull and unpromising. From the first, however, he distinguished himself for honesty. This seems a remarkable virtue in modern Bulgaria, where so many regard a period of office as an opportunity to become well-to-do. The schools, writes one authority on Bulgaria, produce numbers of young men anxious to become officials rather than remain in civil life, and the venality of even the highest officials has become a scandal. From this contagion Savoff was always free. He remains to-day an impoverished soldier, owning a small farm, not far from Sofia, inherited from a grandparent. He retains, too, the piety of his early youth. Savoff once reproved a member of his staff for a light reference to the cathedral of St. Sophia. When the Moslems entered that sanctuary, the priest, flying from the altar with the consecrated elements, disappeared into the solid wall. He is to emerge when the holy edifice is redeemed from heathen hands! No one is more firmly persuaded of that, we read in the Berlin *Vorwärts*, than General Savoff himself.

While still little more than a youth, tho holding a captain's commission, Savoff led the left wing of the Bulgarian army into the battle of Slivnitz. He is said to carry under a rib to this day the bullet that stretched him then on the ground. The episode brought him to the notice of Stamboulof, Bulgaria's man of destiny, who was an unerring judge of capacity. His verdict upon Savoff—then an unknown quantity—has been quoted as: "Disagreeable but efficient." When the future hero of the Balkans had come out of the barracks hospital he found himself assigned to a monastery in the capacity of reorganizer of the Bulga-

rian army. It was a region remote from the railway, intersected by carriage roads. Simple fare, rough quarters and no pay worth mentioning were Savoff's for three hardworking years. Slowly but surely there emerged under his tutelage an infantry that could march swiftly and shoot straight. He was next bidden to vitalize the artillery. The experience gained in this work made Savoff, according to the military experts, the highest living authority upon artillery equipment. To Savoff's judgment is due the circumstance that the Bulgarian artillery uses the Creusot gun instead of the Krupp. For several years it was his business to travel over Europe making purchases of artillery in France, in Germany and in England. Large sums were expended at his sole discretion. There has never been a hint of scandal connecting his name with the gross irregularities involving the Sofia statesman who paid the enormous bills he incurred for guns. That the equipment was all it should have been seems evident to the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* from the results of recent battles.

Savoff's lack of tact is held responsible for his disagreements with Stamboulof. The two were always quarreling, but they were held together by a passionate patriotism, an eagerness to throw off the Russian influence, a longing to win for Bulgaria a place in the sisterhood of nations. To Stamboulof Savoff was indebted for his elevation to the post of War Minister, yet the discord of the pair was chronic. The fierce quarrel between them drove both finally into private life. These consequences—tragical to Bulgaria—are ascribed by those who write of Savoff in the foreign press to his obstinacy, his sheer incapacity to adapt himself to those with whom he must work, and his lack of imagination.

Laconic, sententious and prone to repel those with whom he comes into contact, Savoff, suspects the Berlin *Vossische*, is not especially beloved. His dogged obstinacy was illustrated when he had to face a body of investigators into the scandals connected with purchases of army supplies. He stood stolidly in front of his inquisitors and could answer no question whatever. His mind works too slowly to grasp the point of a subtle question. There were moments when it seemed as if he might be haled to prison for contumacy as a witness. He owes to this peculiarity his periods of retirement. The greatest soldier in the Balkans was



THE SUPREME STRATEGIST AT CHATALJA

Michael Savoff, commander-in-chief of the Bulgarian army, strikingly resembles this photograph in looking grizzled, sententious and serene.

once sent back to private life in something very like disgrace. On the eve of the great crisis, he was regarded as a man with no past to speak of and no future whatever. Had it not been for the insistence of King Ferdinand, we read in the Berlin organs, he would not be where he is.

Savoff is said to manifest this fundamental simplicity of mind in his sententious, direct modes of speech. He stands very erect, peering myopically about with steel gray eyes under bushy brows. There is nothing genial in his manner, nothing expansive about his countenance. He is said to smile rarely and to laugh not at all. The years have filled out his figure. He sits heavily upon a horse. The bristly mustache and goatee are gray. There seems truth in the criticism of the Berlin *Post* that he is a soldier who has mastered all the technicalities of his trade without being an inspired commander. He thinks in terms of military efficiency. Bulgaria is to him an armed camp. For those who do their work he has a word of approval. He shows

no jealousy of subordinates. He despises diplomatists, however, and all that goes by the name of statesmanship. One of his familiar complaints is that soldiers have to win all the victories while the politicians get the honors and rewards. He takes refuge from the chagrin of these things in the consolations of religion. Of social graces he is absolutely destitute. It is by no means unusual for him to dine at the palace without saying a dozen words in the course of the meal.

As a teacher of military science, Savoff is rated by the cautious experts of Europe the most successful soldier alive. He proved his capacity about a dozen years ago, when placed at the head of the military academy at Sofia. The place had been managed in an easy-going fashion, it seems. The sons of the newly rich lolled about in fine uniforms, dancing away the night and sleeping well into the morning. Savoff at once inaugurated a reign of terror. Notices were posted everywhere reminding cadets of the penalty of death for insubordination. Every hour of the day had its prescribed task. The diet was rigidly limited to a war ration. In less than a week the parents of contumacious students were besieging the King for pardons. Ferdinand refused absolutely to interfere. Heirs to great estates found themselves rubbing horses in the stables, cleaning guns and marching knee-deep in slush through wagon roads.

Grateful as all Bulgaria must be to her hero, observes a writer in the London *Mail* who knows him well, it may be doubted if she feels for Savoff the adoration inspired so often by feats like his. Nor, to do him justice, does Savoff care for the adulation of the multitude. Grim, secretive, cold, he buries himself still in detail, unable to make fine speeches. He is eminently respectable in his domestic life. He feels happiest upon his small farm near the capital, where he has a substantial but plain house. He lives in Sofia upon a modest thorofare, his one luxury being a motor car which he operates himself. He is not at all bookish or artistic, and it is said that he can not tell one tune from another. His salient trait is an iron will. The lofty imagination ascribed to him by poetical eulogists is said to exploit itself chiefly in calculations of fighting force at his disposal. Indeed, the only authentic utterance ascribed to him, so far as one can discover, has reference to fighting.

# MUSIC and DRAMA

## "LITTLE WOMEN" DRAMATIZED—A TRIUMPH OF SENTIMENT

HERE was great joy in New York when "Little Women," made from Louisa M. Alcott's immortal girl stories, by Marian De Forest, captured the heart of the city. The critics admitted that it wasn't a play, but somehow they liked it, and some of them fumbled for their handkerchiefs. "You can talk of your 'New Sins' and all your old ones, and your intelligent audiences, and all the other gibberish you like," remarks Alan Dale in the New York *American*; "but, after all, there is nothing like a simple, happy, youthful story to leap at your heart and nestle there. The lack of plot seemed even to help the play. It was so delicious to be in that fragrant atmosphere, with those peaceful and admirable people, and just watch them live."

"Miss Marian De Forest has certainly done a marvelous clever thing. It is all very well to say that she just let the book talk for itself. Books can't talk on the stage. They are hopelessly handicapped by theatrical mechanism. Miss De Forest saw how 'Little Women' could make its stage appeal. She saw 'Little Women' through the proscenium arch, and just photographed what she saw. . . .

"We saw before our very eyes the exact characters as our very young eyes had seen them years ago. It was marvelous; it was the realization of a dream. There was Jo, just as you must have read her—Jo, the audacious, boyish, prankish, tender-hearted Jo; there was Amy, the golden-haired, malapropian, punctilious Amy; there was Meg, prim, precise and pleasant, the eldest of the girls; there was Beth, the frail and slender, the little shadow in that perfectly sunlit garden of happy girlhood.

"And Aunt March! Out came Aunt March all aflutter and alert. No vulgar 'comedy' staging of Aunt March, with rude speeches designed to make the gallery laugh. Aunt March was just the type you could have expected, and the laughter that greeted her in her awe-inspiring gowns was legitimate. Mr. and Mrs. March and Mr. Laurence, and Laurie, and John Brooke, and Prof. Bhaer—the last three being those who wooed those tender, lovely little women—completed the characters. Not that I intend forgetting Hannah Mullet, the servant, who added a note all her own to the picture."

"Little Women," remarks Adolph Klauber in the New York *Times*, is "as fresh and wholesome as a drink from

the old spring. And it is just as healthy." "It was not like a play," says *The Herald*, "but rather like a favored glance at a magic edition of Louisa M. Alcott's famous book, with all the characters come to life." The curtain rises on the familiar picture of the four girls discussing the scarcity of Christmas funds and the rehearsal of Jo's play. Most of the characters of the play are introduced in the first act. Their simple joys and squabbles are suddenly interrupted. The father of the family, Mr. March, who, clergyman tho he was, had joined the troops in the war, has been seriously wounded. "Marmee"—Mrs. March at once prepares to join him, but in view of the deficit in the domestic exchequer, Aunt March, that irascible, golden-hearted old spinster, is sent for to supply the wherewithal of travel. She appears with Meg, indignant, pausing for breath and complaining of rheumatism.

AUNT MARCH. Oh, my knee! Be careful! What's this, what's this I hear? March sick in Washington? Serves him right, serves him right. I always said it was absurd for him to go into the army, and perhaps next time he'll take my advice.

MEG. Father did what he thought was right, Aunt March.

MRS. MARCH. (Pushing forward an easy-chair.) Won't you sit down, Aunt March?

AUNT MARCH. (Snappishly.) No, I won't sit down. A stronger man could have done more. Shouldn't have gone, shouldn't have gone. I knew he'd get fever or something; never did know how to take care of himself or his money. You needn't be begging me for help now if he had. He'd give his last dollar or the shirt off his back to the first man who asked him. Where would I be now if I'd done the same, I'd like to know?

MRS. MARCH. I'm sorry to ask you for money, Aunt March, but I've nothing for the railroad journey.

AUNT MARCH. Of course not, of course not. You're just as bad as he is, and then expect me to come to the rescue. You may be willing to end your days in a poorhouse, but I'm not. (Almost whining.) I'm a sick old woman, and I need all I've got. (Rubbing knee.)

MRS. MARCH. The money will be repaid, Aunt March.

AUNT MARCH. Humph! But when, I'd like to know. Such wastefulness. (Turns to Meg.) Gallivanting off to Washington on a scare telegram. I can't afford such trips. When you see my

nephew, ask him what he means by going to the war, getting sick and then asking me to pull him out of the hole. (Stamps her foot and wrenches her knee, rubs it hard and groans.) What does he mean by it, I say, what does he mean? Oh, oh! My knee! Why don't you ask me to sit down? (Mrs. March offers her a chair. Aunt March refuses, then drops into chair.) Where's Josephine? She's the only practical one in this family.

MEG. Jo went out to do some errands for mother. Laurie—

AUNT MARCH. (Interrupting.) Just as I thought. She is probably gadding about with that rattle-pated boy. It's not proper.

MRS. MARCH. (Quietly.) Jo is not with Laurie, Aunt March.

AUNT MARCH. So much the better. Oh, my knee! I'll never sleep to-night. Tell Josephine to come and read to me. I hope for good news of my nephew, but don't expect it. March never had much stamina. Good night. Oh! (Feeling in her reticule and handing a roll of bills and a check to Meg and she gives it to Marmee.) Here's the twenty-five you asked for, and a check for fifty. I know there are plenty of bills to pay. (Slamming door behind her so suddenly, that neither Mrs. March nor Meg have the chance to say good night or thank her.)

MEG. (Putting her arms about her mother, who has been standing for the greater part of the interview.) Oh, Marmee! I was afraid she wasn't going to give it to you after all.

MRS. MARCH. I was sure she would, Meg. She has a kind heart, but is ashamed to show it, and I know she loves us all. (Beth and Amy come creeping down the stairs. The later afternoon light has been slowly fading during the Aunt March interview. As the two girls come down the stairs and stir up the fire, Mrs. March has seated herself.)

BETH. Marmee!

AMY. Marmee, we were afraid to come down. She was a raging Vulcan.

MEG. (Laughing in spite of her anxiety.) Oh, Amy, if you mean a volcano, why don't you say so?

BETH. She was kind about the money, tho! (Sound of someone stamping feet in hall.) That must be Jo. Lucky she missed Aunt March. (Hands Mrs. March an old-fashioned hair brooch.) Here's your brooch with father's hair in it, Marmee. I thought you'd want to wear it.

MRS. MARCH. (With emotion, pinning on the brooch.) Thank you, dearie. (Enter Jo, hurriedly, looking blown about and dishevelled.)

JO. Saw Aunt March come out, so I dodged through the garden. I knew she wouldn't give us anything but advice, and

from her face I guess you got that in large doses. Well, we're independent of her at any rate, Marmee, and— (putting roll of bills in her mother's lap) here's my contribution toward making father comfortable and bringing him home.

MRS. MARCH. My dear! Where did you get it? Twenty-five dollars? Jo, dear, I hope you haven't done anything rash?

JO. No, it's mine honestly. I didn't beg, borrow or steal it, I only sold what was my own. (Takes off her hat, showing her head, closely cropped, like a boy's. General outcry from all.)

MRS. MARCH. Your hair, your beautiful hair! (Puts out her arms. Jo drops on her knees, head on mother's lap. Mrs. March kisses the shorn head.)

MEG. Oh, Jo, how could you?

AMY. Your one beauty!

MRS. MARCH. (Very tenderly.) My dear (raising Jo's face and kissing her), there was no need of this.

BETH. She doesn't look like Jo any more, but— (hugging her and crying at the same time) I love her dearly for it.

JO. (Rumpling up her hair.) It doesn't affect the fate of the nation, so don't wail about it, Beth. It will be good for my vanity. I was getting proud of my wig. Besides, it will cool my brain. I'm satisfied.

MRS. MARCH. But I am not, Jo, I know how willingly you sacrificed your vanity, as you call it, for your love; but, my dear, it wasn't necessary; Aunt March has helped us (Jo rises), and I'm afraid you'll regret it one of these days.

JO. Oh, no, I won't.

MEG. What made you do it?

JO. Well, I was wild to do something for father, and I'd have sold the nose off my face for him, if anybody would have bought it. I've seen tails of hair marked forty dollars, not nearly as thick as mine. It was the only thing I had to sell, so I dashed into the shop and asked what they would give for it.

BETH. I don't see how you dared!

JO. Oh, he was a little man who looked as if he only lived to oil his hair. I told him in my topsy-turvy way what I wanted the money for. His wife said, "Take it, Thomas; and oblige the young lady."

AMY. Didn't you feel dreadfully when the first cut came?

JO. Well, I did feel queer when I saw the dear old hair laid out on the table. The woman gave me a little piece to keep. I'll give it to you, Marmee, to remember past glories by. (Hands lock of hair to Mrs. March.)

MRS. MARCH. Thank you, dearie. (As Mrs. March unfastens brooch with Mr. March's hair and puts the strand of Jo's in the back of the brooch, which is of the locket kind that opens, the girls show emotion.)

LAURIE. All ready? (As he enters, followed almost immediately by Mr. Laurence and Mr. Brooke. Catching sight of Jo's shorn head.) Jo, what the dickens have you done? Are you trying to make a porcupine of yourself? You look like—

MEG. (Interrupting, speaking directly to Laurie.) Hush, Laurie, don't say anything now.

MR. LAURENCE. Time to go, madam. The conveyance is here. (The girls gather around Mrs. March; Beth puts her bonnet on and pulls the strings out. Meg



JO'S SACRIFICE

Shorn of her hair, Jo returns with twenty-five dollars for the family exchequer. Marie Pavely interprets the part with a charming mixture of boyish bravado and girlish wistfulness. "Marmee" and all her "little women" appear on this picture.

puts on overshoe. Jo pulls on her overshoe and Amy puts on her shawl. Old Hannah drags in trunk which Laurie and Brooke carry out. Mr. Laurence stands at door looking at his watch.)

MRS. MARCH. Children, I leave you to Hannah's care and Mr. Laurence's protection. Don't grieve and fret, but go on with your work as usual. Hope and keep busy. Remember that you can never be fatherless.

MRS. MARCH. (Kissing Meg.) Meg, dear, be prudent, watch over your sisters. (Kissing Jo.) Be patient, Jo, don't do anything rash to get despondent. (Kissing Beth.) Comfort yourself with your music, dearie. (Kissing Amy.) Amy, help all you can and be obedient. (Mrs. March puts left arm around Beth and right around Amy. She goes out. The girls are left behind. Jo is sobbing.)

ALL. (Meg tenderly.) Jo, dear, what is it?

JO. (Trying to stifle her emotions.) I was just having a little private moan, that's all.

MEG. Are you crying about father?

JO. (Sobbing afresh.) No, not now.

MEG. What then?

JO. (This time a fullfledged wail.) It's—it's—my—my hair! (Meg comforts her, leans over her in sympathy.)

HANNAH. (Stifling her own tears.) Will you have hash or fishballs for breakfast, gurrls?

One of the chief incidents of the second act is the discovery of Laurie that John Brooke is in love with Meg. The following conversation ensues between Jo and Meg, as they observe Laurie imitating that lovelorn swain.

MEG. Jo, what is Laurie doing there out in the snow? See, he's on one knee, with his hands clasped, looking at me. Now he's pretending to wring tears out of his handkerchief. (Laughing.) What does the goose mean?

JO. (Scornfully.) He's showing you

how your John will go on by and by. Touching, isn't it?

MEG. Don't say, my John, it isn't proper or true. Please don't plague me, Jo; I've told you I don't care much for him, so let us all be friendly and go on as before.

JO. I don't mean to plague you, and it can't go on as before; (Meg goes to desk, sits and takes up sewing) but I wish it was settled. I hate to wait, so if you ever intend to do it, make haste and have it over quickly.

MEG. I can't say or do anything till he speaks, and he won't because father says I am too young.

JO. If he did speak, you wouldn't know what to say, but would cry or blush, or let him have his own way, instead of giving a good decided "No."

MEG. I'm not so silly and weak as you think! I know just what I'd say; for I've planned it all.

JO. You've planned it?

MEG. Well, there's no telling what may happen and I wish to be prepared.

JO. (Smiling sarcastically.) Would you mind telling me what you'd say?

MEG. Not at all; you are quite old enough to be my confidante, and my experience will be useful to you by and bye, perhaps, in your own affairs of this sort.

JO. Don't mean to have any; it's fun to watch other people philander, but I should feel like a fool doing it myself.

MEG. (Dropping her work and looking dreamily out of the window.) I think not, if you liked him very much—and he liked you.

JO. Humph! I'd rather be an old maid and paddle my own canoe. (Bluntly, turning to Meg.) I thought you were going to tell me your speech to that man.

MEG. Oh, I should merely say, quite calmly and decidedly, (puts down sewing) "Thank you, Mr. Brooke, you are very kind; but I agree with father that I am too young to enter any engagement at present; so please say no more, but let us be friends, as we were."

JO. Hum! That's stiff and cool enough.

I don't believe you'll ever say it, and I know he won't be satisfied if you do. If he goes on like the rejected lovers in books, you'll give in.

MEG. No, I won't. I shall tell him I've made up my mind, and shall walk out of the room with dignity. (*Walks as if rehearsing her dignified exit. As Meg reaches foot of stairs, knock is heard in the hall, and Brooke's voice.*)

BROOKE. (*In hall.*) May I come in? Anybody home? (*Meg flies back to her seat at desk and begins to sew violently. Jo gives sarcastic laugh.*)

JO. Ha, ha! (*Jo opens door. Mr. Brooke enters, evidently feels there is something amiss, and looks confused; Jo jerks open door and stands right in doorway, stopping Brooke.*)

BROOKE. (*In doorway.*) Good morning! I came to get my—umbrella,—that is, to see how your father finds himself to-day?

JO. (*Very sarcastic.*) It's very well; he's in the rack; I'll go and get him and tell it you are here. (*Exit Jo, upstairs, stamping. Brooke closes door and doesn't see Meg.*)

MEG. Mother will like to see you. Pray sit down. I'll call her.

BROOKE. Don't go. Are you afraid of me, Margaret?

MEG. (*Putting out her hand, confidingly at end of speech.*) How can I be afraid when you have been so kind to father? I only wish I could thank you for it.

BROOKE. (*Taking her hand in both of his.*) Shall I tell you how?

MEG. (*Trying to withdraw her hand, turning her head away.*) Oh, no, please don't—I'd rather not.

BROOKE. I only want to know if you care for me a little; Meg, I love you so much, dear.

MEG. (*Hanging her head and speaking softly.*) I—I don't know.

BROOKE. Will you try and find out? I want to know so much, for I can't go to work with any heart until I know whether I am to have any reward or not.

MEG. (*Falteringly.*) I'm—I'm too young.

BROOKE. I'll wait, and in the meantime you could be learning to like me. Would it be a very hard lesson, dear?

MEG. Not if I choose to learn.

BROOKE. I love to teach—and this is easier than German.

MEG. (*Looking up, sees that he is smiling. She draws away her hands, petulantly.*) I don't choose. Please go away and let me be.

BROOKE. (*Following her anxiously as she walks away.*) Do you really mean that?

MEG. Yes, I do. I don't want to be worried about such things. Father says I needn't. It's too soon and I'd rather not!

BROOKE. May I hope you'll change your mind by and by? I'll wait and say nothing till you've had more time. Don't play with me, Meg. I didn't think that of you.

MEG. Don't think of me at all. I'd rather you wouldn't. (*Sound in hall, thumping of Aunt March's cane.*)

AUNT MARCH. (*In hall.*) Anybody home? Where is everybody? (*She thumps her cane. Meg rushes Brooke off into dining room. Enter Aunt March. Meg looks confused and conscious. Mr. Brooke vanishes into dining room. Meg turns to Aunt March. Aunt March sees Brooke as he exits.*) Bless me, what's all this? (*Rap-*

*ping her cane and glaring fiercely at Meg and at dining-room door.*)

MEG. It's father's friend. I'm so surprised to see you.

AUNT MARCH. (*Grimly.*) That's evident. What's father's friend been saying to make you look like a peony? (*Starts to cross.*) There's mischief going on here, and I insist upon knowing what it is.

MEG. We were merely talking. Mr. Brooke came for his umbrella.

AUNT MARCH. Brooke? That boy's tutor? Ah, I understand now. You haven't gone and accepted him, child?

MEG. Hush, he'll hear. Sha'n't I call mother?

AUNT MARCH. Not yet. Tell me, do you mean to marry this Cook?

MEG. Brooke!

AUNT MARCH. If you do, not one penny of my money goes to you. Remember that.

MEG. (*Facing the old lady, and speaking with unwonted spirit.*) I shall marry whom I please, Aunt March, and you can leave your money to anyone you like.

AUNT MARCH. (*Tapping her cane.*) Hoity, toity! (*Laurie enters, unseen by either Meg or Aunt March, sees there is trouble, goes up the stairs in about two or three bounds, turns at door and gives mock bow.*) Is that the way you take my advice, Miss? You'll be sorry for it by and by, when you've tried love in a cottage and found it a failure.

MEG. (*Still ruffled.*) It can't be worse than some people find it in big houses.

AUNT MARCH. (*Putting her glasses, and taking a long look at Meg before she speaks.*) Now, Meg, my dear, be reasonable and take my advice. I don't want you to spoil your whole life by making a mistake in the beginning. You ought to marry well and help your family. It's your duty to make a rich match, and it ought to be impressed upon you.

MEG. Father and mother don't think so. They like John, tho he is poor.

AUNT MARCH. Your parents, my dear, have no more worldly wisdom than two babies.

MEG. I'm glad of it.

AUNT MARCH. This Brooke—

MEG. Brooke.

AUNT MARCH. Is poor, and hasn't got any rich relatives, has he?

MEG. No, but he has many warm friends.

AUNT MARCH. (*Snappishly.*) You can't live on them—try it, and see how cool they'll grow. He hasn't any business, has he?

MEG. Not yet, but Mr. Laurence is going to help him.

AUNT MARCH. Huh, that won't last long. So you intend to marry a man without money, position or business, and go on working harder than you do now, when you might be comfortable all your days by minding me and doing better. I thought you had more sense, Meg.

MEG. (*Realizing by this time how much she loves Brooke.*) I couldn't do better if I waited half my life. John is good and wise; he has heaps of talent, he's willing to work and sure to get on, he's so energetic and brave. And I'm proud to think he cares for me, tho I am so young and silly.

AUNT MARCH. He knows you've got rich relations, child.

MEG. (*Stamping her foot and speaking rapidly in her anger.*) Aunt March, how dare you say such a thing? John is above such meanness, and I won't listen to you a minute if you talk so. My John wouldn't marry for money any more than I would. I'm not afraid of being poor, for I've been happy so far, and I know I shall be with him, because he loves me, and—I—

AUNT MARCH. (*Rising and going toward door.*) Well, I wash my hands of the whole affair. You are a willful child and you have lost more than you know by this piece of folly. No, I won't stop. I'm disappointed in you and haven't spirit to see your father now. Don't expect anything from me when you're married. Your Mr. Crooke's friends must take care of you. I'm done with you forever. (*She exits, slamming the door behind her. Meg goes up stage by window, almost ready to cry. Brooke enters and takes her in his arms.*)

BROOKE. I couldn't help hearing, Meg. Thank you for defending me and Aunt March for proving that you do care for me a little bit.

MEG. I didn't know how much till she abused you.

BROOKE. Then I needn't go away, but stay and be happy, dear?

MEG. (*Hiding face on Brooke's shoulder.*) Yes, John. (*They sit together on seat under stairway. Jo appears on staircase, with Laurie in her train. They peek and listen.*)

JO. There, she has had it out with Aunt March, and has sent Brooke away, so that affair is settled, thank heaven! (*Laurie sees Meg and Brooke first. Jo comes downstairs to first landing as she speaks, looks over and sees Meg and Brooke embracing, not hearing or seeing her. Jo gasps, rushes down to foot of stairs. Brooke looks up, he and Meg rise.*)

BROOKE. Sister Jo, congratulate us! (*Takes Meg in his arms again and kisses her.*)

JO. (*Gives funny little gasp, rushes to study door, throws it open and calls out:*) Father, mother, somebody come quick! John Brooke is acting dreadfully—and Meg likes it!

Prof. Bhaer (the name should be spelled Baehr, but the playwright persistently follows a different spelling) appears on the scene repeatedly, speaking broken English and spouting Schiller in German. Incidentally he is in love with Jo, the little author of the family, whose first stories have just been accepted by "The Spread Eagle." They are of a lurid melodramatic type against which the Professor's idealism protests, but they help to pay the family's grocer's bill. Laurie likewise has bestowed his young heart upon Jo. Professor Bhaer keeps his affection to himself, but Laurie, less discreet, must suffer the first pangs of disappointed passion. Jo attempts to avoid an interview with him, but at last she is cornered.

LAURIE. Everybody gone? I'm glad. (*Tenderly.*) For I want to say something I've wanted to say for a long time.

JO. (*Putting out her hands imploringly.*) No, Teddy, please don't.

LAURIE. (Determined.) I will, and you must hear me. It's no use, Jo, we've got to have it out, and the sooner the better for both of us.

JO. (Sighing.) Say what you like then. I'll listen.

LAURIE. I've loved you ever since I've known you, Jo; couldn't help it, you've been so good to me. I've tried to show it, but you wouldn't let me, now I'm going to make you hear, and give me your answer, for I can't go on like this any longer.

JO. I wanted to save you this. I thought you'd understand—

LAURIE. I know you did, but girls are too queer. You never know what they mean. They say "no" when they mean "yes," and drive a man out of his wits, just for the fun of it.

JO. I don't. I never wanted you to care for me so, and I went away to keep you from it, if I could.

LAURIE. I thought so, but it was no use. I only loved you all the more—and I've waited and never complained, for I hoped you'd love me, altho I'm not half good enough. (His voice breaks as he leaves the sentence unfinished.)

JO. (Tenderly.) Yes, you are—you're—you're a great deal too good for me; and I'm so proud and fond of you, I don't see why I can't love you as you want me to. I've tried, but I can't change the feeling, and it would be a lie to say I do, when I don't.

LAURIE. (Regretfully.) Really, truly, dear. (Laurie drops her hands, turns away and hides his face on the mantelshelf, resting it on his arm. Jo goes over remorsefully and pats him on shoulder.)

JO. O, Teddy, I'm so sorry. I wish you wouldn't take it so hard. I can't help it; you know it's impossible for people to make themselves love other people if they don't.

LAURIE. (His face still hidden, his voice muffled.) They do, sometimes.

JO. I don't believe it's the right sort of love. And I'd rather not try it. (A pause, while Jo stands beside Laurie, who does not raise his head.) Laurie, I want to tell you something.

LAURIE. (Starting up quickly, and speaking harshly.) Don't tell me that, Jo, I can't bear it now.

JO. (Surprised.) Tell you what?

LAURIE. (Fiercely.) That you love that old man.

JO. What old man?

LAURIE. That devilish professor you are always writing and talking about. If you say you love him (clenching his hands) I know I shall do something desperate.

JO. Teddy Laurence, I never thought of such a thing! He's good and kind, and the best friend I've got—next to you. He isn't old or—or—devilish—and I know I shall get angry if you abuse my professor.

LAURIE. There, I told you!

JO. I haven't the least idea of falling in love with him or anybody else.

LAURIE. But you will after a while, and then what will become of me?

JO. You'll love someone else, too, like a sensible boy, and forget all this trouble.

LAURIE. (Stamping his foot to emphasize his words.) I can't love anyone else, and I'll never forget you, Jo.



PROF. BHAER DISAPPROVES OF "THE SPREAD EAGLE"

The idealistic German Professor, so well impersonated by Carl Sauermann, formerly of the German Theater in New York, makes Jo feel ashamed of her success as a writer of luridly melodramatic tales.

JO. Teddy, do be reasonable, and take a sensible view of the case.

LAURIE. I won't be reasonable. I don't want to take what you call a sensible view; it won't help me, and it only makes you harder. I don't believe you've got any heart.

JO. (Her voice quivering.) I wish I hadn't—

LAURIE. (Seeing his advantage, putting his arm around her and saying in his most wheedlesome tone.) Don't disappoint us, dear; everyone expects it. Grandpa has set his heart upon it; your people like it, and I can't get on without you. Say you will and let's be happy! Do! Do!

JO. (Shaking her head sadly.) I can't say yes truly, so I won't say it at all. You'll see that I'm right by and by and thank me for it.

LAURIE. (Indignantly.) I'll be hanged if I do.

JO. Yes, you will. You'll get over this after a while and find some nice, accomplished girl, who will adore you and make a fine mistress for your fine house. I shouldn't. I'm homely and awkward and odd and old, and you'd be ashamed of me. And I shouldn't like elegant society, and you would; and you'd hate my scribbling, and I couldn't get on without it, and we should be unhappy and wish we hadn't done it.

LAURIE. Anything more?

JO. Nothing more, except that I don't believe I shall ever marry. I love my liberty too well to be in a hurry to give it up for any mortal man.

LAURIE. (Turning to go.) You'll be sorry some day, Jo.

JO. (Frightened.) Oh, where are you going?

LAURIE. (At the door by this time.) To the devil.

The third act plays two and a half years later. Meg and John are happily married. Laurie returns from a long trip just as they are blessed—

doubly blessed—with progeny. The twins are baptized Margaret and Demijohn (or Demi for short). Prof. Bhaer appears with his English translation of Schiller which he has dedicated to Jo. The latter is still a militant bachelor girl, bent on wooing the Muse. Amy is absorbed by sculpture. The illness of little Beth cast a shadow on all. Shortly after the birth of the twins, Jo and Beth are alone, and the following conversation takes place.

JO. Are you all right now, little sister?

BETH. Yes, thank you. (Jo sits on floor. A little pause.) Jo, I thought of Meg all night long, as I lay awake, dear, happy little mother, in that room upstairs. I thought of the angel sent to show those little babies the way to this life, and (reaching for her hand), Jo, perhaps waiting to show some weary soul the way to—a more perfect life. How strange the coming and going, and how beautiful. I think I've been waiting to see Meg's babies. (Jo looks quickly at her sister and shows that she understands at last the nearness of the parting. Beth smiles tenderly, Jo hides her face in Beth's lap. Beth smooths her hair, Jo sobs.)

BETH. Jo, dear, I'm glad you understand. I've wanted to tell you, but I couldn't. Will you tell the others for me?

JO. Beth, what are you saying? You're not going; God wouldn't be so cruel.

BETH. (Holding her close, for a moment the stronger of the two.) Hush, Jo. This morning I watched the sunrise. As the darkness faded into the gray and violet, I watched and waited. The sky got rosy and beautiful, and then it seemed as if everything stood still, as if God's hand had rested on the earth for a moment, and then the glory of the sun. It seemed like going through a long dark passage—or a grave—and suddenly coming in to Light, and Jo, dear, I felt for the first time the Nearness of God. I

knew that the angel of life was waiting for me.

JO. Beth, I'm not going to give you up.

BETH. But I sha'n't be far away. I'll go on helping all I can, dear. The only hard part is leaving you all. I'm not afraid, but it seems as if I should be homesick for you even in heaven.

MRS. MARCH. (Enter from dining-room. Speaking as she comes down.) Beth, dear, come with mother, I want you to lie down. (Mrs. March looks at Beth, sees her sinking condition. Marmee takes her wrist in hand to feel pulse.)

BETH. I think I will, Marmee. (To Jo aside.) Tell them soon, Jo. Very soon. MRS. MARCH. Come, dear. (Jo nods, too overcome to speak. Helps Beth to the study with her mother. They exit, and after a second Jo returns, closing the door softly behind her. Takes up Beth's sewing-basket, looks at it, kisses it tenderly, then Beth's little pillow, sinks on sofa burying face in pillow, gives despairing sob. Mr. March and John come downstairs, do not see Jo.)

MR. MARCH. (Laughing.) Daisy certainly shows a proper appreciation of her new finery. (John filling pipe.) Well, John.

BROOKE. Can't be a bad example to my son, and I must smoke. Father, will you join me for a turn in the garden?

MR. MARCH. You shouldn't begin by hiding your vices, John, but I'll go. (They step into the hallway, where John stops to light his pipe. Jo sits where her small writing-desk is, tries to write, looks up, tears up what she had written and throws down her pen. Her head in her hands. Study door opens and Mrs. March enters.)

MRS. MARCH. Jo, dear, go to Beth. She is asking for you.

JO. Yes, mother. (Mrs. March starts to the stairs. As she reaches foot of stairs Mr. March laughs.)

MR. MARCH. Father, father. (Mr. March enters, followed by Brooke.)

MR. MARCH. What is it, mother.

BROOKE. Is Beth worse?

MRS. MARCH. (Overcome.) It's the end, I'm afraid. She asked for Jo. I must send Hannah for Amy.

BROOKE. I'll go.

MRS. MARCH. No, you must stay with Meg; she can't be told yet. I'll send Hannah.

BROOKE. (Putting his arm around Mrs. March.) It may not be the end, only another sinking spell, mother. Don't give up hope.

MRS. MARCH. (Choking.) O, John, I'm afraid. (As she starts for the study door, Mr. March reenters, goes to study, places hand on door-knob, turns, they meet in front of closed door. Mrs. March breaks down, Puts her head against his shoulder. He holds her close.)

MR. MARCH. There, there, my little Spartan mother. We're not going to sadden Beth's last moments with our tears.

MRS. MARCH. (Pulling herself together. Mr. March opens door, Mrs. March slowly exits. Mr. March follows. Slight pause, Laurie enters quietly.)

LAURIE. Brooke, what's the matter. I saw Hannah flying down the street. When I spoke to her, she burst out crying and hurried on. Is it Beth?

BROOKE. Yes.

LAURIE. Is she worse? Where is Jo?

BROOKE. (Nodding toward study.) They are all in there with Beth. She must have taken a sudden turn for the worse, and— (Study door opens and Mr. March comes out, closes door, crosses to Brooke without seeing either of the boys.)

BROOKE. Father! (Mr. March looks up for a moment, bows his head and exits to garden without speaking. Laurie and John look at each other, realizing Beth's death.)

LAURIE. Dear little Beth. Does Amy know?

BROOKE. Not yet. They sent Hannah for her.

LAURIE. I'll go and meet her.

BROOKE. Better wait here. I must go to Meg. Don't let Amy go into that room without knowing, Laurie. (Laurie walks slowly up to window, looking out of window, evidently waiting for Amy. Enter Amy.)

AMY. Laurie, what is it? Is Beth very ill?

LAURIE. (Taking both her hands and

speaking very gently.) No, dear, Beth is well at last. (Amy looks up at him, realizes the truth, drops to her knees beside Beth's chair, hides her face in arms on arm of Beth's chair, sobbing.)

AMY. O!

LAURIE. (Goes to her.) Don't, dear, don't! Little Amy, this isn't the end—it's the beginning, this is the time for gladness, not for tears. (Pause.) Don't you get her message from the other side? (A bird is heard singing just outside the window, the low, sweet, late afternoon song of the sunset hour. At Beth's chair Laurie has one arm across her shoulders. Laurie is looking at Amy, her head is resting unconsciously against him. He looks at her with growing tenderness.)

In the last act, eighteen months later, the scene shifts to the home left by Aunt March to Jo. Both Jo and Amy are still unwed. So are Prof. Bhaer and Laurie. Laurie soon discovers that he loved Amy all the time, instead of her sister. The Professor, about to depart for the fatherland, at last takes heart to speak.

BHAER. I would like it much. Pardon de haste, but I haft so leetle time. I have made up my mind to go to Faderland. (Jo stoops to pick up apples again. She is crying and trying to hide her face from the professor. Jo drops apples. Professor takes hold of basket.) May I not take you dis burden? (As he bends he gets a glimpse of her face. With total change of tone.) Heart's dearest, why do you cry?

JO. (Sobbing.) Because you are going away.

BHAER. (Throwing basket and umbrella down and grabbing her hands.) Ach, mein Gott! dot is so good. Jo, I have nothing, but much love to gif thee, and I came to see if thou couldst care for it, and I waited to be sure that I was something more than a friend. Am I? Canst thou make a little place in thy heart for Old Fritz?

JO. Oh, yes. (She kisses him impulsively and he looks at her with all his love in his eyes.)

## A NEW SPIRIT IN AMERICAN MUSICAL COMPOSITION

AHEALTHY obstinacy is invading American composition. More and more composers are writing music because and as they please. The result is, says a writer in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, that not only is this music of a higher quality, but it is placing us on a secure footing as a "musically self-expressive nation." Just at present the shining exemplar of this type of musical obstinacy is John Alden Carpenter, a Chicago composer with an originality so compelling that his admirers have been driven to the use of daring comparisons. "He has the force and originality of Strauss, and the refinement and charm of Chausson," declared Alma Gluck in an interview in the *New York Times*. Kurt Schindler, of the

Schola Cantorum of New York, and Arthur Farwell, of *Musical America*, both of whom are in a sense the "discoverers" of Carpenter, are no less enthusiastic of the eight songs set to the verses of William Blake, Robert Herrick, William Barnes, Edmund Waller, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Lord Alfred Douglas, and of the four songs inspired by the verse of Paul Verlaine. Several additional songs set to poems by Oscar Wilde are in the hands of Mr. Carpenter's publishers (Schirmer Company of New York).

The biography of Mr. Carpenter does not present the expected picture of genius starving and striving. Necessity's sharp pinch is not reflected in his compositions. His achievement would seem to indicate that one need not be

poor to be talented, as popular musical tradition would have us believe. For John Alden Carpenter, tho a native of Chicago, is a graduate of Harvard, a pupil of Sir Edward Elgar and the late Bernard Ziehn. If European instruction and European verse have been influences in his creative activity, they have by no means robbed him of his native American spirit. Whether you "like" his songs or not, says P. G. C. in the Boston *Transcript*, "you must admit that Mr. Carpenter has something to say, and says it very expressively, apparently without any apologetic feeling of shame for not being completely Europeanized."

"Just as healthy as his complete indifference to European theories and tendencies."

ties is his equal indifference to artificial 'nationalism' of the restrictive sort. Mr. Carpenter evidently has a seeing eye, is broad-minded enough to avoid being local, and yet is so thoroly imbued with the American point of view and attitude toward life that he seems always American....

"In all these songs, Mr. Carpenter shows himself first and foremost a master both of expression and of style. With one exception, I find that he always catches a mood even to its finest shade and devizes for its setting a passage which, while meaning neither more nor less than the thought of the moment, nevertheless hangs together with what precedes and follows, and assumes exactly its proper share in the whole. His melodies are as obvious and inevitable as a folksong, and yet as free from platitude; in his harmonies he is audaciously chromatic or unblushingly diatonic, as he sees fit, for he apparently recognizes no obligation to align himself wholly with any faction on this or any other point. The mass effect of his work is very rich, but not at all thick; there seems always to be just the necessary amount of any element to secure the required effect and no more....

"Best of all, from the national standpoint, is Mr. Carpenter's sure and easy but not blatant Americanism. His style is American, not because of any conscious attempt to evolve a national style, but because his point of view is plainly that of a person of strongly American ideals coupled with broadly cosmopolitan culture, and everything in which he expresses himself receives a touch of this spirit. Such Americanism is something of which we need more, from Mr. Carpenter or from anybody else."

The quintessence of Carpenter's genius, according to a consensus of his admirers, is to be found in the song called "The Green River," set to the poem of Lord Alfred Douglas, the "A. D." of the London *Academy*. Arthur Farwell (in *Musical America*) characterizes the song as follows:

"The essence of the composer's thought is concentrated in 'The Green River,' on the superlatively beautiful poem of Lord Alfred Douglas. At least this may be said with respect to this vein of the composer—the 'tone-poem' song, where mood and texture, rather than tune, are the aim. Mr. Carpenter appears to be equally at home in both fields, as others of his songs show. Modernity, ultra-modernity, if you will, animates this song from the first bar to the last, but it has authentic originality and timeliness. Each successive thought is crystal clear, and expressed with a simplicity and lucidity which are among the composer's happiest characteristics."

Opinions differ as to the success of the songs set to the verses of the strange mystic, William Blake. In the "rash emprise of setting four poems by Paul Verlaine," as Mr. Farwell expresses it, Mr. Carpenter has dared to venture in the footsteps of Debussy



HAILED AS A GENIUS

John Alden Carpenter's brilliant compositions, say his admirers, prove that geniuses may be born even in Chicago.

and of Reynaldo Hahn. In some of these, it seems, he has remembered Debussy too well, "even to the point of forgetting his own characteristic manner."

Absolutely unqualified is Carpenter's triumph in the realm of children's songs. Two volumes of these were published some years ago in Chicago. Both verses and music are by Mr. Carpenter, it is understood. They reveal a subtle insight into child psychology and an intangible something we may call the comic spirit in music. These songs are as vivid and colorful as the drawings of Kate Greenaway or Bernard Boutet de Monvel. A new edition is soon to be republished.

If it is impossible yet to obtain disinterested and impartial criticism of the work of this young Chicagoan, hyperbolean admiration must be excused because Mr. Carpenter has suddenly appeared on the horizon, bringing personality, originality, culture, a sense of comedy, and above all a truly Amer-

ican spirit into musical composition. Kurt Schindler in *Schirmer's Bulletin* declares:

"Mr. Carpenter is still young, but he knows his own way and he is going to follow it unerringly. He has had a thoro theoretical training under the guidance of so eminent a master as the late Bernard Ziehn, he has studied and compared the music of other nations, and has been a scholar abroad under the tuition and influence of Sir Edward Elgar. But he has his individual message to bring, and it is going to be a thoroly Americanized message, a sweet compound of the essences of the Old World. He has the resources of a broad culture, of poetic insight, of a taste for the fine arts (these two latter demonstrated very strikingly in his children song-books). He comes from American ancestry, he has had a Harvard education and his sympathies and ideals are American to the core. Here indeed is a great hope for American music, and Mr. Carpenter seems likely to bestow a great boon on those who are thirsting and waiting for its development."

## READING THE HEART OF THE EAST THROUGH THE DRAMA

**T**HIS side of the world has been thinking hard about the other, ever since Nogi died. Europe and America are watching the East with the uneasy feeling that perhaps her deeps are shallow and her shallows extremely deep. Hamilton Wright Mabie has gone to Japan, according to the *New York Times*, "to sit at the feet of the ancient nation, to get a proper understanding of that subjection of the individual will to the welfare of the state, and of that sense of obedience which has made Japan a wonderfully great and centralized nation." For much the same reason the theater-director of the Odeon at Paris, in a prolog spoken before "L'honneur Japonaise," advises the audience that now is its chance to find out what ideals have made Japan what it is, for the play is based upon the national legend of the Forty-seven Ronins. A Hun-

garian idea of Japanese psychology, "Typhoon," has made a theatrical success in four languages, and has just added a fifth in Madrid under the title of "The Son of the Rising Sun." It would seem that the best source from which to learn Japanese ideals would be Japanese plays, especially as for centuries popular drama has been with them above all a school of morals.

Even older than Japan, China begins to allure the imagination of our playwrights. In former days the Chinaman of the stage was invariably funny. To-day we see the Chinaman seriously as the Chinaman sees himself. The Little Theater last year produced, with indifferent success, a fantastic tragedy dealing with the self-sacrifice of a Chinese Emperor. Pierre Loti, in his "Daughter of Heaven," a play denounced by the critics but apparently delighting the public, portrays in a spectacular and theatrical manner the sufferings of a Chinese Empress. The hostile criticism of this play may delay the contemplated production in America of a Chinese fairy tale conceived by an Italian of the eighteenth century, put into verse by a German poet of the nineteenth, revized by a German playwright and set to music by an Italian composer of the twentieth century, and finally adapted to the American stage by an Englishman. Such, Richard Savage assures us in *The Theatre Magazine*, is the international complexity of "Turandot," a classic remodeled and modernized from the original German version of Schiller by Karl Vollmueller, which, under the management of Max Reinhardt, was one of the seven wonders of the German stage last winter.

While Mr. Brady, fearful of surfacing the public with dramatic chop suey, is postponing the production of "Turandot," another Chinese play of striking originality, "The Yellow Jacket," has been instantly acknowledged as a unique contribution to the American drama. "This play," remarks Arthur Hornblow, editor of *The Theatre Magazine*, "is an absolute novelty, not a variation of something we have known before. The piece is an actual adaptation from the Chinese by George Hazelton and Harry Benrimo. Those parts which are true to the original are ludicrously amateurish, from our western point of view; but they are nevertheless effective. At first, Mr. Hornblow admits, one hesitates to take the play seriously. Very soon, however, the curious mixture of crudity and effectiveness, of pathos and comedy, make it a very real thing."

"The story of the play is simple and intelligible, and yet, in the matter of time, it extends over the lives of two generations, the older set being gathered to their honorable ancestors, the greater part of the action being concerned with the chil-

dren. It is filled with adventures, its people travel over mountains and rivers, and one of the ancestors, a lovable mother, ascends to heaven by the convenient rungs of a ladder. There is no change of scene except by way of devices supplied by a primitive imagination. If a different locality is to be suggested, a rearrangement of the chairs or boxes effects it. Walking around a table and exchanging seats puts two people together in another room. A small box placed on a chair to elevate the seat suggests a throne. A boat with its occupants passes down the stream by the intimation that the cloths held out between the stage-hands is a river and that certain bamboo poles are the oars. One hangs himself from a tree that is but a bare pole brought forward for the purpose. One's head is chopped off and a red bag is held up by the executioner as proof of duty fulfilled, while the victim, who has to be got out of the way for the purposes of the representation, walks off."

"Such means are primitive and would seem to be meager, but the ideas that help to illusion are plentiful and are real if the means are not. The one room, or stage, where all the action takes place, in which mountains are traversed and rivers sailed, is not bare but decorative. The walls pictured in rich colors with dragons, and the ingenious arrangement of doors of cloth folding upward, with other accessories, keep you entirely satisfied with the impression of locality and Oriental reality. In an alcove back sit the musicians. The admirable restraint of this music, used only on apt occasions for emphasis, is to be noted. The play is said to be an adaptation of a translation of more than one play dating back hundreds of years. Whatever the blend may be, it is certain that the authors have never overstepped the limits of a proper reproduction of the original in spirit and form. To have burlesqued it would have been fatal to the effect of this novelty. The absurd things are not burlesqued. The production after the manner of the Chinese theater is truly comical, because of the seriousness of the stage-hands, the prompter and the author, who acts as chorus and praises himself blandly on every occasion. The prompter is just as deliciously droll. He sits to one side of the stage near his box of properties and supplies mountains, rivers, swords, rooms, scenery and properties of all kinds, going about his work in a manner indicating that he has thus participated in the production so many times that, if he has not lost piety in his service, he is beginning to be bored to extinction by the vanities, the sorrows and the adventures of the performance. All the while he smokes his cigar, expertly pendent from his mouth, with an air of luxurious weariness. He is very human, very familiar, very droll. Thus we have a kind of play within a play."

The story concerns the two wives of a ruler. Dissatisfied with the son born to him by his first wife, he plots with another ruler to get rid of her and the child, so that a son by the other wife, daughter of his fellow conspirator, may



THIS IS THE CHORUS

Through the medium of Signor Perugini, the Chinese author of "The Yellow Jacket" frequently calls the attention of the audience to the merits of his play.



THIS TABLE MAY BE A MOUNTAIN

Or again it may be a river—according to the conventions of the Chinese stage, observed by the co-adaptor of "The Yellow Jacket," Mr. Benrimo, in the Chinese Theater at San Francisco.

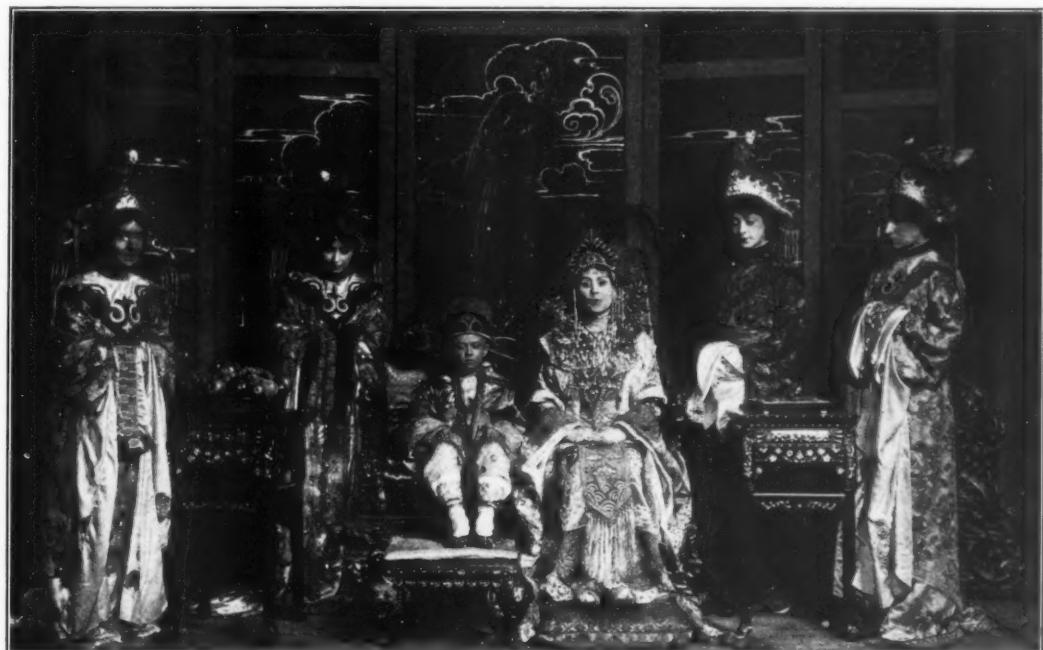
succeed to the throne. The two rulers have a conference in which they wear hideous masks and go through most extraordinary ferocious performances with their legs and arms. The two sons grow up, and there is a conflict between them, in which the better one, after being tried and his valor and uprightness proved, marries the maiden designed for the baser youth. He encounters and vanquishes monsters, frightful in appearance and breathing fire from their nostrils, the spouting fire being provided and set off by the prompter. Mr. Benrimo's observations of the Chinese theater in San Francisco have enabled him to steep his pen in realism.

Having thus exploited China and stripped her of her secrets, our managers will no doubt shortly invade Japan and give us plays showing that almond-scented country from the inside, not, as heretofore, from the point of view of the Occident. In western countries ethics and esthetics contend for the control of all the arts, but Japan

makes a sharp division; the pure arts make their own laws, the hybrid drama is under the jurisdiction of morality alone. This is the one bar that the dramatic innovations now agitating their stage cannot cross. Shakespeare may be given. The *Kobe Herald* describes a performance in that town in which Hamlet made his second-act entrance on a bicycle, in striped stockings. The Liberty Theater of Tokio can break through age-old tradition and give Ibsen in western setting, but

sodes; and a peculiar recitative, the *choba*, like the Greek chorus but chanted by a single voice, constantly interrupts the action to direct the spectator's attention or open to him the soul of the actor.

From the complexities of the plot the western reader disentangles this story: to the eastward of Japan's inland sea lives a great noble, Akitsuki, whose prince is swayed by an evil counsellor. Scorning to serve a servant, Akitsuki retreats with his wife and only daugh-



CROWNING A CHINESE EMPEROR

A sumptuous scene in Pierre Loti's spectacular Chinese tragedy, "The Daughter of Heaven," produced in the gorgeous playhouse that was once the New Theater. William Winter speaks of this as the most elaborate production of any play witnessed in the last twenty-five years.

"Magda" cannot get by the censor because its sympathy with a revolt against parental authority might weaken that structure of national ideals that for centuries the theater has helped to build. The influence of the stage spreads beyond the scene in little booklets giving a sort of scenario of more popular plays, circulating in the most remote districts. One of these, "The Morning-glory" ("Asagao"), A. de Banzemont presents to Paris in *La Revue*. It has sixteen acts, comic scenes alternating with dramatic episodes;



MAKING GOO-GOO EYES IN CHINESE

James A. Young as Lee Lea, and Antoinette Walker as Tso in the hit of New York, a play adapted from the Chinese.

ter Asagao (Morning-glory) to Kioto, where in those days lived the Emperor. One evening the girl with her nurse takes a boat-ride upon the phosphorescent waters of Kioto's river; the boatman draws in to shore and leaves them for a moment in a lonely spot, and two drunken Samurai chance upon them and insult them. Their cries attract a young student, Asajiro, last of a noble family near the throne. He rescues the women. The girl begs him to write something upon her fan. Asajiro gives her at once not only a sentiment but a poem:

To the break of day  
The morning-glory fair  
Lifts her chalice rare;  
But the sun's bright ray  
Leaves her fainting there.  
Oh, might some favoring shower  
Protect the lovely flower!

It is not every young man that can knock out two thugs with one hand and immediately write poetry with the other. Asagao knows enough to appreciate him. Upon her tablets—for she has evidently the note-book habit—she writes the following reply:

Ah, might some breeze my fond heart  
bear

Over the wall of strangers' gaze,  
To join the well-beloved there!

which, tho' shorter, is certainly more to the point. Their resulting raptures are interrupted by a messenger summoning Asajiro to attend his prince upon a distant embassy.

Asagao's father quells a revolt and is taken into high favor. To him one day comes Asajiro with congratulations from his prince. The father, who sees the young man for the first time, is so

much impressed by him that he offers him his daughter's hand, unsight unseen,—to the secret delight of Asajiro, who had come there for no other purpose. But he neglects to state that he has meantime been adopted by his uncle and changed his name, which quite upsets Asagao, for it is certainly hard enough to keep track of Japanese names anyway, let alone changing them. Desperately resolving to marry none but Asajiro, she escapes from the paternal palace before the stranger can be introduced, to seek her lover at Kioto. But there they tell her that he has long since gone to the eastward. Alone and helpless, she weeps till she becomes quite blind.

Meantime her lover is returning in company with a wicked noble who for political reasons determines to kill him by a drug dropped into his tea. The plot is overheard by the host of the inn where he is staying, who substitutes a powder that sets people laughing. Knowing that etiquette will compel him to share Asajiro's drink, the villain has ready an antidote in pellet form, but, as he must drink first, the laughing powder works too quickly and he gives the gallery a treat with convulsions of enforced hilarity. It is a characteristic example of the popular method of using "comic relief." The excitement over, Asajiro, left alone, sees a verse written upon a *kakemono* on the wall—his verse, the song of the morning-glory. He draws from the folds of his garment the fan of his lost love; the verses are indeed the same. The inn-keeper comes to tell him of a lovely girl who, blinded by tears shed for her lost lover, poor and alone, sings for bread before the guests of the inn. "We call her the Morning-glory, and there is none in our land who knows not her song. Ah, there are unhappy folk in the world!"

The girl gropes her way into the room; the *choba* calls her "a bird in the night, that through the dark, its nest long lost, seeks for shelter." Her lover knows her at once; tears choke his voice; he signs to the inn-keeper that she shall sing.

Asajiro asks her to tell her story; not knowing why she is so moved at his voice, she falters out her little history and taking her staff, goes away, "yet leaves there her heart." Asajiro sends the inn-keeper after her with three gifts—a purse, the fan, and a magic medicine. The last is a powder from China; mixed with the blood of a living man born in the year *ki-no-yé* it will restore sight to the blind that drink the potion.

Asagao attempts suicide, but is saved and her sight is restored. The lovers embrace and the *choba* chants. "The day grows brighter, sweeter every bird-song, all nature celebrates the return of the Morning-glory to her beloved—and forever shall the ages repeat their moving history to lovers yet to come."

# Science and Discovery

## "CONFLICT"—A DISCOVERY OF THE ESSENCE OF INSANITY

**C**ONFLICT is the fundamental factor in the causation of insanity. This word "conflict" is used in a technical sense new even to the scientists. Insanity has entered a phase so unexpected hitherto, that familiar words like "complex," "repression" and even "censure" must be used in unfamiliar senses. Insanity, in the light of the new psychology, has become a key to truths unsuspected hitherto but of vital importance in every department of human activity. Insanity is the key to civilization.

Only lately has it become known that the insane mind is not the chaos which a superficial observer imagines it to be. The appearance of disorder is due to our ignorance of the deeper mental processes which link up the disjointed symptoms into a coherent whole. Thus declares that high authority, Doctor Bernard Hart, who has had charge of important lunatic asylums in England and is at present lecturer in psychiatry at University College Hospital Medical School. The thoughts and actions of the insane, he tells us in his new study\* of the subject, are not a meaningless and inscrutable medley. Cause and effect play as considerable a part in the mind of the apparently incomprehensible maniac as in that of the normal man.

With this idea to begin with, one may enter upon a preliminary elucidation or two. "Conflict" is the cause of the condition known as "dissociation." All readers of contemporary scientific literature know that a dissociated personality is one with two or more kinds of consciousness. The Reverend Ansel Bourne, for instance, forgets who he is, forgets all his past life. In three months he comes to himself again. In the meantime he had started a little shop in a remote village. One night he awakes in that shop and cries aloud in dismay. He does not know where he is. This type of dissociation has been made familiar in recent years, and has even made its way into recent dramas. Sometimes a dissociation of personality lasts the briefest interval. It is as if the consciousness had little bits broken off here and there each of which acted for a time as the whole of consciousness. This sort of thing is brought

about by conflict. Conflict, in turn, results from a "complex":

"Let us suppose that I am an enthusiastic photographer. It is obvious that the existence of this hobby will continually affect the flow of my consciousness. Scenes which would otherwise be indifferent to me will frequently arouse interest as possible material for a picture. If I peruse a newspaper an article upon photography will at once arrest my attention, and when I meet my friends I shall probably seize every opportunity to turn the conversation to my favorite pursuit. We see, in fact, that the hobby is one of the causes determining the direction of my thinking. Now, if we endeavor to ascertain the exact nature of a hobby, we find that it is a system of connected ideas, with a strong emotional tone, and a tendency to produce actions of a certain definite character. Such a system of emotionally toned ideas is termed in technical language a 'complex'—and a hobby is to be regarded as a particular variety of complex. In the simple case just described we should say that one of the causes determining the flow of my consciousness was a strong 'photography complex.' . . .

"The mode of thought produced in this manner by the activity of a complex is quite different from that occurring in genuine logical thinking. In the latter case each step is the logical consequence of the preceding steps, evidence is impartially weighed, and the probability of various solutions is dispassionately considered. Such genuine logical thinking is in ordinary life comparatively rare; in most cases a 'complex bias' is only too obvious. Even in the world of science, generally regarded by the ignorant as the peculiar sphere of dispassionate and cold thought, complexes play a vast part. The discussions of any learned society provide most instructive material in this respect."

The effect is the creation in the mind of what our high authority calls a "logic-tight compartment." It is a realm within the conscious mind which cannot be affected by any argument even if the mind be a sane one. Further problems at once suggest themselves. Why is an individual sometimes aware of the complexes determining his thoughts and actions and sometimes not so aware? Why does a complex in one instance express itself simply and immediately, in another by those devious routes which are termed technically "indirect"? The answers to these questions involve those further conceptions

of the new psychology, conflict and repression. They are conceptions of fundamental importance. Suppose, for instance, that a complex is out of harmony with the mind as a whole. This may be due to the intrinsically painful nature of the complex. The complex may prompt to actions which are incompatible with the individual's general views and principles. In such a case the conflict arises—a struggle between the complex and the personality. Personality means all the mental processes—ideas, memories, emotions, desires—which do not belong to the complex. These two forces will tend mutually to inhibit and govern one another, the mind will be divided against itself and a paralysis of action will ensue. The conception of conflict may be illustrated by the example of the fond lover:

"Let us assume that the object of the latter's passion is already the wife of another man. The lover's mind will then exhibit two complexes trending in opposite and incompatible directions, on the one hand the desire for the woman, on the other the opposing tendencies constituted by moral education and fear of consequences. Under such circumstances neither is able to express itself freely in appropriate action, and a state of conflict results. This state of conflict is characterized by a condition of unpleasant emotional tension, the individual feels himself torn between two lines of conduct, neither of which is possible on account of the resistance offered by the other.

"Conflict, with its emotional tension and accompanying indecision and paralysis of action, cannot persist indefinitely; it is a biological necessity that some solution of the difficulty, some way out of the *impasse*, should be found. This necessary solution may be attained in many different ways. For example, the complex may be modified so that its incompatibility with the personality no longer exists, or the mind may clearly recognize that the two possible ends cannot both be achieved, and, after due weighing of the merits of each, consciously decide that one must be abandoned in favor of the other.

"This subjective appreciation of the forces at war within us, and deliberate adoption of a consciously selected line of conduct, may be regarded as the rational or ideal solution of a conflict. In fact, it may be said to provide the only possible solution in the strict sense of the word. In those other methods which we are now about to describe, the mind rids itself of

\* *PSYCHOLOGY OF INSANITY*. By Bernard Hart. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the emotional tension and paralysis of action, not by a fight to a finish, but by a process of *avoiding* the conflict altogether."

The first of these other methods consists in the simple expedient of preserving both opposing groups of ideas in the mind, while at the same time all contact or interaction between them is sedulously avoided. Each is allowed to pursue its own course and development, untroubled by its incongruity with the other. A mind exhibiting this phenomenon may be compared to an orchestra where one instrumentalist plays some independent melody of his own choosing, unconcerned by the discord he creates with the concerted harmony of his fellows. This is the common mechanism of the logic-tight compartment.

"The mind has lost its homogeneity and is composed of more or less isolated mental processes, each pursuing its own independent course unaffected by the presence of its fellows, simply because those mental processes were contradictory and incompatible, and the conflict between them has been avoided by dissociating one from the other. The splitting of the mind has taken place because the two opponents could not be reconciled, and the device of permitting each to occupy its own logic-tight compartment afforded the easiest method of avoiding the otherwise inevitable conflict. From the standpoint now reached we may therefore lay down the principle that, in some cases at least, dissociation is the result of conflict, and that it is one of the methods by which the mind gets rid of the unpleasant emotional tension and paralysis of action that conflict invariably produces. The hypothesis immediately suggests itself, moreover, that all cases of dissociation, all those varying grades described in somnambulism, double personalities, obsessions, hallucinations, and delusions, may possibly be due to a similar mechanism. Dissociation would then always indicate the presence of a mental conflict, and would acquire the significance of a defensive reaction adopted by the mind."

The mind in this condition has lost that homogeneity which is the ideal of the normal personality and has become disintegrated into more or less independent portions. This disintegration has invariably owed its existence to the presence of a conflict. Dissociation is to be regarded biologically as a refuge from the stress of conflict and as one of nature's methods of dealing with conflicts which seem insoluble by other means. Hence, if we would investigate the causes responsible for abnormal mental, psychical phenomena, the discovery that dissociation exists is only the first step in the process. It is always necessary to pass further back to the conflict which will be found behind it. There can be little doubt that this problem will provide one of the most fruitful fields for the scientific work of the near future.

The task of the average expert has

generally been hitherto the elucidation of some particular symptom. He has not tried to push the analysis of the mental condition further than was necessary for this purpose. Hence in most cases the conflict immediately responsible for the genesis of the symptom has been of a comparatively minor character and the complexes concerned have involved only the superficial elements of the mind. When, however, a more profound analysis has been made and the investigation has been carried sufficiently far to explain the origin of the whole mental state, a conflict of a far more fundamental character has been unearthed. This fundamental conflict involves factors of an importance commensurate with the effects produced and generally leads us back to the great primary instincts which constitute the principal driving forces of the mind. We find a struggle taking place in which one of those primary instincts is pitted against another, or in which the desires and tendencies arising from such an instinct are opposed and thwarted by conditions enforced upon the patient by his environment and circumstances. It may therefore be concluded that in conflicts of these two types are probably to be found the essential causes responsible for many of the manifestations of insanity.

"Freud considers that the origin of all cases belonging to certain varieties of mental disease can be traced back to factors connected with a single one of the great instincts, that of sex. We should expect, of course, that the immense power of the sex impulses, and the opposition which inevitably arises between them and the rules of conduct imposed by civilized society, would make this instinct one of the most prevalent sources of conflict and mental disintegration. Nevertheless Freud's generalization is considered by most authorities to be exaggerated, and has not been universally accepted. The evidence produced in its favor is, indeed, not altogether convincing, and, even allowing for the fact that Freud's conception of sex is far wider than is covered by the ordinary use of the term, his theory cannot be said to have been satisfactorily established.

"It is probably safer at the present time to assume that the conflicts in question may involve factors connected with any of the fundamental instinctive forces of the mind, provided that these factors are of sufficient emotional intensity. We shall readily admit that sex probably plays a predominant part in a majority of cases, but shall be prepared to find that a certain number are dependent upon conflicts in which other mental elements are mainly concerned.

"Among the great primary instincts which provide the opposing forces responsible for mental conflict a dominant place must be assigned to 'herd instinct.'

"A vast part of the beliefs and conduct of man is due to the operation of this instinct. From it the tendencies generally ascribed to tradition and to education derive most of their power. It provides the

mechanism by which the ethical code belonging to a particular class is enforced upon each individual member of that class, so that the latter is instinctively impelled to think and to act in the manner which the code prescribes. That is to say, a line of conduct upon which the herd has set its sanction acquires all the characters of an instinctive action, altho this line of conduct may have no rational basis, may run counter to the dictates of experience, and may be in direct opposition to the tendencies generated by the other primary instincts. This opposition to other primary instincts is well exemplified in the case of sex, where the impulses due to the latter are constantly balked."

It will be immediately obvious that in these struggles between the primary instincts and the beliefs and codes enforced by the operation of herd instinct we have a fertile field for the development of mental conflict. The factors involved each possess an enormous emotional force and we should therefore expect that their opposition would produce a plentiful crop of abnormal mental phenomena. Trotter, a competent authority upon this subject, has pointed out the immense significance which the conflict between primitive instinct and herd tradition possesses for the human mind. He remarks that the manifestations of mental disintegration thereby produced are coming to be recognized over a larger and larger field and in a great variety of phenomena. This field includes a part of insanity—how much we can not even guess, but certainly a large part indeed. It includes the group of conditions described as functional diseases of the nervous system. It includes that vast group of the mentally unstable which, while difficult to define without detailed consideration, is sufficiently precise in the knowledge of all to be recognized as extremely large.

Now it is interesting to discover that among the processes excluded through repression of the complex and the processes resulting in dissociation are to be found almost all the tendencies due to the operation of the herd instinct. The patients have lost the gregarious attributes of the normal man. In the milder cases this change shows itself merely as a loss of interest in the affairs of their fellows, a tendency to be solitary and unsociable, an indifference to the ordinary conventions of society. In advanced cases, the change is much more marked and the mind is completely withdrawn from participation in the life of the herd.

"The code of conduct imposed by convention and traditions no longer regulates the patient's behavior, and he becomes slovenly, filthy, degraded, and shameless. In this picture, to which so many chronic lunatics conform, may be recognized the absolute negation of herd instinct and of the vast group of mental activities which arise therefrom.

"These facts suggest the hypothesis that the fundamental mechanism which underlies this vast group of the insanities consists essentially in a repression of herd instinct. It is possible that the individual who is faced with an intolerable conflict between his primitive instincts on the one hand and his environment and traditions on the other, and who has found a refuge by retiring into a world of phantasy and shutting out the world of reality, can only achieve this by dissociating herd instinct from the other primary forces of the mind and refusing to allow it any longer to play a part therein. If this hypothesis should prove to be correct, the prevention of the variety of insanity we are now considering would resolve itself into the problem of how to obviate the underlying dissociation. It is possible that we should discover the tendency to dissociation to be a constitutional factor inherent

in the individual mind, and one capable of elimination by selective breeding. If we were sure that by such elimination no other valuable attributes of the mind would be lost, then selective breeding would obviously be the most effectual method of reducing the incidence of insanity. It is equally possible, however, that the future may demonstrate the fault to be, not in the tendency to dissociation, but in the nature of the conflict which has produced it. The only remedy would then lie in altering one or other of the antagonists, so that incompatibility no longer existed. The primitive instincts cannot presumably be altered, and the attack would therefore have to be directed against the traditions and codes which obtain their force from the operation of herd instinct. . . .

"Such considerations suggest, however, that those enthusiastic reformers who

would imitate drastic legislation to obtain selective breeding, may reasonably be asked to proceed with caution. For it is at least conceivable that our present complacent assurance that every individual must live and act within the arbitrary limits assigned by conventional and purely artificial standards of conduct, or else be segregated from society, may be fallacious and inimical to the best development of the race."

It is possible, nay it seems certain, that insanity, or a part of insanity, will prove less dependent upon intrinsic defects of the individual than on the conditions in which he has to live. The future may determine that it is not the individual who must be eliminated, but the conditions which will have to be modified.

## INFLUENCE OF ATMOSPHERIC GASES IN BEAUTIFYING THE HEAVENS

**G**REAT as is the difference of opinion among physicists regarding the atmospheric constituents back of the beautiful effects which artists introduce into their seascapes and landscapes, it is possible to make a few definite statements. These are based upon recent exploration of the earth's atmosphere at high altitudes. The exceedingly recent character of our knowledge on this subject is shown by the fact that argon, which constitutes one per cent. of the air about us, was not discovered until seventeen years ago. Helium, which comprises one twentieth of one per cent., was discovered by the spectroscope to be in the sun and not for thirty years was it identified in the atmosphere of our planet. The beautiful cloud effects which artists so love seem to cease at an altitude of seven miles. Calculation shows that above seven miles water vapor is never present in sufficient amount to be condensed. Triangulation measurement of the highest cirrus clouds has shown that this is the actual distance.

Seven miles is the elevation of the particles which form the first so-called twilight arch. After the sun has entirely disappeared in the West, we continue to receive light from the upper atmosphere which is still within the sunlight. As the sun sinks or rises, there are three distinct limits to the bright portions of the heavens. The first twilight arch disappears when the sun is eight degrees below the horizon, which corresponds to an elevation of about seven miles.

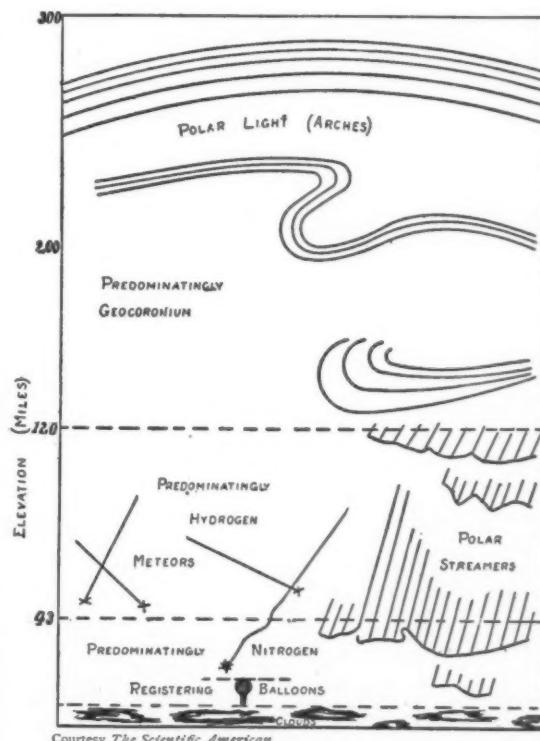
Calculations from the laws of gases show that between the elevation of seven miles and about forty-three miles the relative amount of nitrogen is even greater than on the earth's surface. As we ascend higher a second transition

layer appears at about forty-three miles. The composition shows that below this elevation nitrogen predominates. Above it the atmosphere is largely hydrogen. Apparently hydrogen is incapable of producing the brilliant twilight colors, for the last of the colors disappears when the sun is about seventeen degrees below the horizon. The influence of atmospheric gases in beautifying the heavens was wonderfully demonstrated by a seismological catastrophe which is thus set forth by our authority in *The Scientific American*:

"The very extraordinary and bright evening cirrus clouds which followed the eruption of Krakatoa were in this border region between the nitrogen and hydrogen atmospheres. Krakatoa is a volcanic island between Java and Sumatra in the East Indies. The sea water apparently worked under the volcano and explosions occurred on August 26th and 27th, 1883, which buried half of the island under one thousand feet of water, and caused a tidal wave which drowned thirty thousand persons on other coasts, the island itself being uninhabited. In the years following the eruption the twilight colors all over the world were very brilliant and bright evening clouds appeared at an extraordinary height. Their intensity gradually increased, reaching a maximum in 1887, after which they faded away and after a few years totally disappeared. The nature of these clouds is still in great doubt. Wegener, to

whom I am indebted for a great number of my facts, considers that they were water vapor. We have seen that under normal conditions water vapor cannot become saturated to form clouds above seven miles, but the conditions following the eruption were far from normal."

When we go above about one hundred and twenty miles, the polar light spectrum is no longer predominantly that of hydrogen. Most of the light is of a wave length which corresponds to no element yet discovered upon the earth. This light is conspicuous in the spectrum of



CLIMBING THE SKY BY THE GAS ROUTE  
Could one step up the firmament as if it were a ladder, the rungs would be layers of gas in this wise.

the upper portions of the polar streamers and forms about the entire light of the homogeneous arches which are at a much higher elevation—perhaps above two hundred miles. In fact, Paulsen, describing his remarkable series of observations in Iceland, states that upon alternately gazing at the arches through the spectroscope and with the naked eye, no difference in color was discernible. The light was thus most homogeneous. This shows that the upper atmosphere consists largely of this unknown element. Therefore Wegener, the able student of this branch of physics, considers that the region in question is filled with a gas not yet identified upon the earth. He has given it the name of geocoronium. Geocoronium must be lighter than hydrogen. Weg-

ener assumes that at one hundred and twenty miles the atmosphere is half geocoronium and half hydrogen:

"The assumption is based upon the following facts: At this elevation the spectra of the two elements in the polar light are of about the same intensity. There is also evidence of a third transition in the atmosphere at about this height, for the very feeble blue which succeeds the twilight colors disappears with a depression of the sun corresponding to about this elevation. This elevation is also the upper limit of the heights at which meteors begin to be visible.

"A natural inquiry is, why has not geocoronium been discovered in the atmosphere about us? This inquiry is readily answered by calculating the density at the earth's surface from the molecular weight, the calculated density of hydrogen at one

hundred and twenty miles, and the assumption that it and geocoronium have the same density at this elevation. The concentration comes out six ten-thousandths per cent. or below anything we could detect. How far does geocoronium extend beyond the earth's surface? We have two mere indications. The green polar light extends sometimes to heights of two hundred and fifty miles, and during eclipse of the moon the shadow of the earth indicates that the atmosphere extends about two hundred miles above the solid ground.

"This hypothetical element, being lighter than any element known on the earth's surface, will escape in greater amount from the atmosphere. It is, therefore, very possible that this unknown substance which we see illuminated in the northern lights, may be the most widely distributed substance in the solar system."

## THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE ON THE PLANET MARS

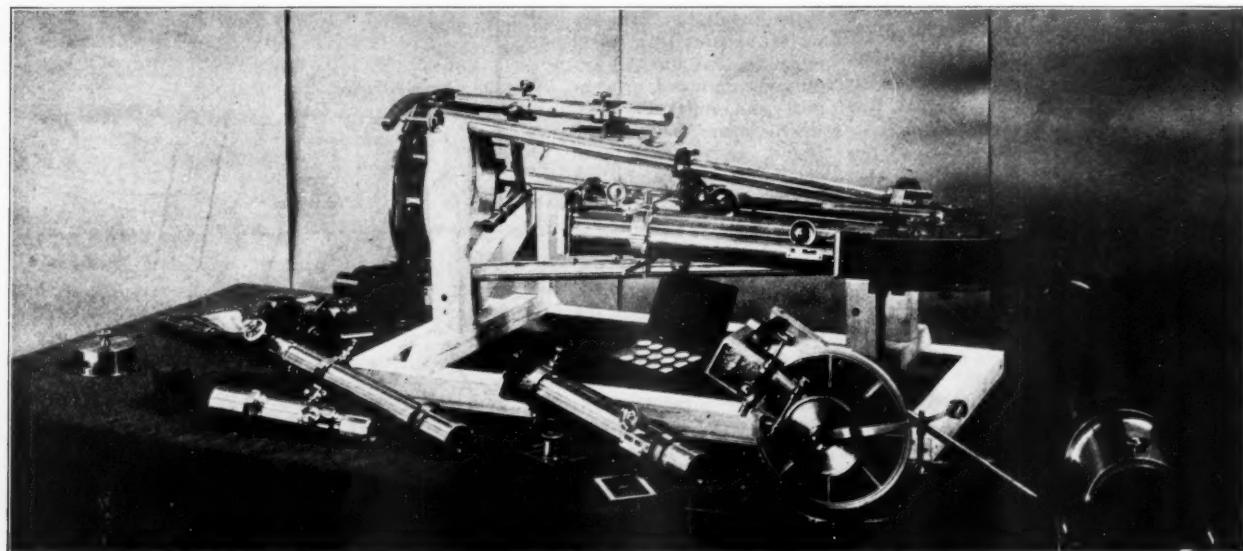
**C**AREFUL and thorough investigation of Mars has just revealed to astronomical science a world of great beauty, but filled with signs of age, a world peopled by intelligent beings, but a world which has reached the period when there is no more sea. Thus may be summed up the results of the most exhaustive as well as the most authoritative studies of any planet since the perfection of the spectroscope. The investigations have been conducted upon an elaborate scale at the famed observatory of Flagstaff under the supervision of astronomers and astro-physicists for the purpose of determining once for all the great controversy of which Mars has been the subject for so many years. Photographs, spectroscopic observations and the most recent methods of optical research were drawn upon in arriving at the deductions. An authorized report in *Science Progress* (London)

from the pen of the well known student of astro-physics, Dr. James H. Worthington, makes even more sensational reading than will be found in the papers of Professor Percival Lowell, one of the first to insist that Mars is the abode of a race of intelligent beings.

Worthington declares now that the explorers of the planet from the standpoint of Flagstaff find abundant reason to believe in the existence of a highly developed and intelligent race, making a last stand against the increasing deserts of its world. The famous canals are evidences of tremendous and united efforts to eke out the decreasing water supply to the last drop. In this struggle we see in some sense a forecast of what the earth must also become in the fulness of time. The astronomers at Flagstaff set out to learn definitely an important truth respecting another planet; but they likewise learned much of our own. "Incidentally our eyes are opened to the

demonstration of a truth long held by instinct, that we are not alone in the cosmos—that other worlds beyond the earth are no longer the dreams of fantastic poetry but firmly established facts of observational science." We see how the law of evolution which has shaped us to fit our surroundings here has fitted other creatures in another world to cope with their own special needs.

A falling apple led Newton to the law of gravity on the moon. In the same way, we read in the report before us, the appearance of sprouting vegetation has led us step by step to recognize the law of evolution on Mars—a world where, as on earth, but with differences, winter and summer, frost and snow, seed time and harvest, continue so long as there is water to support them. No doubt the differences between Mars and the earth may have led the thinkers on the former planet to be sure that no intelligent being



"THE MOST MIRACULOUS OF ALL SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS"

Thus was the spectrograph characterized by the late Lord Kelvin, since by means of it we can learn the constituent elements in the remotest astral bodies—the gold in the Sun, the copper in Mars and the iron on the moons of Jupiter.

could exist on the earth, owing to the reeking wet and perennial clouds which enwrap it. But probably by this time, thinks Professor Worthington, they too have abandoned the puerile and absurd idea that they inhabit the only world where intelligent life is possible.

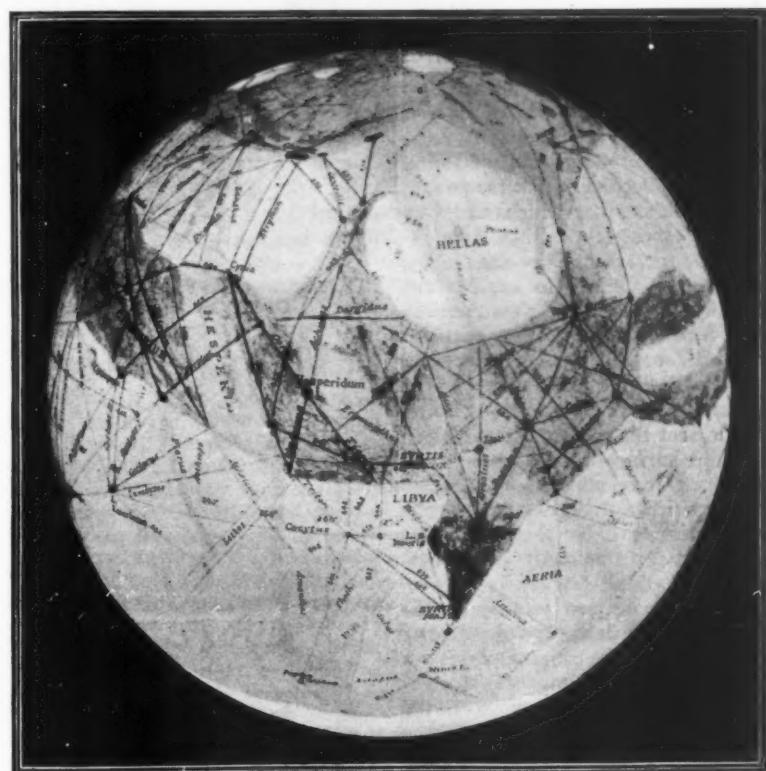
There can, then, remain no rational doubt of the existence of a race of canal-builders on Mars. That is the summing up of this authority, who points out that in their stupendous struggle for existence the Martians have had no mountains to contend with. Further, the force of gravity, which limits work on earth, is less potent on Mars, being only about forty per cent. what it is on earth. The same muscular effort against it would accomplish two and one half times as much work in a day. But tho we may feel sure of the existence of intellect on Mars, we know nothing and need not trouble much about its physical embodiment. It is quite evident that the physical difficulties have been overcome.

"One of them is directly deducible and throws an interesting light on the nature of the water channels. Assuming that the Martian atmosphere exerts a pressure of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches of mercury upon the surface—and it can scarcely be greater than this—Lowell has shown that water could boil at a temperature of  $111^{\circ}$  F. As the solar energy falling on Mars is certainly not much less than that which heats the rocks of the Sahara to at least  $130^{\circ}$  F., it is clear that evaporation is much more rapid there than here; and consequently water traveling in an open channel would evaporate long before it reached the tropics of the planet, a journey which we know occupies several weeks. It is therefore probable that the water is carried in something akin to pipes, and this is rendered the more plausible by the fact that the water does not flow naturally but is driven, a conclusion to which the shape of the planet has led us.

"No apology is made for this last speculation. It is, I think, directly justified by the observations and this one example serves to illustrate the amount of detail which is possible in constructing a picture of the happenings on the planet. Changes speaking eloquently of activity are to be found among the double canals, for they are not always double. The doubling is seasonal in its nature but not entirely so, for there are canals which sometimes double at the appropriate season and sometimes do not. That when they are not double their *alter ego* is lying fallow is strongly suggested.

"Instances of this kind might be greatly multiplied, but space does not permit.

"There is yet another class of surface marking to be dealt with—namely, the white spots which are seen in the equatorial regions. They are intensely brilliant, often glistening, but they seem not to be snow, for they are often most conspicuous in the height of the Martian summer; and it has been noticed that they are not glaciated mountain tops. It



A PLANET WITH A VEIL OF PANAMAS

The canals cover Mars very much as the arabesque work of an Egyptian bride's window covers her face as she peeps forth upon the world. The Martian Canals have once more been exhaustively investigated, with the result that they are deemed the work of intelligent beings.

seems natural to surmise that they may be beds of salt left by the evaporated seas. Their close association with the green areas strongly suggests this explanation. As yet observational data are too scanty to afford a firm base for conjecture, but their increase of brightness under a high sun forcibly suggests a mineral origin. Further it may be remarked that vegetation would not invade them but would probably be near them at the bottom of the old marine depressions. A like instance on earth occurs. . . .

"The appearance of Mars in the telescope at Flagstaff, when conditions are favorable and due precautions are taken to stop down the instrument and to insert appropriate dark glasses, is a most surprising revelation. The telescope presents us with a disc of about five times the apparent diameter of the full moon as seen by the naked eye: brilliantly lighted, it shines with well-defined, delicately tinted patches of color. The snow cap is seen at the pole. Farther down the disc, areas appear of a greenish-blue color in which is visible a wealth of minute stippled detail—too fine to be called features, but coarse enough to produce the impression of variation in texture. These green areas are very clearly defined at their edges and the better they are seen the more clear-cut do they appear to be. In addition to the green areas, there are ruddy ochreous stretches extending over five-eighths of the surface of the planet.

"Thus far nothing new or startling is seen. But when, during a few brief moments, the definition becomes perfect—and such moments are infrequent—an amazing network of very fine lines, ar-

ranged criss-cross-wise in perfect geometric fashion, is apparent."

These lines occur in all latitudes, alike over green and ochreous areas. They are the canals of which so much has been heard in the furious Martian controversy.

In seeking an explanation of the general appearance of the planet, we may recall, first, that it is amply proved by spectroscopic study that the known chemical elements are the common property of the visible universe. With a few exceptions, perhaps, all the elements that exist in the stars are to be found on the earth, while all the elements on the earth are in the stars. We therefore need have no hesitation in drawing on terrestrial experience when investigating Mars, which differs from the earth mainly in being more distant from the sun and of smaller mass. These two differences alone suffice to explain most of the contrasts that are evident on comparing the surface of Mars with that of our earth.

Again, the kinetic theory of gases provides a criterion by which we may judge of the probability of the presence of an atmosphere and its possible nature. According to this theory, the molecules of all gases, at any given temperature, move with velocities characteristic of each gas. Tho the molecules of a given gas move with varying velocities, both the mean and the maximum speeds are "functions," as mathematicians say, of its molecular weight.

The power of a celestial body to retain a gaseous atmosphere about itself depends at any given temperature upon the force of gravity at its surface, which force is a "function" of its size and mass. This gravitational force is capable of controlling and retaining particles or molecules which move with a speed less than that which would be attained by a particle falling from infinity to the surface of the planet under consideration. This velocity, for the sake of brevity, is called the "critical" velocity for the planet, because particles moving faster than this, in the right direction, must inevitably fly off the planet and escape into space. If it can be shown that the molecules of a given gas at the surface of a planet would move with a maximum velocity higher than the critical for a given planet, the conclusion is inevitable that the planet can not have permanently an atmosphere composed of this gas.

An example or two will make the operation of this law clearer. It has been found that the sun possesses an atmosphere largely composed of hydrogen and this is in harmony with the fact that the critical velocity at the sun's surface is something over three

hundred miles a second, whereas the maximum velocity of hydrogen molecules there is probably about fifty miles a second. The earth has a lower critical velocity, namely 6.9 miles a second, while the maximum velocity of the hydrogen molecules at the mean temperature of the air would be about 7.4 miles per second and but little hydrogen is found free in our atmosphere:

"The critical velocity at the surface of Mars is about 3.1 miles per second and the temperature, as we shall see, is probably not so much below that of the earth as to make it likely that gaseous hydrogen is a constituent of its atmosphere, tho other gases whose maximum molecular velocities are less than this may be present.

"On account of the weakness of gravity on Mars it is probable that, tho water may be scarce, yet the commoner constituents of the earth's atmosphere whose molecular velocities at its surface are all likely to be less than 3.1 miles per second may well be common. Among these gases are those which make life possible here—namely water vapor, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide. We need, therefore, feel no surprise when appearances on Mars indicate the presence of gases which are thus shown to be theoretically possible. That there are other causes besides gravita-

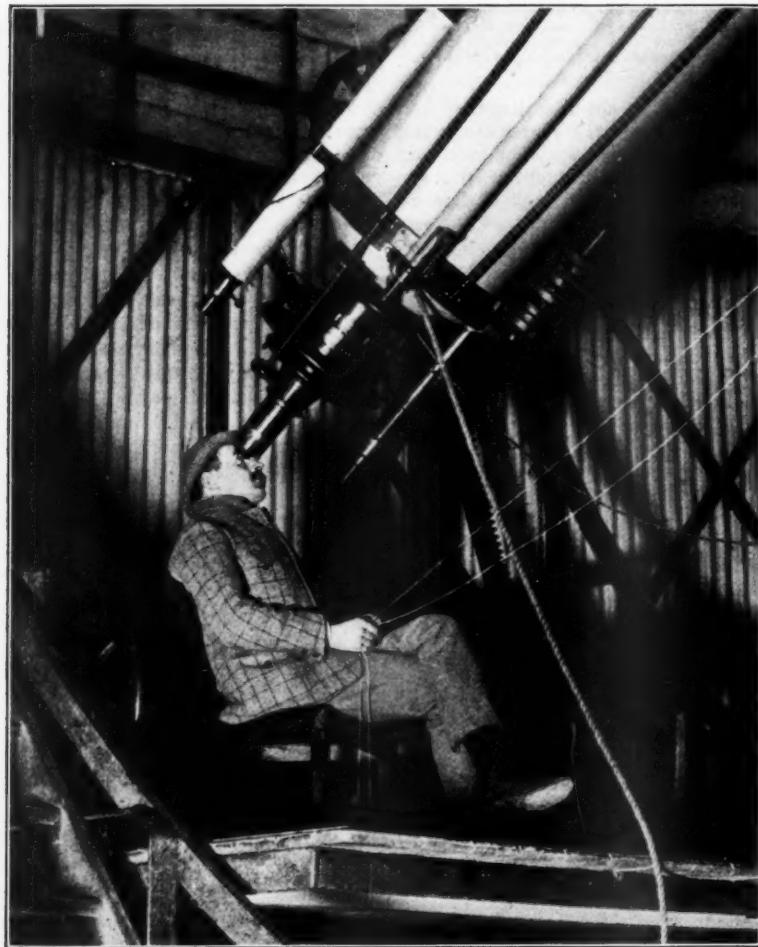
tional weakness operating to rob the planet of a terrestrial atmosphere cannot be doubted. Diminished pressure of sunlight is perhaps the most obvious. It appears, therefore, that we are justified in concluding that the atmosphere of Mars may be like our own, tho less dense and that probably it is disappearing gradually. It may be said now that this conclusion is amply corroborated by the detailed observations of the surface features and their changes.

"Our estimate of the temperature at the surface of Mars is based upon the following considerations. The heating and lighting power of the sun at the distance of Mars is about half what it is on the earth; but only about 40 per cent. of the solar heat which the earth intercepts ever reaches the surface; the remaining 60 per cent. is thrown back into space by our atmosphere. On Mars the conditions are very different. The planet only receives 50 per cent. of the earth's share, it retains a much greater proportion, for the low albedo or reflecting power of Mars is an indication that more than 80 per cent. of the incident light is retained, and hence it appears that the surface of the planet receives from the sun at least as much as falls upon the surface of our earth.

"Now the average temperature of the surface of the earth is about 60° F. It seems probable that Mars should not be much colder. No doubt the thinness of the atmosphere of the planet will have a chilling effect, but it seems certain that the conditions are such that winter and summer, frost and thaw, as well as vital changes are to be expected."

The presence of water on Mars in all the three states of water is established. What happens to it when it leaves the pole of the planet? Most of the greenish areas lie in a belt about the south temperate zone. When the snow at the south pole begins to melt, this zone of green proceeds to darken, the wave of color beginning in the southernmost part and gradually spreading northwards. That this change may be due to vegetation is evident. All circumstances are propitious. There is sufficient heat. Water is present to nourish it. Moreover, all we know of the Martian atmosphere points to its being one that could support plant growth. The color of the green areas is that of vegetation and the change to green occurs at the right season. In the other hemisphere the green areas, being in the grip of winter, are pale and faint. This is also to be expected.

Seeing that the water from the pole has moved down the disc, it is natural to ask how it made the journey. Accurate measurements at Flagstaff in the course of the recent researches prove that the shape of the planet is such that fluids on its surface are in static equilibrium. Water could not flow naturally down the parallels as it manifestly does. The conclusion is that it is transported by some artificial means. We are thus led to seek for evidence of artificial water channels. These the canals supply.



ADMIRING A LANDSCAPE FIFTEEN MILLION MILES AWAY

With this telescope the studies of the planet Mars undertaken in this country were verified in England, at least in some important respects. The mechanism is so delicate that a miscalculation might seriously injure the observatory worker. Thus if the eyepiece were not properly protected at certain times, the eye applied to it might be stricken with paralysis.

## CRYSTALS THEIR OWN ANALYSTS

**A**MOST surprising advance and one which promises to be of far-reaching practical importance has recently been made in the science known as crystallography. The news comes from Russia and is the climax of remarkable experiments extending over years by Professor E. S. von Fedoroff, of St. Petersburg. In his hands the crystal has been made to yield the secret of its chemical composition without chemical analysis. Incidentally it may be noted that a chemical analysis would destroy the crystal. The importance of the remarkable advance in chemistry thus indicated is seen in the circumstance that every solidifiable chemical element or compound is characterized by a crystalline form and internal crystalline properties peculiar to itself. These are quite distinct from the forms and properties of every other element or compound.

The report upon the Russian investigator's work supplied to the Royal Chemical Society by Doctor A. E. H. Tutton shows that slight differences in the interfacial angles, causing corresponding differences in what are termed the "elements" of the crystal, obey a very definite law. They follow the order of progression of the atomic weights of the interchangeable chemical elements producing what is called the "isomorphous" series.

"Now, the fact that these laws have been able to be proved with precision is due to two other properties of crystals, which never cease to afford food for the deepest thought and for the most reverent admiration. One is the marvelous planeness of the natural faces of crystals grown under undisturbed conditions; such faces are true planes in the highest sense of the word, more true, indeed, than those produced at great expense of time and skill by the best opticians, and infinitely more true than the artificial faces produced on hard mineral crystals by the gem-cutting lapidary. It has, indeed, been both truly and humorously said that the beauty of crystals lies in the planeness of their faces. The second property, which is rendered even more valuable by that of planeness, is that the interfacial angles of one and the same substance are always constant, even to this same refined extent.

"It will be obvious that such individuality must be caused by the particular homogeneous arrangement of the chemical molecules and the atoms composing them, and it is an interesting fact that Professor von Fedoroff and an English crystallographer, Mr. Barlow, independently discovered and identified, with wonderful unanimity as to details, the 230 various types of such internal homogeneous arrangements of the structural units of crystals which are possible, and all of which possess the symmetry of one or other of the thirty-two classes of crystals. Now, these numerous and complicated arrangements of the atoms (regarded as points) within a crystal are built up about

a scaffolding or skeleton framework known as a 'space-lattice,' resembling the steel framework of one of our 'new-construction' buildings, and fourteen such space-lattices were made known to us by Bravais. These space-lattices may thus be regarded as affording an expression of the more fundamental internal structure of the crystal, and each of the rectangular or oblique parallel-sided cells into which the crystal substance is divided by the space-lattice may be considered as the dwelling place of a chemical molecule."

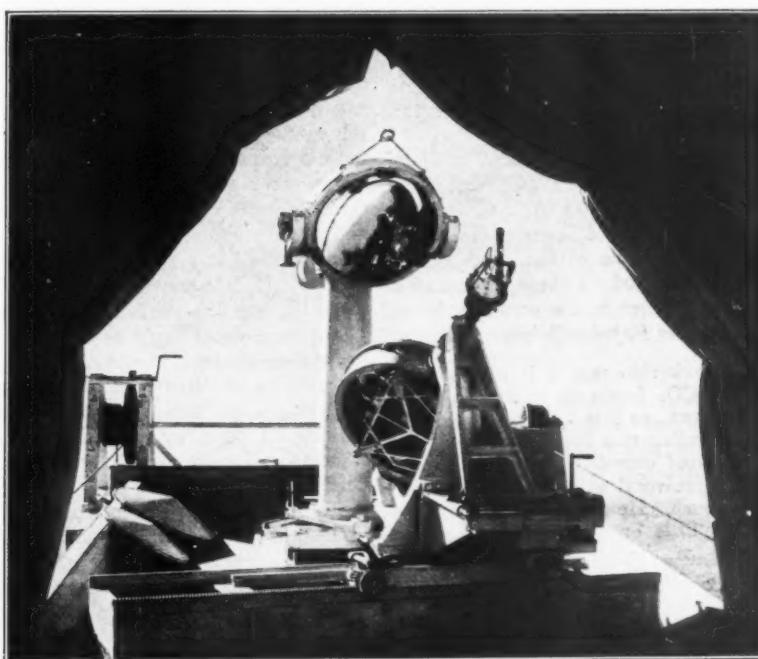
The groundwork having thus been prepared by the labor of other observers, Professor von Fedoroff has proceeded to show that a crystal really indicates its own chemical composition to an observer who has "the seeing eye." In order to acquire this seeing eye it is necessary that the crystal shall be set the right way up. This affords angular measurements and "crystal elements" derived from them which shall be truly comparable with those of other substances. Professor von Fedoroff bases his setting on calculations of closeness of packing of the nodes (or points) of the space-lattice—that is the "reticular density" of the various faces. The "elements" calculated for such a fundamental setting and reduced to the simple form of a "form symbol" are then recorded for the substance in question in a table.

It will be a surprise to many people to learn that no fewer than ten thousand substances have now their crystals sufficiently investigated to be worthy of a place in Professor von Fedoroff's table. Professor von Fedoroff has so simplified the procedure determining experi-

mentally the "form symbol" that a few measurements on the "goniometer" and a few simple calculations yield the symbol.

The significance of all this will now be apparent. No sooner is the form symbol obtained than a reference to the table enables the expert to discover the substance to which it belongs. The crystal indicates its own composition. Chemical analysis is done away with. The identity of the crystal may be unknown as long as its form symbol is obtained. The crystal need only be known to be that of a substance which has at some time or other been measured and has therefore a place in the table. In the table all the chemical substances hitherto measured are conveniently arranged for identification purposes in the order of their crystal systems, classes and progressive form symbols. Hence a reference to the table at once enables the observer to discover the substance to which a clue is sought, its system, class and form symbol tallying so closely that no mistake can possibly be made.

This new method of chemical analysis has been put to the severest tests. Many crystallographers have sent Professor von Fedoroff crystallized substances which they had measured in the course of researches. The crystals were enclosed in small bottles without any label other than a number for identification. No names or chemical formulae appeared at all. In every case where the crystals reached St. Petersburg in good condition, the substances were recognized by Professor von Fedoroff.



SWEEPING THE HEAVENS FOR COSMIC DUST

The mirror and lenses at Mount Wilson Observatory—shown in this section of apparatus—have been made so powerful that a developed photograph from it would reveal even the tiniest satellite of the remotest planet.

## WHY THE CHEMICAL PURITY OF THE AIR WE BREATHE IS OF NO IMPORTANCE

**E**VIDENCE is alleged by the well-known physiologist, Dr. Leonard Hill, to be strongly in favor of his contention that the chemical purity of the air is of no importance from the standpoint of health. Analyses show, he says, that the oxygen in the worst ventilated school room, chapel or theater is never lessened by more than one per cent. of the atmosphere. The ventilation through chink and cranny, chimney, door or window and the porous wall suffices to prevent a greater diminution. So long as there is present a partial pressure of oxygen sufficient to change the hemoglobin of the venous blood into "oxyhemoglobin," there can arise no lack of oxygen.

Everyone thinks he suffers in an ill-ventilated room, owing to some change in the chemical quality of the air, be it want of oxygen or excess of carbon dioxide, the addition of some exhaled organic poison or the destruction of some subtle property by passage of the air over steam coils or other heating or conducting apparatus. We hear of "devitalized" air, or "dead" air and of the "tinned" or "potted" air of a battleship. The good effects of open air or mountain air treatment are no less ascribed to the chemical purity of the air. In reality, the health-giving properties are those of temperature, light, movement and relative moisture of the surrounding atmosphere. Leaving aside those gross chemical impurities which arise in mines and in some manufacturing processes and the question of bacterial infection, the alterations in the chemical composition of the air in buildings where people crowd together and suffer from the effects of ill ventilation have nothing to do with the causation of these effects.

Thus does the eminent and brilliant scientist, President of the physiological section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, dismiss as sheer delusion one of the fundamental teachings of modern therapeutics. To elucidate further in his own words, as given by *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"The sanitarian says it is necessary to keep the  $\text{CO}_2$  [carbonic acid gas] below 0.01 per cent., so that the organic poisons may not collect to a harmful extent. The evil smell of crowded rooms is accepted as an unequivocal evidence of the existence of such. He pays much attention to this and little or none to the heat and moisture of the air. The smell arises from the secretions of the skin, soiled clothes, etc. The smell is only sensed by and excites disgust in one who comes to it from the outside air. He who is inside and helps to make the 'fugg' is both wholly unaware of and unaffected by it. Flügge points out, with justice, that while we naturally avoid any smell that excites

disgust and puts us off our appetite, yet the offensive quality of the smell does not prove its poisonous nature. For the smell of the trade or food of one man may be horrible and loathsome to another not used to such.

"The sight of a slaughterer and the smell of dead meat may be loathly to the sensitive poet, but the slaughterer is none the less healthy. The clang and jar of an engineer's workshop may be unendurable to a highly strung artist or author, but the artificers miss the stoppage of the noisy clatter. The stench of glue-works, fried-fish shops, soap and bone-manure works, middens, sewers, become as nothing to those engaged in such, and the lives of the workers are in no wise shortened by the stench they endure. The nose ceases to respond to the uniformity of the impulse, and the stench clearly does not betoken in any of these cases the existence of a chemical organic poison. On descending into a sewer, after the first ten minutes the nose ceases to smell the stench; the air therein is usually found to be far freer from bacteria than the air in a school-room or tenement."

If we turn to food stuffs, we recognize that the smell of alcohol and of Stilton and Camembert cheese is horrible to a child, while the smell of putrid fish—the meal of the Siberian native—excites no less disgust in an epicure who welcomes the cheese. Among the hardiest and healthiest of men are the North Sea fishermen, who sleep in the cabins of trawlers reeking with fish and oil, and for the sake of warmth shut themselves up until the lamp may go out through want of oxygen. The stench of such an environment may effectually put the sensitive, untrained brain worker "off his feed," but the robust health of the fisherman proves that this effect is nervous in origin and not due to a chemical organic poison in the air.

Ventilation can not get rid of the source of a smell while it may easily distribute the evil smell through a house. As Pettenkofer says, if there be a dunghill in a room, it must be removed. It is useless to try to blow away the smell.

The scientist Flügge and his school bring convincing evidence to show that a stuffy atmosphere is stuffy owing to heat stagnation and that the smell has nothing to do with the origin of the discomfort felt by those who endure it. The inhabitants of reeking hovels in the country do not suffer from chronic ill health unless want of nourishment, sleep or exercise come into play.

The widespread belief in the presence of organic poisons in the expired air is mainly based, Dr. Leonard Hill says, upon the statements of Brown-Sequard and D'Arsenal, statements wholly unsubstantiated by the most trustworthy workers in Europe and

America. These statements have done great mischief to the cause of hygiene. They led ventilating engineers and the public to seek chemical purity in the air breathed and to neglect the attainment of adequate coolness and movement of the air. It has been stated in discussions of this topic that the condensation of water obtained from expired air is poisonous when injected into animals. The evidence on which this statement is based is not only unworthy of credence, according to the scientist we follow here, but it is absurd. Condensation water had been injected into a mouse in a quantity proportionate to the dose for a man. No proper "controls" were employed in that experiment. It is recognized now that any distilled water contaminated by bacterial products may have a poisonous effect. It is even absurd to speak of animals being poisoned because they breathed one another's breath:

"To study the relative effect of the temperature and chemical purity of the atmosphere I constructed a small experiment chamber of wood fitted with large glass observation windows and rendered air-tight.

"On one side of the chamber were fixed two small electric heaters, and a tin containing water was placed on these in order to saturate the air with water vapor. On another side of the chamber was placed a large radiator through which cold water could be circulated when required, so as to cool the chamber. In the roof were fixed three electric fans, one big and two small, by means of which the air of the chamber could be stirred. The chamber held approximately 3 centimeters of air. In one class of experiments we shut within the chamber seven or eight students for about half an hour, and observed the effect of the confined atmosphere upon them. We kept them until the  $\text{CO}_2$  reached 3 to 4 per cent., and the oxygen had fallen to 17 to 16 per cent. The wet-bulb temperature rose meanwhile to about  $80^{\circ}$  to  $85^{\circ}$  F., and the dry bulb a degree or two higher. The students went in chatting and laughing, but by-and-by, as the temperature rose, they ceased to talk and their faces became flushed and moist. To relieve the monotony of the experiment we have watched them trying to light a cigarette, and, puzzled by their matches going out, borrowing others, only in vain. They had not sensed the diminution of oxygen, which fell below 17 per cent. Their breathing was deepened by the high percentage of  $\text{CO}_2$ , but no headache occurred in any of them from the short exposure. Their discomfort was relieved to an astonishing extent by putting on the electric fans placed in the roof. Whilst the air was kept stirred the students were not affected by the oppressive atmosphere. They begged for the fans to be put on when they were cut off. The same old stale air containing 3 to 4 per cent.  $\text{CO}_2$  and

16 to 17 per cent. O<sub>2</sub> [ozone] was whirled, but the movement of the air gave relief because the air was 80° to 85° F. (wet bulb), while the air enmeshed in their clothes in contact with their skin was 98° to 99° F., wet bulb. If we outside breathed through a tube the air in the chamber we felt none of the discomfort which was being experienced by those shut up inside. Similarly, if one of those in the chamber breathed through a tube the pure air outside he was not relieved."

The increased percentage of carbonic acid and diminution of oxygen which has been found to exist in badly ventilated churches, schools, theaters, barracks and the like, is such that it can have no effect upon the ratio and occurrence of respiratory diseases or a death rate which statistical evidence has shown to exist among persons living in crowded and unventilated rooms.

The conditions of temperature, moisture and windless atmosphere in such places primarily diminish the heat loss and secondarily the heat production, that is to say, the activity of the occupant. The whole building up or metabolism of the body is thus carried out upon a lower plane. The nervous system and the tone of the body are unstimulated because of the monotonous, warm and motionless air. If hard work has to be done, it is done under conditions of strain. The number of disease-producing organisms is increased in such places and these two conditions run together—diminished immunity and increased mass influence of infecting bacteria.

The volume of blood passing through and of water evaporating from the respiratory mucous membrane must have a great influence on the mechan-

isms which protect this tract from bacterial infection. While too wet an atmosphere lessens evaporation, a hot, dry atmosphere dries up the mucous membrane. The temperature, too, must have a great influence on the scavenger activity of the white blood cells in the mucous membrane of the nose.

"Infection runs around. The history of hospital gangrene and its abolition by the aseptic methods of Lister—likewise the history of insect-born disease—show the great importance of cleanliness in crowded and much occupied rooms. The essentials required of any good system of ventilation are then (1) movement, coolness, proper degree of relative moisture of the air; (2) reduction of the mass influence of pathological bacteria. The chemical purity of the air is of very minor importance, and will always be adequately insured by attendance to the essentials."

## A MEDICAL VINDICATION OF THE MODERN BANQUET

**D**INNER as a social institution has been so sedulously attacked by gastronomic experts in recent years that the banquet has been held responsible for many untimely deaths of public men. One of the most conspicuous statesmen in America was said to have been killed by dining out. The consumption of course after course upon a menu is held by various authorities to be inconsistent with long life and even with continued health.

Now all these notions, according to Doctor R. S. Levenson, writing in *The California Medical and Surgical Reporter*, are based more or less upon delusion. Discoveries in the physiology of digestion during the past dozen years do not discredit the modern dinner, he says. They vindicate it. Man has unconsciously established a routine of courses in the dinner that takes thoro cognizance of the physiological principles upon which digestion is founded. Take, for instance, the elaborate gowns worn by the women and the evening suits by the men, the floral decorations and the music. There is no doubt that each of these items serves the purpose of composing a generally favorable stage setting for digestion. It has been shown in recent years that the moods created by these details have a directly favorable bearing upon the performance of the digestive function.

"Coming now to a consideration of the composition of the meal itself, think how frequently the first course consists of some article of food which appeals forcibly to our sense of smell, as caviar, sardellen, anchovies, or smoked salmon. This practice is, of course, in accord with the principles of digestion first thoroly investigated by Parlow, who showed in his wonderful series of experiments that the

most potent factors in the production of a favorable flow of gastric juice are stimuli which appeal to the various special senses, chiefly smell and taste. Moreover, the taste of these articles as well as others commonly employed as one of the introductory courses of a meal, such as oyster, lobster, clam, or crab cocktail, salads, and the various relishes, is such as to appeal forcibly to the sense of taste and thus produce an abundant flow of 'psychical' gastric juice. The importance of the psychical influence of these articles of food will, I think, be at once appreciated by most individuals if they but think for a moment of such articles and note the ready flow of saliva which ensues. Tho without any noteworthy amount of nutritive value, such foods are of great importance in digestion on account of their influence in inaugurating the flow of gastric juice.

"The second course in the usual dinner menu is soup, and here we again find substantial physiological reasons for its being placed where it is. Here also we are indebted to Parlow for the discovery of the fact that the only other stimulus to the flow of gastric juice besides the various appeals to the special senses is a chemical one, and the most potent factors inducing this flow of chemical gastric juice are the meat extractives, which, of course, are the principal components of broths and soups. We thus see that there is a definite physiological reason for the introduction of broths and soups into the early stages of the meal."

This brings us to the entrée. The entrée which usually follows the soup apparently serves the rather negative purpose of merely consuming time for the acid gastric juice to be secreted in sufficient quantity to be in readiness for the reception of the next and, from a gastric standpoint, the most important course of the meal—the meat course. So far as gastric digestion is concerned, proteids, as represented by the meat, are the most important ar-

ticles of the meal. It is the digestion of these for which we may consider the previous gastric activity to have been in preparation.

Dessert is usually composed of entirely different food stuffs from those of the earlier courses. Carbohydrate preparations of frozen foods (chiefly of milk or cream, water, fruit flavors and sugar) compose the desserts usually found on the modern menu. Here again physiological research gives us an excellent reason for the placing of these articles at the end of the meal. Until within recent years, the general medical as well as lay view of the stomach made it a large hollow organ which by a vigorous churning movement mixed together all the food stuffs introduced into it. When this conglomeration was sufficiently churned, the stomach was supposed to expel the mixture into the duodenum:

"To-day we know that this is quite incorrect. Instead of there being a general admixture of all the matter taken into the stomach, there is a layer-like arrangement in which the material first introduced takes a peripheral position next to the gastric mucosa, that subsequently introduced taking a more and more central position. Only the material which lies next to the gastric mucous membrane is acted upon by the gastric juice; when the latter agent has sufficiently acidified and peptonized this, the slow wavy peristalsis of the fundus moves this peripheral portion into the pyloric antrum and thus the next layer comes into contact with the mucosa.

"According to this process, the food last taken into the stomach is thus placed most centrally and is in this way protected from the action of the acid gastric juice for as long as several hours. It is this fact which gives us the reason for the carbohydrate food stuffs being placed at the end of the meal."

# Religion and Ethics

## THE RETURN OF THE GODS

**A**SIGNIFICANT reaction from materialistic and mechanistic conceptions of life is traced by a number of recent writers. John Burroughs, in *The North American Review*, calls the movement "the new vitalism." He hails Bergson as its prophet, and claims Sir Oliver Lodge and Profesor Arthur Thompson, of Aberdeen University, as two of its most forceful exponents. Charles Leonard Moore, of the *Chicago Dial*, speaks of "the return of the gods," and compares the present tendency with the

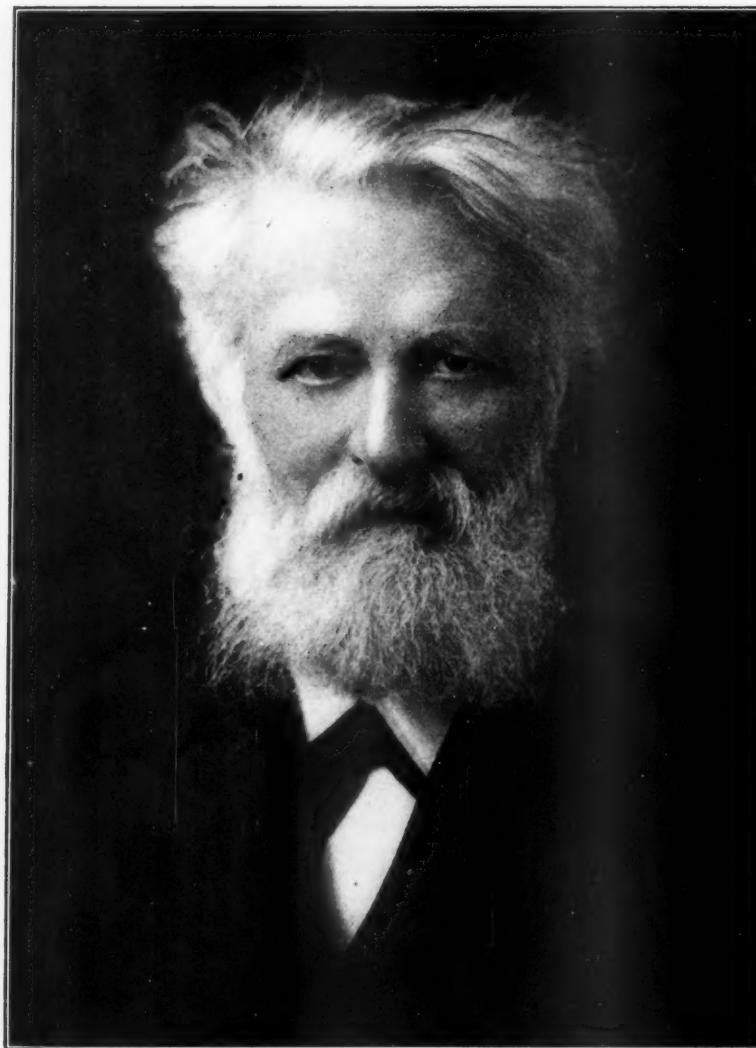
restoration of the gods of the Vedas in India after eight or ten centuries of Buddhistic agnosticism. "For fifty years or more," he says, "the Gorgon head of Evolution has turned the heart and soul of man to stone. Caught in a mechanical determinism, mankind has lost its freedom—the fluidity which before yielded to all impulses of religion, poetry and art. If it tried to escape in philosophy, it found that philosophy was fixed in an iron system of concepts which opened only on nihilism." But now all this is changed or changing:

"The world has become aware of two great thinkers, Eucken in Germany and Bergson in France, who have certainly given a new movement to thought, and who may possibly herald a new era. To a large extent their philosophies run parallel. But Eucken's tends more in the direction of religion, Bergson's more towards an underlying metaphysic."

The writer goes on to offer a fascinating history of the genesis of Bergson's philosophy. As Lamarck, St. Hilaire, Goethe, the elder Darwin and Tennyson put forth Darwinian ideas before the theory was formulated, so Bergsonism, it seems, has been in the air for a long time. Mr. Moore tells us that he has found the germs of Bergson's ideas in our own Edgar Allan Poe. The opening pages of "Eureka" consist of a denunciation of the rival methods of deduction and induction in their boastful claims to be the sole roads to truth, and the suggestion of a third process, intuition, as a short cut across the fields. Here are Poe's exact words: "It seems to me that we require something like a mental gyration on the heel. We need so rapid a revolution of all things about the point of sight that, while the minutiae vanish altogether, even the more conspicuous objects blend into one." Cardinal Newman's "illative sense," the faculty which recognizes propositions before they are stated and resolves problems without logic, is, in Mr. Moore's eyes, only intuition under another name. Schopenhauer's "Will," in some of its aspects, resembles intuition, and Nietzsche's illumination of the Dionysian myth is a step in the same direction. Von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious" offers a genuine basis for the new method, which Bergson exhibits with so much grace of style and richness of illustration that the general reader may be tempted for once to say with Milton:

How charming is divine philosophy,  
Not harsh and rugged as dull fools suppose,  
But a perpetual feast of nectared sweets  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

But is Bergson's philosophy true? Will it work? Mr. Moore replies: "Like most systems, it is a strong fortress hanging in air. If we can only win to it we shall be safe. But it requires a leap. It requires as strong an act of faith as Kant calls for after he



Courtesy of *The Congregationalist*

### THE APOSTLE OF A NEW SPIRITUAL RENAISSANCE

Rudolf Eucken, of the University of Jena, has come to America as an exchange professor, and is now lecturing at Harvard University.

had broken down the bridge between the phenomenal and the noumenal." The argument proceeds:

"Yet it is unquestionably true that life is more than mind, more than the concepts of that mind, more than the language in which those concepts are couched. We ought to be able to place ourselves in immediate contact with the eternal duration, the continuing creation, the *élan vital*. But the trouble is, if we do so we have no means of communicating the fact to others. Intelligible communication can only take effect by means of concepts and language. We might each one of us become isolated like a Dancing Dervish in our own ecstasy. Perhaps if we transcend sensations, concepts, the unit of apperception, the final self, we may not even know we are in ecstasy.

"But in spite of Bergson's very effective criticism of intellectualism and naturalism, he does not really want to prorog or abolish those ever hostile but still confederated powers of existence. He simply wants to introduce a third force which will vitalize them. Every religious enthusiast, every poet, every artist, knows that this force—call it intuition, inspiration or intoxication—is the thing that he must rely on for the best that he can do. It is the something not himself which, after he has labored and struggled and assembled his materials, comes in a flash as it were and makes his work valuable. The minds of poets have more than any others been the paths for this unearthly influence. The 'divine frenzy,' the 'divine fire,' have always been terms applied to these seizures. The Greeks in their Dionysian myth tried to give a wider effect to this power by a cult of intoxication."

The chief value of the new philosophy, for Mr. Moore, lies in its liberation of the human mind in this direction. He concludes:

"It is a justification of religion, poetry, art, all the imaginative and emotional



FEMINISM'S NEW PROPHETESS

Dora Marsden, editor of the London *FreeWoman*, has injected a new and egotistic note into the woman's movement.

products of our nature. These have been in danger of being killed off by the general acceptance of mechanical naturalism. If, as in India, the gods come back, they will bring with them all the fresh warm

feelings and great imaginations from which spring poetry and the arts. There will be

One common wave of hope and joy  
Lifting mankind again."

## A FEMINIST DISCIPLE OF NIETZSCHE

THE feminist movement has evolved its superwoman; or, rather, the superwoman is the ultimate expression of that new philosophy of feminism preached by the very latest prophetess, Dora Marsden, in her daring "humanist" review, the London *FreeWoman*. With its mid-October issue, *The FreeWoman* ceased temporarily to exist, but we shall probably witness its reappearance shortly in a still more arresting form—as a "significant and compelling sign," to quote Frances Maule Björkman in *The Forum*, "of new developments taking place within the woman movement." John Galsworthy and Francis Grierson contributed to its columns. H. G. Wells was not only a contributor, but a "constant reader." The editorials won the applause of

Havelock Ellis and the respectful attention of Bernard Shaw. The extraordinary young editor, Mrs. Björkman remarks, "shot into the philosophic firmament as a star of the first magnitude. Altho practically unknown except as a settlement worker and a suffragist before the advent of *The FreeWoman* in November, 1911, she speaks always with the quietly authoritative air of the writer who has arrived." Her amazing staff reviewer is a girl of eighteen.

*The FreeWoman* has voiced a philosophy as egoistic and undemocratic as Nietzsche's. It discards the ordinary. The difficult and dangerous creed by reason of which it exists will be rejected to-day, says Dora Marsden, by three women out of every four. It is to this fourth woman that she addresses

herself, and in whom she foresees the spiritual regenerator of her kind. *The FreeWoman* has met with the frightened hostility of English suffragists, particularly the Pankhurstian militants, for whom Dora Marsden was, at one time, a most intrepid organizer and martyr. She is now one of the sharpest critics of their autocratic organization, their moral conventionalism, and the "conspiracy of silence" which they have built up and maintained concerning the basic interests of the woman movement. The truth seems to be, Mrs. Björkman points out, that the editor of *The FreeWoman* is "spiking the suffragists' game." To quote at length:

"The suffragists, both in England and America, have been trying all these years to convince the public that they were asking to be free only in order that they

might serve the more effectively. This is the keynote of the most modern of the suffrage literature and the theme of every suffrage 'soap-boxer.'

"Nor is this attitude confined to the suffragists. The women who have won nation-wide recognition for their social services—the Jane Addamses and Florence Kelleys—show that their demand for wider opportunities for women is based on their appreciation of women's untapped capacity for 'usefulness.' Even the prophetesses and philosophers of feminine revolt—more radical because less concerned with the immediate accomplishment of definite ends—have preached 'service'—widened and exalted almost beyond recognition, but still service—as the ideal aim of a free womanhood—whether it be the 'world service of the social mother' with the self-conscious purpose 'to feed and clothe and teach the human race,' envisioned by Charlotte Perkins Gilman; whether the exalted and spiritualized personal service of home and man and child insisted upon with such passionate fervor by Ellen Key; or whether the toil with hand and brain in every field of human endeavor which the poetic vision of Olive Schreiner saw as the necessary condition to the preservation of race virility.

"Then came *The Freewoman* with the incredible heresy that all this was deception—albeit largely unconscious—and that the woman movement was nothing if not an effort on the part of women to lift themselves forever out of the 'servant' class and to place themselves definitely and finally among the 'masters'—using their faculties, like all masters, for the upbuilding and development of their own personalities and the advancement of their own personal aims."

Dora Marsden's introductory editorial, which is now being circulated in pamphlet form by American suffragists, bears the significant title of "Bond-women." The writer, of course, has read Nietzsche and Stirner. So have other women. But not one of them has thus unflinchingly applied the egoistic philosophy to the woman movement. We quote as follows:

"Bondwomen are distinguished from Freewomen by a spiritual distinction. Bondwomen are the women who are not separate spiritual entities—who are not individuals. They are complements merely. By habit of thought, by form of activity, and largely by preference, they round off the personality of some other individual, rather than create or cultivate their own. Most women, as far back as we have any record, have fitted into this conception, and it has borne itself out in instinctive working practice.

"And in the midst of all this there comes a cry that woman is an individual, and that because she is an individual she must be set free. It would be nearer the truth to say that if she is an individual she is free, and will act like those who are free. The doubtful aspect in the situation is as to whether women are or can be individuals—that is, free—and whether there is not danger, under the circumstances, in labelling them free, thus giving them the liberty of action which is

allowed to the free. It is this doubt and fear which is behind the opposition which is being offered the vanguard of those who are 'asking for' freedom. It is the kind of fear which an engineer would have in guaranteeing an arch equal to a strain above its strength. The opponents of the Freewomen are not actuated by spleen or by stupidity, but by dread. This dread is founded upon ages of experience with a being who, however well loved, has been known to be an inferior."

Women's intelligence and women's judgments, in the larger affairs of life, have always been regarded with more or less secret contempt by men, Dora Marsden maintains. It is the natural contempt which a higher order feels for a lower, resting upon an honest and sound instinct, and a healthy thing for the would-be Freewoman to contemplate. "Women as a whole," she continues, "have shown nothing save 'servant' attributes. All those activities which presuppose the master qualities, the standard-making, the law-giving, the moral-framing, belong to men. Religions, philosophies, legal codes, standards in morals, canons in art have all issued from men, while women have been the 'followers,' 'believers,' the 'law-abiding,' the 'moral,' the conventionally admiring. They have been the administrators, the servants, living by borrowed precept, receiving orders, doing hodmen's work. For note, the some men must be servants, all women are servants, and all the masters are men. That is the difference and distinction."

Women's very virtues are those of the servant class, according to this inexorable logic. They are long-suffering; they are adaptable, dutiful and faithful. Their capacity for self-sacrifice is unlimited. Even in matters of sex, which are admitted to be their particular concern, they "recognize intuitively that men *think* more, they pay their homage as from a lower to a higher authority, by allowing men to frame their standards even in morals."

Women, moreover, are here deprived even of the poor consolation that some time in the dim, dark ages they were "crushed down" into the secondary position by brutal man. "If they were not 'down' in themselves—i. e., weaker in mind—no equal force could have crushed them down," says Dora Marsden. "There can be no over-reaching in the long run with mind. In the long run, mind plays on its own merits. It can neither receive nor give quarter. Those who are 'down' are inferior. When change takes place in the thing itself—i. e., when it becomes equal or superior—by the nature of its own being it rises. So woman, if ever equal, must have sunk on the ground of inferiority."

The suffragists take their stand upon this weakness in the conditions of women, Dora Marsden asserts. Are women not weak? Are they not crushed down

and in need of protection? Give them therefore the political means wherewith they may be protected. This, she says, is the burden of suffrage oratory. But the cult of the freewoman, while granting this in part, further declares: "In spite of our position, we feel within us the stirrings of new powers and of growing strength. If we can secure scope, opportunity, and responsibility, we feel we can make realizable to the world a new revelation of spiritual consciousness. We feel we can produce new evidence of creative force, which, when allowed its course, will encompass developments sufficiently great to constitute a higher development in the evolution of the human race and of human achievement."

In an editorial on "The New Morality," Dora Marsden further maintains that men as a sex are pagan, and that they never have been Christian. Women, on the contrary, are wholly Christian, having assimilated the entire genius of Christianity. We quote in conclusion:

"The ideal of conduct which men have followed has been one of self-realization, tempered by a broad principle of equity, which has been translated into practice by means of a code of laws. A man's desire and ideal has been to satisfy the wants which the consciousness of his several senses gives rise to. His vision of attainment has, therefore, been a sensuous one, and if in his desire for attainment he has transgressed the law, his transgression has set but lightly upon him. A law is an objective thing, laid upon a man's will from outside. It does not enter the inner recesses of consciousness as does a religion. It is nothing more than a body of prohibitions and commands, which can be obeyed, transgressed, or evaded with little injury to the soul. With women moral matters have been wholly different. Resting for support upon a religion, *their* moral code has received its sanction and force from within. It has thus laid hold upon consciousness with a far more tenacious grip. Their code being subjective, transgression has meant a darkening of the spirit, a sullying of the soul. Thus the doctrine of self-renunciation, which is the outstanding feature of Christian ethics, has had the most favorable circumstances to ensure its realization, and with women it has won completely—so completely that it now exerts its influence unconsciously. Seeking the realization of the will of others, and not their own, women have almost lost the instinct for self-realization, the instinct for achievement in their own persons. They have lost much, but they have gained something, which constitutes what has come to be looked upon as a full compensation, and what is certainly the highest manifestation of spiritual intimacy known to the world. We refer to the development of women's intuitive faculty, a sixth sense for the cognition of psychic phenomena. Through this sense, women will make their greatest revelation of life-manifestation to the world. By means of it, they will push open the door of the super-world."

## WILL FREER DIVORCE COME IN ENGLAND?

**D**IVORCE has become a burning issue in England as a result of the recent publication of the majority and minority reports of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes appointed by the late King Edward. The findings of the Commission are both praised and damned. *Justice*, the London Socialist paper, seems to voice the sentiments of the radical public when it says that the new recommendations are "useful and common-sense." *The Guardian*, the Anglican weekly, on the other hand, protests vigorously against proposals which it regards as "outrageous and utterly subversive of public morality." The end of the controversy is not yet in sight.

The Divorce Commission consists of fourteen members. The Archbishop of York; Sir Frederick Treves, the great surgeon; Thomas Burt, the labor leader; Lord Gorell, ex-President of the Divorce Court; J. A. Spender, editor of *The Westminster Gazette*; Lady Frances Balfour, and Mrs. Harold Tennant, all appear on the list. They have held scores of sittings and examined hundreds of witnesses. The conclusions to which, as a majority, they have come are summed up in the following statement:

The two sexes should be on an equal footing as regards divorce.

Divorce should be obtainable on the following grounds:—

1. Adultery.
2. Desertion for three years and upwards.
3. Cruelty.
4. Incurable insanity, after five years' confinement.
5. Habitual drunkenness, found incurable after three years.
6. Imprisonment under a commuted death sentence.

Facilities should be given for hearing divorce cases in courts throughout the country in cases where the joint income of man and wife does not exceed £300 and their property does not exceed £250.

Power should be given to declare marriages null in cases

- (a) Of unsound mind.
- (b) Of epilepsy and recurrent insanity.
- (c) Of specific disease.
- (d) When a woman is in a condition which renders marriage a fraud upon the husband.
- (e) Of wilful refusal to perform the duties of marriage.

Restriction should be placed on the publication of divorce reports, and no publication should be allowed till after the case is finished.

Judges should hear divorce cases without a jury.

A minority of three, headed by the Archbishop of York, has issued a report of which the main features are these:

The minority agree that there should be equality of the sexes.

They recommend emphatically that the grounds of divorce should not be extended.

They agree that there should be local divorce courts with facilities to the poor, but not on a scale so extensive as the majority recommend.

They agree that marriages should be rendered null on the grounds (a) to (e) set out above.

They agree in limiting the publication of reports.

They agree that a man should be presumed dead after a continual absence without communication for seven years.

It will be seen that there is an important area of common ground between the two reports. Both recommend cheaper divorce courts and an equal footing of the sexes in respect of divorce. If only these two reforms are achieved, comments the New York *Evening Post*, the labors of the Commission will have been justified.

The majority report, which proposes to increase the grounds for divorce from one (adultery) to six, is, of course, the liberal document of the two, and it is in connection with the majority recommendations that most discussion has been aroused. *The Guardian*, in expressing its disapproval of the proposed changes, holds up America as an awful example. It says:

"We are satisfied that no one of the five additional grounds for the legal dissolution of marriage can be justified by any argument or series of arguments that will hold water. The recommendations are based upon a supposed popular demand for increased facilities for divorce, but the minority report, signed by men who heard the as yet unpublished evidence, declares that the testimony taken by the Commission does not bear out the belief. But even if it did it would be impossible to accept solutions of the problem which would strike a deadly blow at the purity and stability of family life, set aside some of the most solemn warnings of religion, and approximate the English law of divorce to that which obtains in many States of the American Union, where the percentage of dissolutions of marriage is forty-three times what it is in England and Wales. Now that it is almost too late, America perceives the terrible mistake she has made in loosening the fundamental tie of society."

The London *Times* hastens to affirm in the clearest and most comprehensive terms its approval of the views of the minority; and *The Spectator* observes:

"No one will doubt the sincerity and high-minded intentions of those who recommend in the report a considerable alteration of the law. They are conscious, just as we are ourselves conscious, of the hardship and misery suffered by some persons under their present inability to dissolve disastrous unions. They want to relieve those persons of their misery. In these circumstances we have no thought of suspecting or criticizing the motives of those who have drawn up the majority report. We are certain that they are admirable. The only question for us is whether the considerable changes which are recommended by the majority would not in the long run do more harm than good. We cannot help feeling that this would be the result. We state our opinion with great reluctance, for we should like to be able to accept the majority report. We admit and deplore the existence of hard cases—some of them terribly hard; but the old principle remains true in an imperfect world that hard cases make bad law. The point of first importance for the nation is to preserve the basis of the family, which is a monogamous union dissoluble only by death or by an essential breach of the marriage contract by sexual unfaithfulness. If once grounds of divorce other than an essential breach of the contract are acknowledged there will be no rational halting-place till the terribly logical conclusion is reached that a man and woman can dissolve their union simply because they find themselves unhappy while living together."

These and similar expressions of opinion in the leading English papers make it clear that there is little likelihood of the recommendations of the Commission being enacted into law for the present. *The Outlook* (London) thinks that no Government for a long time yet will venture on more divorce experiments than can be defended by citing the agreement of the two antagonistic parties. It continues:

"The majority and minority each deduce their own opposite opinions from the evidence. If legislation is to be imposed on the authority of the intellectual for the government of the commonalty, there ought at least to be not absolute disagreement. If the question is to be settled by the feeling amongst these non-intellectuals themselves, it would probably be found that on this, as on many other social questions even closely affecting them, there is not enough criticism of life amongst them to give rise to discontent. Very probably, as the minority say, there is no demand from them for an alteration of the law. One of the few points which the majority and the minority share in common is not to encourage divorce by simple consent of the parties. Yet it is impossible to deny that cruelty and desertion both lend themselves easily to a collusion which amounts to divorce by consent. It is a proposition supported by high judicial authority. The minority, therefore, may strongly appeal to all those who cling to the traditional view of life-marriage and claim that these are explosive forces which will shatter the prevalent idea of marriage. Until public opinion reaches the point of not being afraid of divorce by consent—and we need not say there is no sign of this happening—great changes in the divorce law cannot be introduced."

## OMINOUS SIGNS ON THE SPIRITUAL HORIZON

THE moral and sociological health of America has lately been diagnosed by two distinguished experts, with somewhat disconcerting results. Franklin H. Giddings, Professor of Sociology in Columbia University, tells us (in *The Independent*) that we are ineffective on the side of social control. "The normal functioning of society has broken down in the United States" is the startling way he puts it. In support of his statement he cites "the terrible figures of homicide," and statistics of occupations, of political affiliation and of membership in religious denominations which show "diminishing restraint upon the individual." This nation of ours, Professor Giddings remarks ironically, is the biggest thing going—in some ways. We hold many records. A new one has just been published, and it shows that in disregard of human life no other big nation this side of Russia can touch us:

"England and Wales are content to get along with a homicide rate of 0.9 per 100,000 of population per annum. We beat that with an excess of 6.22, or a rate of 6.5 for the registration area. Boston, a little bit behind the rest of us, has a rate of only 4.8. Brooklyn, a slow place, has a rate of only 3.6, and Milwaukee hardly worth noticing, a rate of only 2.8. But Manhattan and the Bronx show up very well with a rate of 6.9. Chicago beats us with a rate of 9.1, and San Francisco with a rate of 10.4.

"The South, as we cheerfully acknowledge, is the banner section. New Orleans has a rate of 24.1; Atlanta a rate of 29.8; Nashville a rate of 35.3; Savannah a rate of 37.8; Charleston a rate of 32.3, and Memphis a rate of 63.4. Washington, D. C., very properly has a fairly representative rate of 9.2, intermediate between the rates of the Northern and those of the Southern cities. The average rate for thirty cities, North and South, is 8.3."

These figures cover the year 1911, and were collected by the well known insurance actuary and statistician, Mr. E. C. Hoffman, who makes the comment upon them that they are "not compatible with the common assumption that actual progress is being made in the United States in all that is summed up under the term civilization and national welfare."

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, former President of Brown University, supplements this indictment in *The International Journal of Ethics*. His article is entitled "The Decline of Culture," and by culture he means "the appreciation, not contemplative alone but active and efficient, of the non-economic values." It is not identical with virtue, he proceeds, but involves that. "It covers enlightenment, breadth, open-mindedness, chivalry, honor, generosity, magnanimity, justice, gentleness, devotion to principle, the courage of one's con-

vinctions, power to sustain, without courting it, loneliness, resisting popular clamors and mob movements whether plebeian or patrician."

That this kind of culture is declining in America is Dr. Andrews' profound conviction. He complains, in particular, that old-fashioned American individualism is disappearing. "In this age so rich in invention," he says, "everything breeds uniformity. Science enables us to multiply infinitely all the things we invent and to throw them upon the market with cheapening profusion. Vulgarization debases all the arts." Shallow people may laugh at New England provincialism and berate the South for being solid, but Dr. Andrews rejoices that so much local apartness survives.

"Centralization annuls not only the baneful and narrow in particularism but, worse still, its sap and vigor. The ponderous paving rollers of industrialism, bureaucracy, and fashion pass over society, crushing out originality and flattening individuals into specimens. Local manners, costumes, provincial songs and idioms disappear. Railway lines, depots, hotels, and theaters resemble each other like brothers. Towns and villages, drained, debilitated, each shorn of its individuality, are but the feeble images of cities.

"Where in such a world can character, originality, the will to strike into new paths, get foothold? How can anyone take on an individual physiognomy? You must imitate. You must wear the ruling style of hat and coat, and tie your cravat in the latest knot, or you are a boor. Individuals are no longer turned out, but human samples,—by the dozen, by the gross. The stereotyped eyeglass, cane, gait, handshake, salutation, suggest automatons. You look for some factory stamp upon the lot. Fashion determines manners and ideas in the same way. Ruts form and grow deeper and deeper. People come to prefer herd-life. Out of it they are lost. They no longer attach value save to things they have seen, heard, or tasted in common. 'It was bad, —no one had it.' 'It was superb; they were tumbling over each other to get it.' To many a man 'You're a liar' seems less an insult than 'You're queer.'"

It is doubtful, Dr. Andrews thinks, whether the scientific mind is holding its own. "Superstition not unlike belief in ghosts is still wide-spread and rank. Ideas of prayer as irrational as fetish worship have immense vogue among the people." The processes called divine healing, mental healing and faith-cure doubtless have a basis in recognized laws, but, for Dr. Andrews, they indicate, in large part, "superstition pure and simple." There is a wide remission of enthusiasm for humanity, he charges. "Honor is not unknown, but is relatively rarer than hitherto, less the rule. Promoting deals, stock manipulations, market-rig-

ging, in intent and in effect every whit as bad as highway robbery, occur daily, evoking no protest save the bleating of shorn lambs. Torts, crimes of cunning, secret vices, tricks, however immoral and cruel, that can be worked in accordance with law, and especially offenses against personal purity, are everywhere on the increase."

Dr. Andrews lays part of the blame for existing evils on "perverse education" and "depressing views of the world." He also has much to say of the danger of Socialism, which he evidently thinks, with Herbert Spencer, is to be a slavery:

"Leveling purpose is this moment rife. By great caravans of more or less intelligent persons human weal is to-day apprehended as if wholly calculable in terms of food and clothing. Large wealth-making, however honest, is decried as criminal. Men would build forth the social body utterly without regard to heterogeneity, allowing no place for the genius, the artist, the dreamer, the mugwump, the rebel. The church in its worst days never meditated rendering life so insipid. Involved in the iron orderliness which Socialism cannot but entail, any real man would cry out with Walt Whitman:

O for something pernicious and dread,  
Something far away from a puny and  
pious life,  
Something unproved, something in a  
trance,  
Something escaped from the anchorage  
and driving free."

Professor Giddings, despite his approach to the whole subject from a somewhat different angle, may be said to agree with Dr. Andrews in feeling that, at the present stage of our national development, "governmentalism" and centralization are signs of weakness. He says:

"Social pressure is a product of mental and moral homogeneity, or likemindedness, in the population. Men that think and feel alike arrive at common conclusions; they look at their problems in much the same way; they can get together; they can cooperate; they can shape a consistent social or public policy and carry it out. Men extremely diverse and unequal, having back of them differing experiences and traditions, looking at life in conflicting ways, can do none of these things, or can do them only with great difficulty, and imperfectly. As a fact of history, extremely heterogeneous populations invariably do one or the other of two things: they evolve a highly centralized and powerful government, which holds them in order with a despotic hand, or they fall into social and moral anarchy. Mexico, within the memory of men now living, has done both."

"It is useless to deny or try to disguise the fact that our present tendency in the United States is toward anarchy in all those fields of human interest which we have not yet brought under the iron hand

of our central Government. It is useless to deny that we have here the real cause of a powerful movement to extend enormously the functions of our central Government, and to bring an increasingly large part of our life interests under authoritative administrative control.

"It is a momentous change, and it is

no wonder that thoughtful men are disturbed by it. But to the scientific sociologist there is no mystery in it. On one side of his statistical exhibit our appalling homicide rate, on the other side of the exhibit the haste with which we are turning over all sorts of interests to governmental control, are scientific measures of

the price we must pay for our idealistic attempt to mingle in one political aggregate, first, antagonistic races, and, secondly, the most miscellaneous assortment of nationalities, standards of living, religious, moral and political traditions, temperaments and opinions, ever nominally combined as a single people."

## EXTRAVAGANCE AS A VIRTUE

**T**HAT "the non-saver is now a higher type than the saver" is the unconventional doctrine enunciated by Professor Simon N. Patten, of the chair of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Patten elaborated the idea in a recent much-discussed address in the Spring Garden Unitarian Church, Philadelphia. He argued, in effect:

"The non-saver of earlier generations was an extravagant individual without family ties or social motives. Non-saving to-day is a budgetary pressure forcing alterations in the family expenditures. The non-saver is now a higher type of a man than the saver, just as the saver was an elevation of type above the extravagance of more primitive men. This higher family aims to create a flow of income to enjoy and not an accumulating fund for future support. Its striking effects are manifest in the pressure to reduce the birth rate and to delay marriage. The budgetary equilibrium is attained not by reducing expenditures but by elevating the family to a higher social status where more efficiency produces the needed income."

Professor Patten advised working girls to borrow money, if need be, in order to be well dressed and to advance themselves socially and in business. "I tell my students," he said, "to spend all that they have and borrow more and spend that. It is foolish for persons to scrimp and save. It is argued that they are endeavoring to put something aside for a rainy day for old age. But it is not the individual's place to do this. It is the community's." The Professor explained further:

"Were it not for the fact that the girls who comprise the industrial classes crave the very best things in this world the sociological problem would be difficult to master. Every girl who earns her own living wants the best that money can buy, and if she does not get them by reason of her own labor then she is simply following the laws of nature when she resorts to other measures to obtain the things that other better dressed women have.

"It is no evidence of loose morality when a stenographer, earning eight or ten dollars a week, appears dressed in clothing that takes nearly all of her earnings to buy. It is a sign of her growing moral development, and the well-dressed working girl constitutes a tremendous influence for good and she is the backbone of many a happy home that is prospering under

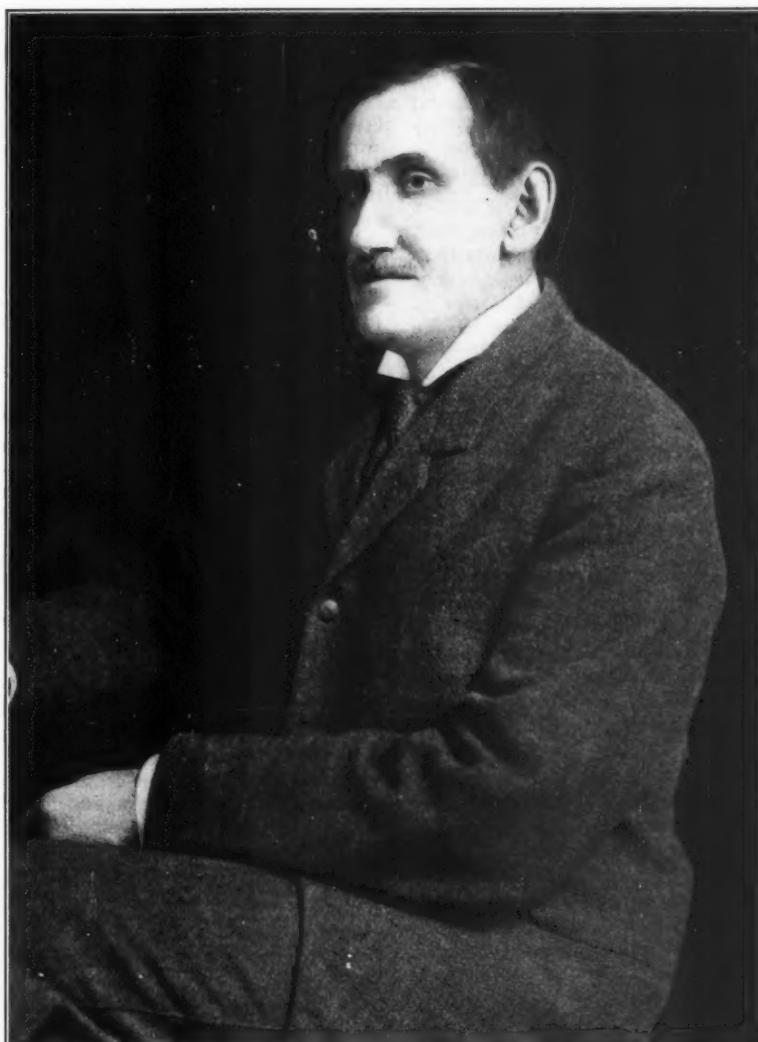
the influence that she is exerting over the household.

"It is as important for her to be neat and well dressed as it is for her to be accomplished about her work. Her employer is the first to notice her clothes, and when she appears prosperous and dressed with taste and dignity, her salary will soon be raised until she is earning half as much again as she was when she began her employment at small wages."

All this has led to excited comment. One lady in Professor Patten's audience challenged his statements as "absolutely untrue" from the floor of the house. Another lady, Winifred Black,

observes, in the *New York American*, with biting irony: "It won't do, Professor, it won't do, really it won't. You'll have to get hold of the rising generation and teach them this new philosophy of yours. The generation you're talking to now is too deep in crime and ignorance and wicked self-sacrifice to heed you." A third commentator, an editorial writer in the *Toledo Blade*, declares:

"Dr. Patten's advice and his explanation of that advice are interesting, extremely so. It seems, however, that a few details—perhaps unimportant in building a popular lecture, but quite essential to the



HE SAYS IT IS FOOLISH TO SCRIMP AND SAVE

Professor Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, advises working girls to borrow money, if necessary, in order to be well dressed and to advance themselves socially and in business.

working girls themselves—are lacking in the scheme.

"Borrow the money, forsooth! How, and where? At a national bank upon security of a promise to pay if her employer raises her wages? Or from the ten-per-cent.-a-month loan shark who might be induced to take an assignment of the meager wage she already receives?

"Dr. Patten continues that 'it is no evidence of loose morality when a stenographer, earning eight or ten dollars a week, appears dressed in clothing that takes nearly all her money to buy. It is a sign of her growing moral development.'

"Practical sociologists do not have to delve very deeply into the facts to ascertain that few working girls who depend solely upon wages can spend \$400 to \$500 a year for clothes to exhibit signs of growing moral development. At that price, moral development would be out of the question for most of them. And then how about mental and physical development, or even bodily sustenance? Spending 'nearly all her income for clothes,' it must be pre-supposed that free board, medicine, street car tickets and laundry work all fit nicely into the Pennsylvania professor's scheme of things to develop work-

ing girls morally and advance their wages.

"It would seem that about the only working girls who can make use of Dr. Patten's advice are those who work only for 'pin money,' boarding free at home and who might borrow the money from rich relatives to 'give signs of moral development' in clothes at \$500 a year to induce employers to raise their wages. And these well-dressed pin-money girls are too frequently the very ones who keep down the wage of others who must be self-supporting and, in some cases, assist also widowed mothers and younger brothers and sisters."

## THE NEW REALISM—A PHILOSOPHY OF DISILLUSIONMENT

**M**ANY counterblasts against the mystical and vitalistic views of life engendered by Bergson and his allies are coming not only from the biologists in books like Dr. Jacques Loeb's "The Mechanistic Conception of Life" and Dr. Stéphane Leduc's "Mechanism of Life" (which has recently been translated for English and American readers), but from philosophers as well, who are taking up the cudgels against what they consider an altogether too seductive and poetical mysticism. The polemical weapon these philosophers use is called "The New Realism"—a doctrine which has been brilliantly expounded in two recently published volumes.\* The new realism, it seems, is far more revolutionary than pragmatism or "Bergsonianism." For not only does it attack all theories of vitalism and mysticism: it attacks any and all forms of idealism, and all other anti-naturalistic forms of thought; it accepts almost completely the naturalism of the Loeb type; it dethrones mind and consciousness from the important position they have held in the history of philosophy and develops instead a view of consciousness which makes it not different in content from the rest of nature. Born as a polemic against existing philosophical schools, it is admittedly a philosophy of disillusionment.

The revolutionary nature of the new realism is perhaps most strikingly presented and summed up by Professor Walter B. Pitkin, of Columbia University, who urges that the ordinary methods of analysis and research pursued by natural scientists are rapidly yielding a coherent, adequate account of life and mind, without invoking either intuition or transcendent entities. "Realistic studies have by necessity been overwhelmingly polemical; but they should not continue so."

"Reconstruction must begin; and a theory of life and mind must be worked out which dispenses with the old, discredited categories of idealistic psychology, such as 'mental states,' 'subject-object polarity,' 'creative synthesis,' and the like. Now it is evident that the first steps to slough off these notions will be not only difficult, but full of strange writhings. They will be no less violent than an endeavor to exchange the parts of speech of one's native tongue, and to use nouns for adverbs, or adverbs for prepositions."

To the realist, the traditional philosophy is incorrigibly romantic. Realism rejects the doctrine that all things must be good or beautiful or spiritual in order to be at all. "It recognizes the being of things that are wholly non-spiritual," declares Professor Ralph Barton Perry, of Harvard University. "The universe, or collective totality of being, contains things good, bad and indifferent. But before one hastily concludes that realism discourages endeavor and discredits faith, one will do well to recall that there is a sense in which disillusionment is a source of power."

"Life has maintained itself and promoted its interests, in proportion as it has become aware of the actual character of its environment. It is the practical function of intelligence not to read goodness into the facts but to lay bare the facts in all their indifference and brutality; so that action may be contrived to fit them, to the end that goodness may prevail. Well doing is conditioned by clear seeing. The development of intelligence as an instrument of power has consisted mainly in freeing it from the importunity of ulterior motives, and in rendering it an organ of discovery, through which the native constitution of things is illuminated and brought within the range of action. Achievement means *taking advantage of things*; and it is the function of the intelligence to present things, roundly and fearlessly, so that they may serve advantage.

"The civilization of nature has passed *pari passu* with the abandonment of the notion that nature is predetermined to human needs, and the recognition that nature has odd and careless ways of its own. It is the discovery of the inde-

pendent mechanisms of nature that has put tools into the hands of man. The civilization of society has been served best by those who have been most clearly aware of its present failure. Similarly, within any field of individual endeavor, it is the sanguine or complacent temperament that is ineffective. It is the man who has no *illusions* of success that veritably succeeds—the man that measures with a cool eye the length he has to go and can audit his own accounts without over-estimating his assets.

"Realism proposes . . . that philosophy, like science, shall illuminate things in order that action may be invented that shall make them good. Philosophy must enable man to deal with and take advantage of his total environment, as science adapts him to his proximate physical environment."

Realism, continues Professor Perry, is a philosophy of disillusionment, but not one of disparagement or of discouragement. In the spirit of true enlightenment, it removes illusions only in order to lay bare the confronting occasion and the available resources of action. "Tho the race of mankind crawl upon the surface of a planet from which they have sprung, and tho their every action must comply with conditions imposed by a physical environment, it is not the less true that these actions exhibit the characters of civilization. They satisfy needs, carry out wishes, and progressively realize certain common and ideal aspirations."

One is not certain, however, that all the new realists are as optimistic for mankind as Professor Perry is. For he himself points out that the distinguished English realist, Mr. Bertrand Russell, infers that, "if man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving," it must follow that his life is "brief and powerless," that "on him and all his race the slow, sure, doom falls pitiless and dark." Mr. Russell's conclusion is quoted as follows: "For man . . . it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that enoble his little day; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain

\* THE NEW REALISM. Cooperative Studies in Philosophy. By Edwin B. Holt, Walter T. Marvin, William Pepperrell Montague, Ralph Barton Perry, Walter B. Pitkin, and Edward Gleason Spaulding. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRESENT PHILOSOPHICAL TENDENCIES, by Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power."

This is certainly a better philosophy than unthinking, complacent optimism, comments Professor Perry. But, he believes, even if religious optimism cannot be proven, its ideals may work and actually make things better, and he thinks it would be quite as difficult for Mr. Russell to prove that "all the labors

of the age, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the *débris* of a universe of ruins." Professor Perry himself reaches a more hopeful conclusion:

"There is nothing dispiriting in realism. It involves the acceptance of the given

situation as it is, with no attempt to think or imagine it already good. But it involves no less the conception of the reality and power of life. It is opposed equally to an idealistic anticipation of the victory of spirit, and to the naturalistic confession of the impotence of spirit. In this sense all bold and forward living is realistic. It involves a sense for things as they are, an ideal of things as they should be, and a determination that, through enlightened action, things shall in time come to be what they should be."

## SPINOZA'S ANTICIPATIONS OF THE MODERN MIND

**I**T WAS Heine who wittily said that all our modern philosophers "see through the glasses which Baruch Spinoza ground"; and seven recent books on Spinoza are cited by the Rev. M. Kaufmann, a writer in *The Quarterly Review*, as evidence of continuing interest in the great Jewish thinker who was born in Amsterdam in 1632, who was excommunicated and formally cursed by the Jews of his own day, but who lives on as a stimulus and an inspiration in the minds of men. "At no time, perhaps," Mr. Kaufmann observes, "has his influence been greater than at the present moment."

Spinoza was called by his enemies an atheist, but, as a matter of fact, he was anything but that. Novalis, indeed, has described him as the "God-intoxicated man," and Tennyson said that he is "so full of God that he sees Him everywhere." What brought Spinoza into conflict with the upholders of traditional beliefs was his natural interpretation of the Bible, his denial of miracles and of personal immortality, and his freedom of speculation generally.

The essence of Spinoza's system is stated in *The Quarterly Review* as follows:

"There is a universal substance which is God, the *causa immanens*, not the *causa transiens*. This is the origin of all things, the all-pervading force diffused throughout the universe, 'the one eternal unity.' This eternal and universal substance consists of an infinite number of attributes, each one expressing eternal and infinite being. The human mind itself is part of the infinite mind of God. Among the infinite number of attributes, infinitely modified, appertaining to the universal substance, only two, viz., extension and thought, are cognizable by the human intellect. These attributes in turn manifest themselves in modes, bodies being the modes of infinite extension; minds, ideas, are the modes of thought. In their relation to substance these modes are what the ruffled waves are to the sea in perpetual motion, i. e., never existing independently. Thus finite thought is a mode of infinite thought. Man is 'a spiritual automaton'; human passions and desires or appetites are so many modifications of effort at self-preservation or self-externalization, not acting freely, but de-

termined by the existing order of things. In short, man is only a link in the chain of natural sequences, the creature of circumstance and environment. The knowledge of this leads to resignation, which, added to virtue, considered as the power of maintaining one's own being, produces peace, unalterable acquiescence, tranquility of soul, the beatitude of moral freedom, the joy of self-conquest. It liberates man from the fear of death. In the consciousness of moral freedom, man thinks of nothing so rarely as of death; he has learned to look on all things in the light of eternity, i. e., the eternal order of things of which he forms a minute particle. Substance is the abyss which swallows up all individual existences."

"The good and the useful are identical; but, since nothing is more useful to man than man, the sovereign good of all must be the aim of each, and the duty of self-preservation is conditioned by the preservation of the social organism. Thus, throughout, the one is merged in the all, the transitory in the eternal, the accidental in the absolute existence of the universal substance which is God."

This amounts to a monistic conception of the universe, and it has appealed equally to philosophers, to scientists and to poets. When Emerson startled some young divinity students at Concord in 1853 by reading to them the essay on poetry in which he said, "There is one animal, one plant, one force," he strictly followed Spinoza's monism. A French critic has compared Spinoza's apprehension of the Deity with Pope's conception as expressed in the famous lines:

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

But this, we are told, is scarcely a true representation of the idea of God expressed in Spinoza's writings. He approaches rather the sentiment contained in Wordsworth's lines:

I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfuz'd,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;

A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

Coleridge shows the influence of Spinoza, and we may see traces of Spinozism in such passages of Shelley as:

Spirit of Nature! thou  
Life of interminable multitudes,  
Soul of those mighty spheres  
Whose changeless paths through heaven's deep silence lie.

Tennyson in his high pantheism, as in "Vastness," and William Blake were more or less indebted to Spinoza. The same is true of Francis Thompson in the lines:

O world invisible, we view thee;  
O world intangible, we touch thee;  
O world unknowable, we know thee;  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.

Goethe's "Faust" and his cycle of poems entitled "Gott und die Welt" owe much of their inspiration to the "penseur téméraire," the name given to Spinoza by the Encyclopedists, or "the Mephisto of the philosophical insurrection," as a later French critic calls him. The ethics of George Eliot, who translated Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-politicus" into English, bear evidence of the same influence; and in her picture of Mordecai she had Spinoza "in his spiritual loneliness" in mind. Mark Rutherford has helped to popularize Spinoza among English readers. Thomas Carlyle, George Meredith, our own John Fiske, all show something of Spinoza's spirit.

Spinoza has been hailed by Ernest Haeckel as the "new sun of realistic monism," but he was not a monistic materialist of Haeckel's own kind. "As a philosophical monist," Mr. Kaufmann writes, "he identifies the Deity with the universal substance, and, in so doing, becomes emphatically an advocate of the modern theory of a Divine immanence pervading the Cosmos." The interpretation proceeds:

"Spinoza was far from entertaining a purely mechanical—i. e., a 'soulless'—view of the universe. Unlike Malebranche, 'the Christian Spinoza,' he did not re-

gard the world as '*un ouvrage négligé*.' Still less would he have agreed with Laplace, who, when asked by Napoleon why he never mentioned God in his 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' replied, 'Sire, je n'avais pas besoin de cette hypothèse' [Sire, I had no need of that hypothesis]. According to Spinoza, the 'all good is the all real'; and everything is the effect of the one universal cause, which is God Himself, determined by the necessary law of His own being. If, therefore, Hobbes may be called 'the Columbus of the golden land of new philosophies' in opening out a wide avenue for materialistic scientific thought, Spinoza may be called the forerunner of the new philosophy of Real Idealism, that latest effort of philosophical speculation, whose object is the reconciliation of realism with idealism in a 'glorified materialism.' For perfection and reality with Spinoza are synonymous terms, embracing in one unified system all existence both in its subjective and objective aspects. Here matter is regarded with Goethe as 'the living garment of God'; or, as Heine says, it is 'the rehabilitation of matter' in its union with spirit."

In summing up the elements in Spinoza's philosophy which make him attractive to present-day thinkers, Mr. Kaufmann lays stress on "its power to satisfy the scientific mind by its apparent completeness as a system of philosophical monism in full accordance with the laws of biology,—and this without excluding the spiritual side of human nature." It presents a view of the world as "an idealistic cosmic reality in which we actually live and move and have our being"; and in which, in the words of Sir Oliver Lodge, "the whole of existence can become infused and suffused with immanent Deity." The Modernist in religion finds in Spinozism a system which gave the first impulse to a liberal interpretation of Holy Writ, and an attempt to separate the essentials of religion from dogmatic accretions. When Father Tyrrell in his last book says that "union with God is union with the Divine life and action, with the undisturbed center of the cyclone," he

speaks the language of Spinoza. The article in *The Quarterly Review* concludes:

"Two centuries intervene between Spinoza and ourselves; and the estimate formed of him and his work has risen considerably in the interval. Called by Malebranche 'le misérable Spinoza,' and by Massillon 'a monster of impiety,' thought by Cudworth scarce worthy of confutation, and treated with scant respect by Hume, he has come to be regarded as one of the philosophic leaders of the modern world. There are those still who prefer to dwell on the demerits of his system, its glaring inconsistencies, its imperfections of form and substance. There are others who too readily condemn it as 'a philosophy of atheistic monism.' But, whatever may be advanced in depreciation of his system as a whole, in its metaphysical aspects more especially, its author will never cease to be considered as one of the mighty spirits of our race, distinguished by his evident love of truth and the fervid pursuit of it under great difficulties."

## ARE WE BETTER OR WORSE THAN THE ANCIENTS?

**S**O MANY pessimistic accounts of modern life have lately been published that it comes almost as a relief to be told by Guglielmo Ferrero, the eminent Italian historian, that in public morals and ideas we of to-day stand on a distinctly higher plane than the ancient Greeks and Romans. Ferrero does not make this statement unqualifiedly. He thinks that in some respects the ancients were ahead of us. But, on the whole, he says, our moral life is richer and finer than theirs.

We are probably more courageous than the ancients, he declares. Our mastery of fire; the formidable machines we have set going; the explosives and electrical forces we use; the thousand perilous enterprises, by sea, in the bowels of the earth and at dizzy heights, in which we engage,—have given us a type of mind stronger than the ancients' to overcome hidden and instinctive fear. And if we are more courageous, we are also less cruel. Ferrero writes (in *Hearst's Magazine*):

"The characteristic virtue of contemporary civilization, as compared with all other civilizations up to the French Revolution, is our total suppression of the bloody spectacle which under so many forms and aspects were among the most sinister delights of our ancestors. It is very difficult for us to understand how people so civilized as the law-creating Romans, who in so many things thought and felt as we think and feel, could go wild as they did over gladiatorial games and fights with wild beasts. Yet such was the popular passion for these bloody pastimes that even emperors like Augustus felt constrained to witness them lest their absence seem to be disapproval of those

who did attend. Augustus, in whom the combats inspired horror and revulsion, did not wish to appear as in opposition to a great popular rage.

"On the other hand, if an ancient Roman should return to the world and see an American stadium packed from top to bottom with people, would it not puzzle him to understand how so many thousands could gather merely to watch a football game, traveling for miles and at great discomfort, to watch schoolboys boot a ball in the air! A football game would seem dull and insipid to him. He would want a fight in which something was doing, a small-sized battle, a set-to between men and animals; he would want to see blood drawn."

Christianity initiated that education of our sensibilities which has gradually turned us away in horror from atrocious spectacles. But how slow and difficult this education has been! exclaims Ferrero. Probably not until after the French Revolution did it have its culminating effect. It has remained for the nineteenth century finally to abolish the last brutal spectacle: capital punishment.

"Up to the end of the eighteenth century, in all parts of Europe, the condemned to death were executed at full meridian with much ceremony in public squares and at times and places that made it possible for everybody to turn out as for a holiday. And, as a matter of fact, immense crowds always came to these public executions, drawn by a morbid curiosity to see a man killed. By diminishing the number of capital offenses, by executing criminals inside prison walls and in the presence of a mere handful of witnesses, or, as is done in public executions in France, at dawn and as far as possible from the reach of the crowd—

the nineteenth century has capped one of the most complete and marvelous moral transformations of the human mind—a transformation which was begun twenty centuries ago by the teachings of Christ and which has given modern civilization a point of wonderful superiority over that of the ancients."

In the matter of sobriety and temperance, Ferrero has not so favorable a report to make. "In this respect," he says, "the ancient world, as it appears in history, cuts a far better figure than our own. Here we have degenerated." He continues:

"We moderns eat and drink too much; we use alcohol and stimulants to excess. The ancients knew no other intoxicants than wine and beer, and their wine they always drank diluted with water; they knew nothing about alcoholic liquors, which in our day have so greatly multiplied and grown in popular favor. They had never heard of tea or coffee, nor had they discovered tobacco."

"We may fairly say that drunkenness was an extremely rare vice in the ancient world, just as frugality and temperance were common virtues. For it will not do to take too seriously the rich men's orgies so often alluded to by ancient writers,—especially the Latins,—the banquets where we are told dishes of nightingales' tongues were served, and men drank liquefied pearls. These stories match the legends one hears in Europe about 'American corruption,' and spring from an identical source. They represent the exaggerated and violent reaction of ancient Puritanism against the normal advance of luxury, and against the inevitable moral slackening that always accompanies the growth of wealth. When the dispassionate and unprejudiced European observer examines 'American corruption' at close range, he readily sees that the

high-sounding phrase merely indicates certain ordinary defects and frailties, of course reprehensible, but common to all modern civilization and not peculiar to America. So, too, if by a miracle we could have looked in on those celebrated Roman orgies and banquets, about which there has been so much noise, we should find that they were very modest affairs indeed, when compared with the sumptuousness of modern banquets."

When he comes to a comparison of the moral purity of ancient and modern peoples, Ferrero confesses himself at a loss. Judging by Greco-Latin literature and art, he remarks, one might say that, except in a few localities and certain epochs, such as the centuries when Rome was dominated by a Puritanical aristocracy, the public morals of both men and women were extremely free and easy. But literature and art are often unreliable in such a matter. They give us exceptions rather than the rule. It constantly happens, too, that the epochs which most lament their own vices are those in which the moral conscience is still vital and robust. Ferrero instances the first period of the Roman Empire, from the time of Augustus to Nero, and compares it with the second period under the Flavi and the Antonini. The Augustan epoch was still vitalized by a Puritan conscience, and resounded with wails against depravity. The epoch of the Antonini, tho even more corrupt, was silent. The spirit of the people had become *blasé* and exhausted.

Leaving open the question of superiority in morals, as between the ancients and ourselves, Ferrero goes on to speak of a lofty sentiment which, if not utterly lacking in the ancients, was yet very feeble among them—the sentiment of the moral equality of all men.

"The ancients did not recognize in the slave and the free man, in the noble and the plebeian, in the citizen and the stranger, creatures made of one flesh and animated by the same spirit, who, in the sight of supreme justice, had certain sacred and inviolable rights, tho placed in different relations by the mysterious incidents of fortune.

"Some philosophers ventured to hint at this doctrine, but without invoking on it too much. They were ahead of their times, and people paid them little attention. . . . Augustus, for example, was a well-balanced man, possessed of equanimity and prudence, a man who kept clear of all excesses; and yet ancient writers tell us in praise of him that he had among his numerous freedmen men of the greatest talent, of great learning and luminous integrity, who had rendered him distinguished service, but whom, while honoring them greatly, he would never invite to his table. To the minds of the ancients, such familiarity between freedmen and patrons would have appeared unseemly, and therefore they praised Augustus for avoiding it. To us, on the contrary, this reserve on the part of the great emperor looks as strange and in-

comprehensible as would that of a great and wealthy captain of industry ashamed to dine with his highest employees.

"On the other hand, the distinction between rich and poor was far less marked in the ancient world than in ours. And this is possibly the most singular and important point of difference between the ancient and modern worlds. The idea of the moral equality of men—as sons of God all—sprang from Christianity. The ideas of social and political equality promulgated by the French Revolution have in our day taken the meaning out of the ancient class, religious, and even national distinction to a certain extent."

To offset this, however, Ferrero points out, modern society ranges itself in a hierarchy of wealth.

"If to-day all men theoretically consider themselves equals, they nevertheless try individually to live with people who have equal wealth and can therefore indulge in similar habits. Precisely because the modern world is so rich and enjoys such luxury, its manner of living varies greatly with the millionaire, the wealthy and the moderately well-to-do. And as with the manner of living, so with tastes and inclination. Now we all know that differences or likenesses of taste and inclination are the things that lead or prevent men from treating one another as equals where no other standards of social distinction have been established by custom or tradition.

In ancient times, by contrast, precisely because people were then so much poorer and more simple, the differences in manner of living between rich and poor were far less marked. The two groups lived in close contact with each other, treating each other as equals indeed, so long as they belonged to the same social and political rank. Augustus, while unwilling to dine with freedmen, however learned, entertained men who were poor but free. A rich Roman never dealt with any freedman, nor received him in his house or at his table as an equal, even though the freedman was as rich as himself or richer; but he received and dealt on terms of equality with any citizen, however wretched and reduced in circumstances, because like himself the citizen was free.

"If, however, the ancient conception of social relations was less humane and less broad than our own, it nevertheless had a certain moral grandeur lacking in ours; for in appraising men it subordinated wealth to such ideal attributes as liberty or birth or citizenship."

The gravest fault of modern society, in Ferrero's view, is the unrestrained growth of the power of money as the regulator and the measure of everything. If we persist in our present mood, he thinks, nothing will soon be valued in life except the possession of money. Now the ancients had a higher attitude toward traffic and money-getting than we have. They lived more simply; were more austere and conscientious. "By common consent," Ferrero tells us, "with a few fleeting ex-

ceptions, they did not consider it decent for a respectable man to make money except from land and buildings—real estate—or by commerce or the direct practice of the arts; never from money lent on interest. Lending money for interest was usury, and was always considered, except at a few times and places, an infamous and degrading profession."

"Rich men who commanded large sums might, and indeed were expected, to help those who needed money,—but by way of friendly loan, freely, and without interest. The letters of Cicero, for example, are full of such gratuitous loans which, when the great orator was hard up, he asked of his friends, or which, when flush, he himself made to the impecunious. In short, to lend money without interest to decent and reliable people was in those days considered a rich man's duty."

But when all has been said that can be said in favor of the ancients, the balance is still in our favor. "There is no disputing," Ferrero says, "that our moral life is enriched by a greater number of principles than that of the ancients, because we have added to their original principles others which were first conceived by the civilization that flowered after the fall of the Roman Empire." He concludes:

"We know the virtues of patriotism, of civic pride, of warlike valor, which the ancients also knew; but to these we have added a sense of law and order, an appreciation of even and swift justice, which, created by ancient jurists, has by the moderns been brought to perfection. We have added to their virtues the horror of cruel pastimes, charity, pity, the love of our neighbor which Christ taught; we have added a sense of human dignity and of the rights of man proclaimed by the philosophy of the eighteenth century and the French Revolution. We have added certain other very modern feelings, derived from the use of socialized power machinery, and therefore stronger in America than in Europe. We have added a passion for the new, enthusiasm for progress, faith in our abilities. In war we fight as the Romans did, but in peace we turn our eyes away from sanguinary spectacles; we have developed a horror of gladiatorial games equal to that of the most pious of Christian monks. We traffic like the Phoenicians and we love knowledge like the Greeks. We have a feeling for liberty and likewise a feeling for authority.

"Is not all this true progress? And does it not weigh in the balance against such of our defects as intemperance and the immoderate love of riches? I think it does. All of which does not signify that we may freely abandon ourselves to our vices and frailties under the pretense that they are offset by our virtues. For it is the duty of every civilization, as of every individual man, to perfect itself to its utmost. And let us not forget this duty even amid the boundless triumphs of the richest, most powerful, and wisest civilization the sun has ever shone upon."

# Literature and Art

Can Journalism be Taught?

THE opening of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University and the delivery in connection therewith of a series of lectures by the most prominent journalists of the country, have raised the fundamental questions: How far is it possible to teach journalism? How far can a man learn the essentials of this craft outside of actual experience in a newspaper office? *The Editor and Publisher* (New York) is convinced that "the foundation principles of journalism can be taught as effectually as those of law, of medicine or theology." But this statement is at least debatable. Journalism is different from other professions, and depends, as few professions do, on such intangible qualities as a sense of news, a sense of proportion, and the power to observe and record instantly. Some men possess these qualities instinctively; others will never possess them, however long they study. And the only place where journalistic effectiveness can be really acquired, it would seem, is in the stress and storm of newspaper life.

How Not to Report.

IMAGINATION is as essential for good newspaper work as facts," George Buchanan Fife, of the editorial staff of the Associated Sunday Magazines, told the students of the new School. It does not take the least imagination to begin the story of a great fire in this way:

"While Policeman John Smith, of the Brown Street Station, was patrolling his beat at nine o'clock last night he saw flames issuing from the fourth floor of the Amalgamated Orphan Asylum, at the corner of First and Main streets."

But it does take some imagination, Mr. Fife continued, to make a reader see the scene of children leaping out of windows and nurses standing on flame-swept window ledges with babies in their arms. It takes imagination to picture the heroism of these nurses, to tell the story of their ready giving up of life for the sake of the children in their care. "What the man who reads the paper wants is a picture; he wants to feel himself a spectator at the fire, he wants the thrill of the thing just as those who watched it felt it. In a word, he demands imagination of the man

who prepared the story for his reading. What in the world does he care for the Policeman John Smith, unless Smith dashed into the asylum and came out with his uniform ablaze, carrying two of the youngsters under his arms? Smith was at the fire all right, but it took imagination to keep him out of the story of it."

The Journalistic Genius  
Defined by Experts.

THE gift of imaginative expression is comparatively rare and largely inborn. So is that journalistic knack which leads to success and which lies, as Talcott Williams, Dean of the



PLOT, NARRATIVE, DIALOG, STYLE—HE HAS MASTERED THEM ALL

Irvin S. Cobb is seen in this picture to have a face denoting strength, vigor, poise, the masterful manner, and every such quality is reflected in his stories, his essays and his career.

Pulitzer School, says, "not in writing as other people have written, but in writing something different that will lead every city editor in the city to wonder who wrote that story." Arthur Brisbane, of *The Evening Journal*, told the students of the School to believe something, else they would not write well. "The way to convince others is to be yourself convinced." Rollo Ogden, of *The Post*, declared: "The fundamental thing for the man who wants to go on writing year after year is a continually renewed fund of knowledge. You must know not everything, but where everything can be found." Charles R. Miller, of *The*

*Times*, advised his hearers to "read much, talk much, think much," and to travel when they could. Edward P. Mitchell, of *The Sun*, said that he wished he could charter an ocean-going vessel, equip it with books and pictures, fill it with journalistic aspirants, and send it around the world. In this way, he said, men would learn to write intelligently and with the vividness that is born only of personal interest and personal impressions. He paid a high tribute to the individuality of Joseph Pulitzer, and exhorted the students to cultivate "that thing called individuality, which means originality, which means imagination." But he admitted that these qualities are "un-teachable."

The Secret of the Charm  
of Grimm's Fairy Tales.

IN THIS year of many centenaries, it will not do to forget or neglect the hundredth anniversary of the publication of that king of children's books, "Grimm's Fairy Tales." If any volume is sure of immortality, it is the collection of stories compiled by Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm. Hänsel and Gretel and the Goose Girl have leapt from its pages to walk the operatic stage; Snow White and the Seven Little Dwarfs are finding dramatic incarnation in New York this winter; and new editions of the tales are being published with colored pictures that would have brought wonderment to the eyes of the brothers Grimm. In their day Jakob and Wilhelm traveled patiently from village to village, gathering material from old manuscripts, interviewing old people. They always said that they did not create the tales, they simply recorded them. Nevertheless, they showed unique talent. Their very simplicity is a kind of genius. "The great charm of the 'Tales' to the child-mind," writes Constance Spender in *The Contemporary Review*, "is the amount of detail to be found in each of them." She continues:

"Children will love a house built of bread, roofed with cake, and finished with sugar windows. They will be delighted to hear that witches have red eyes and cannot see far; that feathers make snow upon the earth; that a kettle can be scoured to resemble gold, and how nice it must be to see a dwarf fishing and to notice that the wind has entangled his beard in the line. Dumplings as hard as brickbats will appeal to many who dislike plain fare. . . . A child does not care

for morals, and is often bored by long description; but he loves to know exactly how old people are, what they wear, and what they say, and why they say it. Almost any one of the ninety-four tales is very satisfying in these respects. Woe be to the elder who tries to tell them over again without a book!"

A Scotch Attack on  
Fiona Macleod.

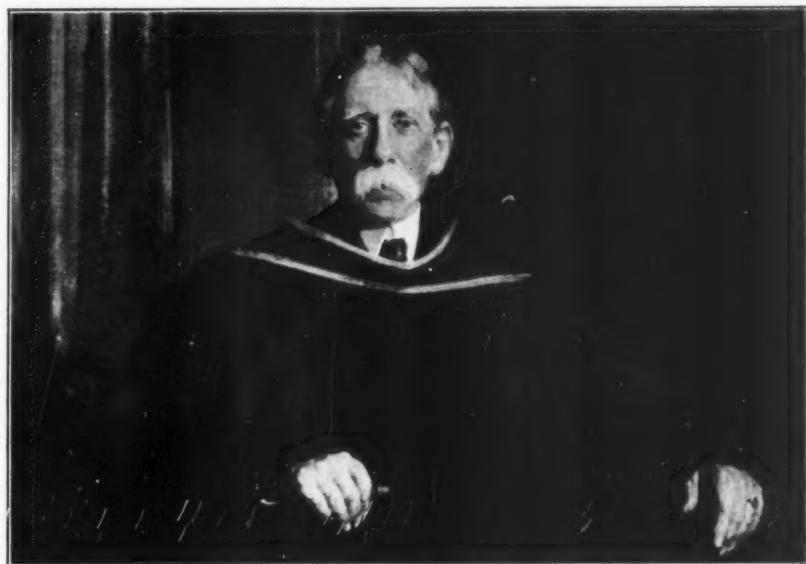
IT SEEMS to be almost a law of nature that as soon as a man attains a large reputation in any field he is sure to be criticized and attacked. Now it is the reputation of "Fiona Macleod"—the late William Sharp's "other self"—that is under fire. Hugh S. Munro writes from Glasgow to the *New York Times Review of Books* to protest, as a Scottish Gael, against what he calls "the mystical moonshine in which, in America, the work of Fiona Macleod appears to be enveloped." He says:

"Let me assure your readers that few Scottish people, and absolutely no single Scottish Gael, have ever regarded the work of 'Fiona Macleod' as other than sheer charlatany. It is a clever combination of Scandinavian myth, Yeatsism, and scraps of Celtic allusion and phrase culled from English books by Celtic writers, and it sets forth a so-called Celtic people who never were on land or sea. How could it be otherwise? Manifestly only a veritable Celt, who has been brought up in a Celtic community, and speaks and loves its language, can express the Celtic heart. Sharp was born, reared, and educated in the most prosaic commercial Teutonic parts of Great Britain. . . . He never spent a consecutive month in the Hebrides in the course of his whole life, and he was utterly unknown there, even in the tiny Island of Iona, where everybody goes and every visitor is remembered. I very much doubt if he ever did more than set foot on the island, as an hour or two visitor by the daily Oban boat, tho he sometimes wrote ostensibly from Iona, and as if his most exquisite spiritual experiences had been gathered there."

Mr. Munro claims to be speaking in behalf of historical and spiritual integrity; his protest is against misrepresentation of that elusive entity, "the Celtic soul." But prejudice sticks out between the lines of his letter, and he seems inclined to test the magic of Fiona Macleod's lovely fantasies by an appeal to facts which are almost, if not quite, irrelevant.

An Attempt to Place Irvin S. Cobb  
Among the Immortals.

WERE it possible for Americans to take their country's literature seriously, the mere name of Irvin S. Cobb would mean to us what membership in the Academy suggests to Frenchmen or the winning of a Nobel prize signifies on the continent of Europe. This is the idea of that close student of the contemporary in our fiction, Robert H. Davis, who is



DIRECTOR OF THE FIRST SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM IN AMERICA

Dr. Talcott Williams, of the Pulitzer School at Columbia University, is endeavoring to show that journalism can be taught like any other profession. His experiment will be followed with interest in many countries.

understood to part with more ready money for imaginative literature than any editor alive. Mr. Davis has spent the busy years of a long career in the purchase of fiction for cash—he edits the Munsey magazines—and we find him now selecting Irvin S. Cobb as America's supreme writer of prose. The qualifications of Cobb are set forth impressively by Mr. Davis, whose study appeared in the *New York Sun*. As a stylist Cobb is arresting, knowing all the tricks of the writer, yet using them with restraint and like a true artist. The narrative gift of Cobb—meaning by narrative gift the power to tell a story—is irresistible to our critic. Cobb, moreover, manages dialog perfectly. It is contrived by him to further the action of his tale, and it is witty and interesting on its own account. Nor could a writer be more subtle than this same Cobb in his differentiation of character. His people are forceful, natural, sometimes extraordinary, but always, as the technical term is, "convincing." Finally, there is the element of plot. That is never absent from Cobb's work, but it is not overdone or extravagant.

Mr. Davis Sees a Rare Humorist  
in Mr. Cobb.

THE supreme gift of Irvin S. Cobb, we read too, is humor. Mr. Davis would place his favorite among the immortals for his humor alone, which seems to him both American and universal. The sense of humor intensifies even the strong situations in Mr. Cobb's tales. Only an American, perhaps, could reveal qualities so varied and so rare as Cobb's without leaping at once into a world-wide fame. Our literature has no authoritative critics in the French sense, and its verdicts are made by posterity. Mr. Cobb will come

completely into his own when he is dead. Meanwhile, Mr. Davis does his best to place his subject among the immortals:

"In appraising a genius, we must consider the man's highest achievement, and in comparing him with others the verdict must be reached only upon consideration of his best work. For scintillant wit and unflagging good humor, read his essays on the Teeth, the Hair and the Stomach. If you desire a perfect blending of all that is essential to a short story, read 'The Escape of Mr. Trimm' or 'Words and Music.' If you are in search of pure, unadulterated, boundless terror, the gruesome quality, the blackness of despair and the fear of death in the human conscience, 'Fishhead,' 'The Belled Buzzard' or 'An Occurrence Up a Side Street' will enthrall you.

"Thus in Irvin Cobb we find Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Edgar Allan Poe at their best. Reckon with these potentialities in the future. Speculate, if you will, upon the sort of a novel that is bound, some day, to come from his pen. There seems to be no pinnacles along the horizon of the literary future that are beyond him. If he uses his pen for an Alpine stock, the Matterhorn is his."

Joseph Conrad's New  
Stories.

THAT master of English prose, Joseph Conrad, whom James Huneker has lately characterized as "the only man in England to-day who belongs to the immortal company of Meredith, Hardy and Henry James," has just published a book of three short stories, "Twixt Land and Sea" (London: J. M. Dent). The London weeklies—*The Spectator*, *The Saturday Review*, *The Nation*—pay it almost reverential tribute as exhibiting powers of the rarest kind. In the new stories, the Indian Ocean with its islands serves as a background, and the action passes



ONE TOUCH OF NATURE—

Edward Munch's "Sick Child," in the new Scandinavian Exhibition, strikes a universal note. The child is wistful; the mother is infinitely sad. We hope, as we look, that the child will recover. The mother knows better.

among seamen and their women. No small part of Mr. Conrad's art is shown by the way in which he allows his tales to be told by seemingly artless narrators; and all his descriptions of nature are invested with a kind of somber majesty that leaves nothing to be added or desired. It is a sea-captain who tells us, as the evening closed upon a tropic garden, that "the shadows lengthened, deepened, mingled together into a pool of twilight in which the flower-beds glowed like colored embers; whiffs of heavy scent came . . . as if the dusk of this hemisphere were but the dimness of a temple and the garden an enormous censer swinging before the altar of the stars."

Mrs. Wharton realizes for us vividly the peculiar problem she raises. She sets the young girl as a governess in the older lady's home, and traces, with unerring accuracy and intuition, the psychological conflict of the three main characters. It is all very human and somewhat pitiful. The *New York Globe* comments:

"The Reef" is not as pretentious a story as "The House of Mirth," not as flawless a work of art as "Ethan Frome" or even "Madame de Treymes." But every page while you are reading it vibrates with that indescribable thrill of interest which only great writers are able to impart and which Stevenson attempted to describe when he called it the tuning fork of art."

A Story of the Trouble  
Caused by a Paris Liaison.

**A** NEW work by Edith Wharton is always an event in the literary world. Her latest novel, "The Reef" (Appleton), shows that her hand has lost none of its cunning. In this story she returns to the familiar social atmosphere in which her greatest successes have been won. She shows us a man who is traveling from England to France to meet the widow whom he hopes to marry, and who succumbs on the way to the fascinations of a young and ingenuous girl. His *liaison* constitutes the "reef" of the story, and all kinds of wreckage ensues.

A New York City "Pastoral."

**A** MUCH pleasanter story in every way than Mrs. Wharton's dark and somewhat pathological study is James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Heroine in Bronze." Here is something fresh and sunlit—"a pastoral of the city." Here are a twentieth-century Romeo and Juliet—only this Juliet is at first somewhat unresponsive, and talks to her Romeo through a hedge instead of from a balcony. The action of the story takes place in New York City, and it is doubtful if the metropolis has ever been conceived in a more idyllic mood. Everything appears

through the golden haze of youth and of love. The story is entirely occupied with Him and with Her, and at times, as William Marion Reedy observes in the *St. Louis Mirror*, they seem to be no more outstanding than the figures in a decoration by Puvis de Chavannes. She goes to Europe, misunderstanding his purposes. He remains, writing to her and for her, and over his desk the bronze figure of a woman symbolizes her. The whole book has the atmosphere of "Spring, with a nameless pathos in the air." It is the most stylistic piece of literary workmanship, in Mr. Reedy's judgment, since "The Chevalier de Pensieri Vani."

#### Psycho-Therapeutics In Fiction.

**I**N her new story, "The Flaw in The Crystal" (Dutton), May Sinclair has departed from the usual by giving artistic form, delicate, beautiful and precise, to a psychic experience which should be of peculiar value to Christian Scientists. Her heroine, Agatha Verrall, is a young woman with the gift of mental healing, which she practices unprofessionally from her quiet home in an English valley. Having discovered the mysterious power by a "divine accident," she experiments with it successfully, first on herself, and then on a friend and his wife, Rodney and Bella Lanyon, both neurasthenics, the husband particularly a victim of his wife's "malignant nerves." Into Agatha's peaceful valley comes another unhappy pair—Milly and Harding Powell. The husband, in this case, is over the verge of insanity, a terrified and hunted creature. His healing is accomplished in a single night; but here the power breaks down. Agatha discovers that its curative action depends upon the perfect purity of her mind, the flawlessness of the crystal through which the power operates. There is a lurking possibility, resolutely shut away hitherto in her subconsciousness, that Rodney Lanyon is in love with her, and she with him. In a horrible and dramatic crisis, Agatha takes on Harding Powell's madness; and in her terror lest she should communicate the malady to Rodney Lanyon, she severs the connection with Powell, leaving him to the ordinary fate of the insane. The instrument has failed; but she knows now the reason for its failure, and she sends Rodney Lanyon away from her forever.

"Obscurely, through the veil of flesh, he saw.

"And I am never to come back?" he said.

"You will not need to come."

"You mean you won't want me?"

"No. I shall not want you. Because, when I did want you, it broke down."

"He smiled.

"I see. When you want me, it breaks down."

"He rallied for a moment. He made his one last pitiful stand against the supernatural thing that was conquering him. . . .

"His hand was on the door. He smiled back at her.

"I don't want to shake your faith in it," he said.

"You can't shake my faith in it."

"Still—it breaks down. It breaks down," he cried.

"Never. You don't understand," she said. "It was the flaw in the crystal."

May Sinclair Versus Her Critics.

A REVIEWER in the *New York Times* considers Miss Sinclair's story an impossible combination of Henry James's style and the matter of Marie Corelli. He can perceive in

its psychic subtleties only feminine hysteria, veiled sensualism, and a day-dreaming beyond the bounds of sense. "All this is very wonderful, but is it common sense either in fact or in fiction?" queries the Boston *Evening Transcript*. "Agatha Verrall's feats certainly do not seem to belong to any conceivable human world, either a world of reality, or a world of fantasy." Such is the burden of puzzled reviewers. But Miss Sinclair is a realist as well as a mystic. For years, she has been studying her subject. Her mind is keenly analytical. In an article concerning her book, written for the *Times*, she informs us that everything which appears "natural" in the story—the characters and their

relations—is invented, while the "supernatural" is entirely true. Agatha Verrall's prototype was a Daleswoman, psychic, clairvoyant and clairaudient, a Christian Science healer, who lived a life of beautiful purity in a village under the moors. Miss Sinclair's imagination is responsible only for the sinister possibility suggested in Agatha's fear that she may transmit Harding Powell's malady to Rodney Lanyon. No healer, she says, amateur or adept, would admit the possibility of a malady being transmitted in such a way. According to their belief, "the crystal with a flaw in it does no injury—it simply fails. It is no longer a vehicle of the mysterious Power."

## THE FIRST COLLECTION OF NORTHERN ART EXHIBITED IN AMERICA

ARTISTIC vistas of a new and fascinating kind are opened by the exhibition in this country of a hundred and fifty representative Scandinavian paintings. The American-Scandinavian Society, which is allied with the American-Scandinavian Foundation endowed by the late Niels Poulsen, of Brooklyn, took the initiative in arranging the exhibition, and sent its President, John A. Gade, together with Christian Brinton, the gifted art-critic, to collect pictures. These gentlemen spent several months visiting artists and art connoisseurs in the Scandinavian Peninsula, and won the cooperation of Karl Madsen, Director of the National Gallery in Copenhagen; Jens Thiius, holder of a like position in Christiania; and Carl G. Laurin, of Stockholm. King Gustav of Sweden, King Christian of Denmark, and King Haakon of Norway have all consented to act as patrons of the exhibition, which, after running in New York, passes to Buffalo, Toledo, Chicago and Boston. The opportunity afforded to American art-lovers is quite exceptional. Never before, as Mr. Brinton points out in an Introduction to the Catalog\* of the Exhibition, have we had a chance to see the three Scandinavian countries united in a single display.

When we think of modern Scandinavian painting, the first names that occur are those of Fritz Thaulow and Anders Zorn. Thaulow, being dead, is not represented in an exhibition confined to living painters; while Zorn, who contributes several pictures, is coming to be regarded as a master already outgrown. The more rewarding

work, Mr. Brinton maintains, issues from men such as Jens Ferdinand Willumsen, of Denmark, and Edward Munch, of Norway, who are just beginning to make a world-reputation.

The Scandinavian countries, Mr.

Brinton tells us, have a rich and significant art-history. It is to their enduring credit, he thinks, that they may be counted among those fortunate peoples who, despite external influences, have stoutly guarded their



"THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING"

Fritz Syberg compensates for any seeming lack of manipulative mastery by his manifest sincerity of purpose and fidelity to fact. There is inborn as well as voluntary rusticity of theme and treatment in his work which at once commends it to the quiet, home-loving Danes.

\* EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY SCANDINAVIAN ART. Held under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Society. The American Art Galleries, New York, December 10 to 25, inclusive, 1912.



THE MAIDEN AT THE WINDOW

A typical portrait-study by Anders Zorn, Sweden's best-known painter. It is Zorn's aim to reproduce the strength and fulness of life, and this characteristic appears in almost all his work.

native artistic birthright. He continues:

"Their achievements in the field of painting, sculpture, architecture, and industrial design are refreshingly and unmistakably their own. Save in rare and isolated cases they do not speak, and do not attempt to speak, that superficial studio Volapük, that facile salon Esperanto, which is so utterly devoid of character and vitality. You will remark above all in the production of each of these nations, and to a kindred degree in each instance, the salutary stamp of race and of country. It is in fact only the redoubtable Russians who can to-day compete with the sturdy Scandinavians in the possession of a spontaneous, unspoiled esthetic patrimony. The reasons for such a situation have in many respects been similar, if not, indeed, identical. As in the case of Russia, the relative geographical remoteness of the Peninsula, the barrier of an unfamiliar speech, and the fact that the pallid fervor of Christianity and the pagan richness of the Renaissance were comparatively late in making appearance on the scene, all tended toward preserving that integrity of expression alike in art, letters, and music which is their most distinctive possession."

Sweden, it seems, was the first of the northern countries to foster esthetic

culture in any definite degree. Long before Denmark, and still longer before Norway could boast an interest in the fine arts, the Swedes had come into possession of valuable pictures and were welcoming to their shores painters and architects from Holland, Germany, France and Italy. Yet Swedish art-culture was extraneous rather than native, and failed to penetrate to the masses. It is, in consequence, not to eighteenth-century Sweden but to Denmark during the early years of the nineteenth century, that we must look for the first specific signs of esthetic promise throughout the entire Peninsula. "At a period when the rest of Europe was revelling in the pretentious aftermath of the classic revival, and later, when the specious gleams of a purely studio romanticism were flashed upon soaring mountain peak, crumbling ruin, and tiny peasant chalet, the Danes alone remained true to native type and scene. Their art was unpretentious, but it was

soundly and endearingly national in feeling." To Denmark turned the pioneer Norwegian painters for instruction and inspiration. The older in romantic tradition than either of the neighboring countries, Norway is the youngest of the three in artistic achievement.

Such, in brief, is the fragmentary record of Scandinavian painting during the primitive stages of its development. Mr. Brinton writes:

"You note in the art of Sweden, that is to say in the art of the Gustavian and Carolean periods, a refined and spirited eclecticism characteristic of a community in close touch with Continental ideals. Still, no matter how cultured its Court and upper classes may have been, a nation largely composed of restless warriors and remotely isolated agriculturists cannot be at the same time a nation of painters, and Sweden was fated to wait until a much later date before evincing her inherent artistic proclivities. In the case of Denmark, as you readily see, the situation was distinctly more favorable for the fostering of native talent. Less ambitious of conquering a world position by sheer force of arms, satisfied in the main with her restricted natural boundaries, and possessing the wisdom and sagacity to cultivate herself intensively along all

lines of activity, it is but fitting that art, which is so essentially a flower of social stability, should have first taken root upon Danish soil. With Norway it must always be a source of regret that the inspiring substratum of saga tradition should have been buried so deeply beneath the débris of time and, indeed, often wilfully neglected or destroyed. Yet still in the present-day production of these rugged sons of mountain and fjord we are convincingly confronted with the spirit of their ancestors. Full of undeveloped power and passionate defiance, more fundamentally talented than the Swedes, and endowed with an aggressive force often disconcerting to the pacific Danes, the Norwegians were able, within the span of a few brief, tempestuous years, to place themselves abreast of their more advantageously situated neighbors."

It was inevitable, Mr. Brinton proceeds, that, once intercommunication with the Continent was established, Scandinavian painting should have responded to those same influences which, during the ensuing decades, dominated European art in general. Classicism was followed by romanticism. Swedish and Norwegian art-students flocked to Düsseldorf and to Munich. Delicately diaphanous water nymphs, panoramically viewed fjords and mountains, artificial sunsets, were the order of the day. Then the young Northerners deserted Germany for Paris. Strindberg was there, assaulting the bureaucracy at home, and writing sonnets of spring on studio walls. It was about this time that Richard Bergh, the Swedish painter, pleaded with his fellow-artists: "Look toward the North! See the light over the horizon. Look again, how it is rising, flaming high like the Aurora. It is the light from home—it is calling you." Some of the students—the Swedes, Larsson, Zorn, Liljefors and Nordström, and, among the Norwegians, Christian Krohg,—did return home. Arthur Hazelius started national museums at Stockholm and Skansen in which the peasant life, with its incidental decorative and domestic arts, was expozen. Scandinavia had reached a stage of self-discovery. Naturalism gave way to Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Expressionism, and all the other isms to which latter-day art is heir.

Two of the most important precursors of what is now known as the modern movement, not alone in Scandinavian painting but in the painting of Europe as well, were the Dane Willumsen, and the Norwegian Munch. Mr. Brinton says:

"Both Willumsen and Munch are innate pathfinders. If you concede a hint of Raffaelli in certain of Willumsen's early Paris studies and sketches, and a touch of Christian Krohg's naturalistic integrity in the work of Munch's first period, every trace of early dependence was lost in the invigorating, defiant canvases that shortly followed. Willumsen

soon discovered that Paul Gauguin possessed a more progressive potency than did the narrowly Parisian painter of boulevard and banlieu, and as for Munch, he had merely to look into his own tremulous or feverishly exalted soul in order to summon forth a myriad teeming pictorial fancies. In Willumsen you find, amid an impetuous torrent of creative exuberance, two essentially Danish qualities—sanity and humor. In Munch's art one is confronted with an acute hypersensitivity voiced now with masterly conviction, now in troubled, tortured accents. A profound awe, a cosmic fear, is the keynote of these canvases. He is as a child who sees terror in the most familiar shapes, or a man who shudders on the brink of an abyss, obsessed with the eternal mysteries of life, desire, and death."

It is obviously too soon, Mr. Brinton declares, to predict what effect the new currents will have upon Scandinavian art in general; but one thing he holds certain,—that modernism must be reckoned with as a force possessing a vitality which cannot readily be ignored or extinguished. Copenhagen has already had its glimpse of the Futurists, and Stockholm and Christiania maintain radical salons. There is another fact to which Mr. Brinton calls attention, in concluding his essay:

"No matter what transitions may have been recorded during successive periods of development, the primal, elementary basis of this art has remained unchanged. It continues, as always, full of tender lyricism and heroic intensity. It is the typical expression of a race whose civilization is young, yet whose roots lie deep-anchored in the past, and whose present is the direct product of certain definite, prenatal conditions. And not only does the racial factor enter largely into this work, but back of it looms a still more sovereign



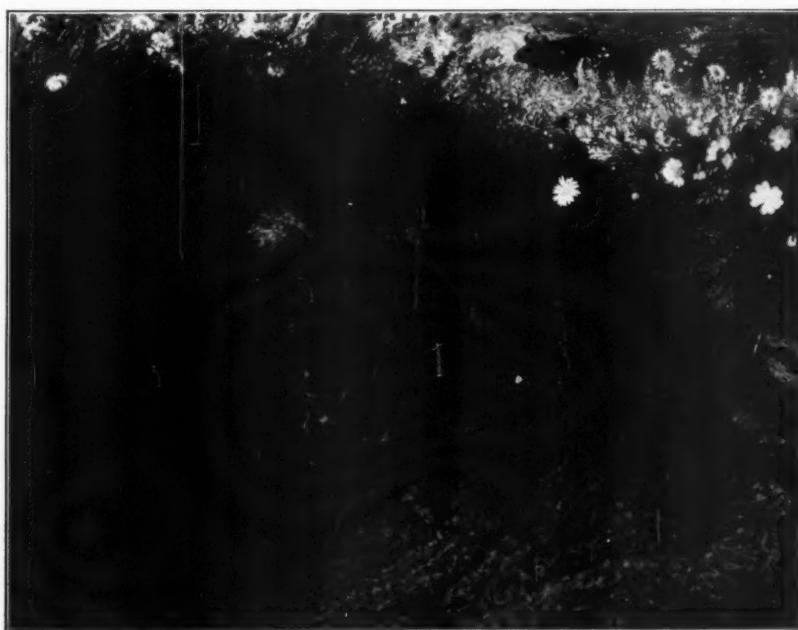
DISTRACTIONS OF THE ARTIST'S LIFE

This picture by the Danish painter J. F. Willumsen has an autobiographical as well as a larger suggestion. Mr. Willumsen seems to ask: How can a man give to his art the jealous allegiance it demands when he is disturbed by the hundred and one claims of a home and family?

source of strength. The marked unity of tone—that blond clarity so characteristic of the North which you will instantly recognize—is merely one phase of a general congruity of aim, a single broad harmony of purpose which exists between the land itself and its people. For centuries there has been going silently and irresistibly forward a subtle process of interaction between these two elements which is re-

flected alike in literature and in art. There can be no question that such facts are eloquently manifest in the work here-with under consideration. You instinctively feel, on studying these canvases, an exhilarating sense of direct communication with nature and natural forces. You note the naive zest of healthy, unfatigued sensibilities for fresh, tonic color contrasts, and you feel the thrill of eternal aspiration in this fondness for great, open spaces and the magic radiance of the arctic aurora. From the very outset this sturdy, sea-faring and forest-loving folk have been in complete consonance with their surroundings. And we can only be grateful that they have conveyed their aesthetic message in terms at once so robustly beautiful and so valiantly autonomous."

Henry ReuterdaHL, in a glowing essay in *The Craftsman*, which deserves to be read with Mr. Brinton's historical study, traces much of what is greatest in Scandinavian art to the close sympathy existing between painters and people. "Be the artist from whatever section he may," Mr. ReuterdaHL remarks, "he is sure that his countrymen as a whole will understand what he is trying to say and know if his message is sincere." Scandinavian artists live among the people, not apart from them. "The Norwegian is as proud of Werenskiold and Munthe as of Nansen. The Swede smiles over his own Carl Larsson and buys another picture book of the Larsson kiddies." Zorn celebrated his fiftieth birthday congratulated by Prince Eugen, who



THE SKELETON IN THE FIELD

Gunnar Hallstrom's vivid contrast of life and death. This artist paints not only ancient graves, over which birches are soughing, but also young, living Sweden—light-haired men and women, dancing round the Walpurgis Night fires, or speeding on skis over frozen waters.



THE TRAGEDY OF THE PEASANT

"Evening Bells" by Einar Nielsen is a Danish version of Millet's "Angelus." The note of social tragedy is in this picture.

carried by special train the greetings of the King. The select men of the village suspended meeting and in a body paid their respects, and the peasants came in a torchlight parade—all just to honor a painter. Mr. Reuterdahl tells us further:

"The exhibition of Swedish art in America has several pictures by Prince Eugen, the brother of the present king, a sincere student, hard-working, not a prince who paints, but a prince of a

painter. He roams around the country with his paint-box over his shoulder, freezes in the snow and, blue-nosed with cold, comes home with a bulky sketch.

"Pelle Molin, painter-poet, half Lapp, half gypsy, exotic in mind, wrote of his own rockbound lair: 'I visualize my mountain home—gray houses, bunched so as not to be alone when the winter sweeps over the country. The glimmering windows are like the shining eyes of the wolf-flock, but under the light of the summer night my village lies like a herd of goats waiting for the sunrise'—the

even more; our people interesting and paintable, the wonders of our great cities stirring and immense. In the fusing of races there have arisen big American painters, Winslow Homer, the greatest national figure; and among the younger living there are men whose art belongs here exclusively,—Bellows and Luks, the most American of all. But even a century of painters cannot establish an art national in spirit without the encouraging support of the people.

"And this shall be America's great lesson from the North."

## A MASTER OF COCKNEY IRONY

**A** FIGURE in present-day literature who may not be overlooked, according to Sir William Robertson Nicoll, is A. Neil Lyons, the young chronicler of "Clara" (John Lane Company) and other disreputable Londoners. For "if Mr. Lyons is not a great writer, he is very near it," says the dignified authority of *The British Weekly*. *The English Review* finds something of Dickens and something of Hogarth in the pages of "Clara," and places their author among the few real character artists in our fiction. The New York *Call* declares: "Not since 'Sketches by Boz' has there been anything more humanely searching than the work now being done by this young South African." His distinguishing quality is perhaps best defined by a critic in the London *Nation*. Neil Lyons, he observes, has grasped the central fact that irony is the characteristic mark and sign of the English working people, especially Londoners; and of their par-

ticular kind of irony, he is indubitably a master.

There is nothing exactly tragic or Sophoclean about such irony, the writer goes on to say. We could not illustrate it from the classics. Even in England, it is of recent growth. A few early signs appear in Shakespeare, Sterne, and perhaps Smollett. In Dickens, the Wellers and Dick Sniveller are its first full expression. But ever since Dickens, it has grown rapidly—grown with the vast increase of proletarian London; and of this London, so long inarticulate, Neil Lyons is a voice, arresting and uncompromising. Dickens' irony was marred, on the whole, by sentimentality and pathos. "Pathos is always the danger of writers about the poor," says the *Nation* critic. "Against that lachrymose stickiness, irony is the best protection, and Mr. Neil Lyons has by some means got the English irony in his soul." To quote yet further: "It is only heard to perfection under adversity and probably that is

why the middle classes are incapable of it. In adversity, it is a kind of armor to protect the poor; it is a smiling grumble; a bitter-sweet recognition of absurdity in distress; a mask for the sensitive soul. It often takes the form of mocking at wealth. . . . In 'Clara,' the characters talk the true English irony almost without interval. And the irony is not merely in their language; it colors their whole aspect of life. Through its medium they see themselves, their sufferings, and the impassable barriers between work and wealth. Open these short and simple annals of the poor where you like, and you find it."

Altho Neil Lyons is comparatively a new-comer in the literary world, being only thirty-two years old, he has long been familiar to the readers of Robert Blatchford's Socialist weekly, *The Clarion*. But his career did not begin with *The Clarion*, he tells us in *T. P.'s Weekly*. The great event really happened when, as a youth, he joined a

extremes of the North where men grow hard fighting. . . .

"Before me lies a little volume, 'Sweden as Seen by its Artists,' by Carl Laurin, filled with splendid color reproductions,—a whole-souled tribute to the brush of these men. My emotions rise as I translate its last paragraphs:

"Stockholm sleeps—in the church of the knights the chimes peal over city and water; one thinks of the great who sleep in the vaults beneath—of all those who have written and worked down in that city—and the thought goes afar, south and north, to the north under the midnight sun and with thanks we remember those who in song and paint have shown us the precious beauty of our Fatherland."

"When the time comes that the people of the United States rise to such deep sense of appreciation of their poets and painters—then we shall have a truly national art, no longer an echo of abroad. These northern nations of Europe not only materially support their artists, but look upon them as national assets, figures of importance in their spiritual development. The land here is as beautiful as any,

cadet corps and first experienced the "chivalry of the submerged." That started him writing military criticisms for the press. Then he joined the attenuated staff of a paper called *The Topical Times*, serving as "a sort of junior-deputy-assistant editor." He was expected to turn in about ten thousand words of copy every week, and a friendly but stern editor saw that he delivered the goods regularly "and up to standard and up to time." The paper just then was in a state of conversion from a racing sheet to a respectable Sunday journal, "with a cultured literary flavor and a strong domestic note." In addition to his weekly copy, which included the "feuilleton," and when not engaged with assisting in the "make-up," Mr. Lyons entertained the old readers of *The Topical Times* who drifted into the office and were unaware that their favorite sheet had found salvation. "They were people," he writes, "of extraordinarily varied type: prize-fighters, circus riders, sword-swallowers, jockeys, bookmakers, comedians, comediennes, lady wrestlers, lady auctioneers and—lady choristers. They were all exceedingly cheerful and noisy, and they were all obsessed with the same idea—that we expected them to supply us with alcoholic stimulant. I remember, with blushes, and a not unjustifiable satisfaction, that the largest lady of them all, a professional weight-lifter, proposed to elope with me."

It was not, however, by way of any such romance but by means of his "feuilleton" that Neil Lyons began to attract public attention. His first effort in that direction was a series of imaginary letters from a shopgirl to her sister, published later under the title of "Matilda's Mabel," a performance which the author now repudiates. Then came the inimitable first sketches of "Arthur's Hotel," which *The English Review* pronounces no less than a masterpiece of spontaneity and organic power. "Sixpenny Pieces," "Cottage Pie" and "Clara," all include many of those early sketches made for *The Topical Times* and *The Clarion*; and their successors, "Knives to Grind" and "Simple Simon" are already announced for publication.

In "Clara," Lyons presents an epic figure of the London coster-woman. Shaw's little *fille de joie*, in "Fanny's First Play," is a very live person, admirably suited to the author's purpose; but—she has read Shaw. Neil Lyons' "Clara," and his other women of the London streets, have never read anything but the yellow journals, or, possibly, *The Topical Times*—before it was converted. They gaze at you from the pages of his books, just as in life, defiant, or furtive, or vacant, dull, hungry; the brightest among them, like Clara, wearing the mask of irony. Clara herself is almost a romantic fig-

ure—a super-coster-woman, above good and evil. She is dominant and irresistible, upsetting our preconceived ideas of morality as lightly as she would a fellow-coster's apple-cart, if it happened to be in her way. She also administers rough-handed justice and retribution in her own Olympian fashion. Clara, for instance, is married, and she has a baby boy; but her husband and the father of her child are two different persons. She married for vengeance. Her "little mate," Shusey Pye, lay dying. "The last good night she 'ad was two weeks ago, and then she on'y brought 'ome seven shillin'," complained the husband, who was a Greek, with the artistic temperament, and incapable of self-support. "That settled me," says Clara. "I dross orf a bit, so's to get a fair aim at 'is lovely black eye and—then I stops. A idea'd come over me, all of a sudden. 'What's the good of 'ittin' of 'im,' thinks I. 'My God—I'll marry 'im!'" Which she proceeded to do after Shusey Pye's death; with the result that Mr. Panakulos, on the eve of his wedding, was unmercifully thrashed, stripped of his comfortable clothing, and flung out-of-doors forever, to "walk the streets, ya dog, the same as Shusey Pye done."

The gentler side of Clara's nature is shown in her maternal relation with "little Arnie," and with "little Arnie's" father. "I wouldn't like the boy to go to work," she muses. "I seen too much of it." She continues:

"Ya see, I know the shape of 'eart 'e's got inside of 'im. They'll never school my Arnie to trim coke, nor to drink cocoa, nor to lie down when he's told. They'll never learn 'im to be a gentleman's dog. 'E's got 'is father's ways about 'im, and one or two o' mine. But I wouldn't wish 'im for to make a 'abit of gittin' put away [Cockney euphemism for going to prison] the same as what 'is father's done. Not that I blame 'is father, mind ya. Fred's a good fellar at 'eart. All the trouble as ever 'e's been in comes of bein' *too* good-earted. Anyways, I'd rather 'ave Fred the way 'e 'is—in and out, out and in—than I'd 'ave 'im goin' to work, drinkin' cocoa, never more'n 'arf awake. Come to that, I ain't got the right to complain o' Fred's way o' spendin' 'is time. I been in trouble meself, as well you know. I managed to keep out of it since, thank Gawd. Prison's no place for a mother. It's no place for a woman at all. A man's more fit for the life. Still, I don't want little Arnie to sample it, nor yet I don't want 'im to go to work an' be a cocoa drinker or a drunkard."

Lyons shows us the brighter side of the artistic temperament as exemplified by Mr. Alfred Beeny, the side-walk artist, who suffers from the rivalry of a "Grand Electric Theatrodome." "'Ad a bad night, ain't ya?" says Clara with true sympathy. "Bad night?" echoes Mr. Beeny; "fur from it. I done Mr. Asquith in two minutes forty-



THE VOICE OF INARTICULATE LONDON

Neil Lyons is hailed as a worthy successor of Dickens and Hogarth. "Not since 'Sketches by Boz,'" says the New York *Call*, "has there been anything more humanely searching than the work done by this young South African."

five." "When I spoke about bad times," Clara persists, "it was the money I was thinkin' of. They seemed to—to overlook you." "The money? Oh yes," the cripple admits. "They didn't 'ave no eyes for nothink, on'y the photodrama, this evenin'. All I took was one-and-three." "Never mind," says Clara. "'Ave a drink and cheer up!" They drink, just to celebrate the record. ("Two forty-five is the best time be two seconds I ever done Mr. Asquith in.") When they come to the delicate point of paying for the drinks, Mr. Beeny pulls forth a shilling, which Clara intercepts.

"This young gentleman'll pay," said Clara.

"Why?" demanded Mr. Beeny.

"Cos he kin afford to," answered Clara. "He takes more than one and threepence in an evening."

Mr. Beeny flushed (as I knew that he would), and Mr. Beeny, as I knew that he would, said:

"Whatinell's this?"

"No 'arm meant, professor!" urged Clara.

"If he's got a 'undred one and threepences, 'e can't do more'n spend 'em, can 'e?" demanded Mr. Beeny.

"Peraps 'e can afford to," suggested Clara.

"He'd be a pore bloke if 'e can't afford to spend what he's got," said Mr. Beeny. "What's money for," he continued, "if it ain't to spend? What's the good of my mouldy one and threepence if I ain't to spend it?"

"You would be able to save it," suggested Clara.

"Save?" answered Mr. Beeny. "Save? What for? I got enough chalk at 'ome to last me a twelvemonth."

## THE GREATEST GERMAN PLAYWRIGHT SINCE GOETHE

THE fiftieth birthday of Hauptmann finds him acclaimed throughout the world as the greatest German playwright since Goethe. The Swedish Academy at Stockholm has conferred upon him the Nobel prize (\$37,000) for the encouragement of idealism in literature. All Germany, with the exception of Obersalzbrunn, the townlet where he was born, has offered honor to the man from whose brain leaped "Rautendelein" and "The Weavers." From Russia, Maxim Gorky sent this message: "Long live life, long live art, long live Hauptmann and the democracy which has produced him." The New World vies with the Old in adding its mead of praise. A Hauptmann exhibit of records and manuscripts has been on view at Columbia University Library. B. W. Huebsch has just published "Atlantis," the poet's novel, describing his trip to America in the early nineties, when Mrs. Fiske first produced "Hannele." He also announces the publication, for the first time in English, of a complete edition of Hauptmann's dramatic works, prefaced by an introduction from the pen of that brilliant young American critic, Professor Ludwig Lewisohn, of the State University of Ohio.

Here and there a questioning voice is raised as to whether Hauptmann deserves to be crowned as an idealist. The world at large is accustomed to consider him as the leader of the realistic school of drama in Germany. The ethical significance of his work is little understood. For Hauptmann himself is, like the hero of his "Sunken Bell," a strangely dual nature, in whom voices from within and without continually clash. Much of his work seems hard and relentless, but underneath it all there is ever sounded the same note of pity that inspired Tolstoy. Hauptmann himself, on his birthday, embodied in an article written for the Berlin *Zeitung* the tenets of his creed. "Tolerance," he said, "is the religion of the future. It is based upon complete consideration for one's neighbor." To quote further:

"Without tolerance there is no liberty. There is, to be sure, a religious truth, but it is not of such a form that it precludes many-sided religious truths. The tolerant Chinaman says: 'Brother, how beautiful is thy religion.'

"It will be a long time before tolerance is born of the labors, lasting thousands of years, of culture. Up to the present the only complete factor making for tolerance has been art. Art knows not the fanatic. Art, which is by no means characterless, is impartial, and, before all other arts, this is true of music. Among the arts music is the most universal and the soul of all the others.

"The arts are the complete realization

of peace. Not only of peace, but of religion. In them what is truly human is linked with what is truly divine.

"In the arts we do not hear 'Thou shalt not make for thyself any images,' but, 'Thou shalt make for thyself images—but do not forget that they are images.'

"Nature is the greatest of image-makers. The images which she has made she shows to our imagination and, through us, makes them into art. Nature makes the forerunners of art, the artist, and art itself. She sings in blindness, like Homer, but it seems as if she wished, in this way, to become, little by little, capable of seeing.

"But in nature also the destroying principle is to be found. It seems, however, as if she were trying, through art, to reach the indestructible, in order to assure us of its aspect and its consecration.

"Nature creates the flower and also the ass, the ox and the sheep, which stupidly devour it. The artist alone does not devour it when he gains possession of it through art. Nature creates the bird and the trap-setter, the fish and the fisherman, the beast of prey and the hare, and so on. But in creating the Artist she looks upon universal warfare with her impartial eye; upon that war, necessary on earth, which will die only when the life of this earth dies, whose forms, however, are ever to be ennobled more and more."

Intolerant only of intolerance, Hauptmann condemns the idol worshippers who have bathed the world in blood. Christ seems much to him; for Christianity he cares little. Like Nietzsche, he is the priest of individualism; like Tolstoy, the priest of pity. In spite of his lack of religion, he is surcharged with the religious spirit. One writer speaks of him as the Luther of the German stage. Compassion and the sense of wrong, in the opinion of the London *Times*, are the driving forces of his genius. A child of the lowly—his father was an innkeeper and his grandfather a poor weaver such as lives forever transfigured in the prose of the grandson—Hauptmann never permitted success to benumb his social conscience.

Tho strong and uncompromising himself, his interest is always in the weak. Most of his tragic heroes, our London contemporary remarks, are weaklings. It yet remains for him to show us, if he can, how strength would deal with the issue that has haunted him, the conflict between the claims of the world and the claims of the individual. He looks steadily on the maladies of the age and the piteous throes which accompany the birth of a new era, but he has no prophecy for the future. Tho visions of that new era abound in literature to-day, Hauptmann is perhaps the one great writer with a profound social feeling who has never attempted to show us the least glimmer

of such a vision. "That," we are told, "is partly the secret of his power. He will not speak one jot beyond what it has been given him to say. Beside this incorruptible reticence is there much of our preaching and prophesying which does not look cheap and thin?"

At first sight, as May Lamberton Becker remarks in *The Independent*, it seems a little disquieting that a life-message so far from confident, so pathetically "human, all too human," as that of Hauptmann, should stand for the best the world can do for the cause of idealism in literature. The hero of his poetic publication, "Promethidenlos" (1885), begins by preaching a new social religion of compassion; but the world's ridicule unnerves him. He retreats to enjoy the contemplation of pure beauty, but the sight of suffering, starving men destroys the loveliness of the landscape and drives him to the Isle of Hopelessness. Thence he is summoned back to the world, to a life of effort, of disillusion, of despair, until at last his only solace is his song. The underlying idea of this immature work, Mrs. Becker remarks, at once suggests that of his masterpiece, "The Sunken Bell." All his heroes are thus driven to and fro.

"Henry the bell-founder, drawn away from Magda and the moral law toward Rautendelein and artistic free creation, cannot drown with all the clamor of his forge on the summit the sound of the sunken bell in the depths of his heart, nor when it has called him back to duty, can he relive the old life without the dream that he has renounced. He can but creep back to the mountain height to welcome releasing death. Frederick, the hero of his latest work, the novel 'Atlantis,' declares himself the maddest progressive of his time and the maddest reactionary, 'with the spirit of the American millionaire and the enthusiasm for poverty that was the glory of St. Francis of Assisi,' and says that he is a genuine child of the times, for 'every individual of significance is just as divided against himself as humanity on the whole.' He is describing, in short—and so always is Hauptmann—what Eucken constantly describes, the oscillation between nature and intelligence, between the individual and society, between the world and man; and if it be objected of Hauptmann as so often of Eucken, that he has taken conditions of thought in Germany to stand for those of the world, it is none the less true that the conditions that German life so dramatically expresses are those with which the world at large must reckon."

Hauptmann never compromises. Whether he is expressing himself in social dramas of the harshest realism and a purport clearly ethical, or in plays of pure beauty, he is always consistent with himself. He may go to and fro from one to the other, but he always

expresses himself with almost desperate earnestness. He may contradict himself, Mrs. Becker admits, but only as life contradicts itself, and always with the hope, however formless, of an ultimate reconciliation. His first hero fails, but the Goddess of Poetry bears his lyre to the skies; Henry the bell-founder dies, but whispering: "the sun—the sun draws near."

Hauptmann's concern, this writer goes on to say, is indeed with the ideal alone, and in this his title to his award is clear.

"He may—he often does—depict scenes of squalor and misery, but his interest in circumstances is after all only as it affects the fiber of the soul. A man may be starved or sweated, but Hauptmann will not feel that the ultimate wrong has been done him until his soul has sunk beneath the burden. As I remember the production of 'The Weavers' (just before the New German Theater in Fifty-ninth Street came to an end) the worst moment was not in the starving scenes, but in the first act, where the gaunt workers bringing their finished webs to the sweater's office to be paid off, pass before the counter in a panorama of misery. As one of the bosses approaches a poor creature, she cringingly picks a bit of lint off his coat. Somehow the thought that she had been crushed until even the hatred had been crushed out of her, makes the ultimate shudder of the piece. He measures the weight of calamity by its effect upon the soul; not he who struggles in vain, but he who has ceased to struggle moves his compassion. That old weaver who out of the depths of his firm religious faith refuses to leave his loom, join the strikers, and resist evil with evil, falls dead at his post from a stray shot, but his death is a triumph; the shrill mother who spurns his religion as cowardice and leads the mob that her children may have bread, no doubt ends her days in prison or on the gallows, but she has risen above her lot. Poor little Hannele, beaten, abused, broken by the long cruelties of life, rises above her agony upon the wings of her dream into a realm of pure thoughts, naive images and aspirations. Her death is an apotheosis, *Hanneles Himmelfahrt*."

The longing for a reconciliation between the warring forces of life often drives Hauptmann into the realms of dreams. But his dreams are never purposeless. Hauptmann's failures, of which "Florian Geyer," a play rewritten and reshaped many times, was the most spectacular, are due to his pursuit of the ideal. "Sometimes," Mrs. Becker remarks, "these plays stopped on the stage side of the footlights from the inherent impossibility of expressing in three dimensions what belongs only to the fourth, in which case the reader could and did stage it more effectively upon the scene of his own thought; but none of these plays ever failed because he was afraid to say what he felt."



THE NEW GERMAN WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE

Gerhart Hauptmann, the world-famed author of "The Weavers" and "The Sunken Bell," celebrates his fiftieth birthday with a memorable plea for intellectual tolerance.

"Sometimes it was because he was not sure what it was he had to say, as in 'The Rats,' or perhaps because he had to say so much that he choked his own utterance, as in 'And Pippa Dances'! But always he has the refuge of beauty, and when the life that he would improve by social dramas stifles him with its woe, he may always be expected to swing to poetic expression, sometimes in verse, sometimes in such prose as the 'Greek Springtide' travel sketches."

In the beginning of his career Hauptmann was the leader of the naturalistic school. Germany's literary insurgents rallied around his banner. To-day he stands alone, alone in spite of his triumphs. That, exclaims Professor Edward Everett Hale, Jr., in the *Boston Transcript*, is surely a painful lot. Yet through it all Hauptmann never seems to waver. The fashion of the world changes; it is realistic, fin de siècle, symbolic, romantic. Hauptmann is always Hauptmann.

Like Byron, Professor Hale thinks, Gerhart Hauptmann belongs to the nineteenth century, to the century of individualism, not to the twentieth century and its social spirit. With all

his sympathy with human suffering, with the leper and with the nineteenth-century professor, he preaches the doctrine of individualism: "Live thy own life!"

"He has never followed any other leader than his own sense of what was beautiful and fine, never turned aside to amuse, or interest or instruct the crowd, never done anything except express in what seemed forms of beauty his own conceptions.

"And in another way, too, may Hauptmann's almost fierce individualism be the key to his lack of influence to-day. We need not look far into the future to see that one of the distinctive marks of the twentieth century is the sentiment or even the passion for solidarity, for society, for the race. In all sorts of forms, in literature as in the other arts and the other walks of life, this sentiment, awake in the nineteenth century, is becoming all powerful in the twentieth. Now of all this I see very little in Hauptmann; what I do see is commonly directly opposed to it.... In spite of such a play as 'Die Weber,' Hauptmann is really not much in sympathy with the present. For us, for instance, who are reading men like Bernard Shaw, Chesterton, Galsworthy, Wells, Hauptmann has but little to say."

# Recent Poetry

MR. SAVILE was asked by my Lord of Essex his opinion concerning poetry; who answered my Lord: "He thought them the best writers, next to those who write prose." A writer in *The Independent* quotes the foregoing passage from Bacon's "Apothegms" and comments: "We doubt not that there are more Saviles than Bacons to-day—as there ever have been."

Oh, well, the Mr. Saviles have their reward; but they pass and the world never hears of them again except, as in this case, for a clever chance remark. But even the minor poet of Mr. Savile's day may live on and on in the world's anthologies, for your poet packs the largest amount of goods into the smallest of all packages, and his work, if it is the best of its kind, carries farther than anyone else's except, perhaps, the coin-maker's. Even the coins of the past, however, go into musty old museums, while the poems of the past go singing their way down the highways and byways of the world. It is a sad thing to starve, of course, but it is a sadder thing to die; and the poet of excellence stands the best chance of any of us of never dying.

Chesterton celebrates the Bulgarian victories in a poem that has been widely reprinted on this side. It is worth while, but it has some marks of haste.

## THE MARCH OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

What will there be to remember  
Of us in the days to be?  
Whose faith was a trodden ember  
And even our doubt not free.  
Parliaments built of paper,  
And the soft swords of gold  
That twist like a waxen taper  
In the weak aggressor's hold.  
A hush around Hunger slaying,  
A city of serfs unfed.—  
What shall we leave for a saying  
To praise us when we are dead?

But men shall remember the Mountain  
That broke its forest chains,  
And men shall remember the Mountain  
When it marches against the plains,  
And christen their children from it  
And season and ship and street.  
When the Mountain came to Mahomet  
And looked small before his feet,  
His head was high as the crescent  
Of the moon that seemed his crown,  
And on glory of past and present  
The light of his eyes looked down.

One hand went out to the morning  
Over Brahmin and Buddhist slain,  
And one to the west in scorning  
To point to the scars of Spain.  
One foot on the hills for warden  
By the little Mountain trod,  
And one was in a garden  
And stood on the grave of God.  
But men shall remember the Mountain  
Tho it fall down like a tree;  
They shall see the sign of the Mountain  
Faith cast into the sea.

Tho the crooked swords overcome it  
And the Crooked Moon rise free,  
When the Mountain comes to Mahomet  
It has more life than he.  
But what will there be to remember  
Or what will there be to see—  
Tho our towns through a long November  
Abide to the end and be?  
Strength of slave and mechanic  
Whose iron is ruled by gold—  
Peace of immortal panic—  
Love that is hate grown cold.

Are these a bribe or a warning  
That we turn not to the sun,  
Nor look on the lands of morning  
Where deeds at last are done?  
Where men shall remember the Mountain  
When truth forgets the plain,  
And walks in the way of the Mountain  
That did not fall in vain.  
Death and eclipse and comet,  
Thunder and peals that rend,  
When the Mountain came to Mahomet  
Because it was the end.

We find no Christmas poetry this year that is compelling, and far less of any kind than usual. But the following, from the *American Magazine*, tho not ostensibly Christmas poetry, is all the better for that.

## THE CONQUERORS.

By HARRY KEMP.

I saw the conquerors riding by  
With trampling feet of horse and men;  
Empire on empire like the tide  
Flooded the world and ebbed again;  
A thousand banners caught the sun,  
And cities smoked along the plain;  
And, laden down with silk and gold  
And heaped-up pillage, groaned the wain.

I saw the conquerors riding by  
Splashing through loathsome floods of  
war;  
The Crescent leaning o'er its hosts,  
And the barbaric scimitar;  
And continents of moving spears,  
And storms of arrows in the sky,  
And all the instruments sought out  
By cunning men that men may die!

I saw the conquerors riding by  
With cruel lips and faces wan.  
Musing on kingdoms sacked and burned,  
There rode the Mongol, Genghis Khan;

And Alexander, like a god,  
Who sought to weld the world in one;  
And Cæsar with his laurel-wreath;  
And, leaping full of hell, the Hun;

And, leading like a star the van,  
Heedless of upstretched arm and groan,  
Inscrutable Napoleon went,  
Dreaming of empire, and alone.

Then all they perished from the earth  
As fleeting shadows from a glass,  
And, conquering down the centuries,  
Came Christ, the swordless, on an ass!

A new volume of poems by Rudyard Kipling ought to be a great event. But, alas, tho the volume is new, the poems are not. They consist of the songs and ballads and snatches that have appeared in past years in his novels and stories, now collected for the first time. They have the old-time cunning and the old-time "punch," and tho they lose some of their significance thus detached from the books for which they were written, they have plenty of it left. Here is one of the best of them:

## A ST. HELENA LULLABY.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"How far is St. Helena from a little  
child at play?"  
What makes you want to wander there  
with all the world between?  
Oh, Mother, call your son again or else  
he'll run away.  
(*No one thinks of winter when the  
grass is green!*)

"How far is St. Helena from a fight in  
Paris street?"  
I haven't time to answer now—the men  
are falling fast.  
The guns begin to thunder, and the drums  
begin to beat.  
(*If you take the first step you will take  
the last!*)

"How far is St. Helena from the field of  
Austerlitz?"  
You couldn't hear me if I told—so loud  
the cannons roar.  
But not so far for people who are living  
by their wits.  
(*"Gay go up" means "Gay go down" the  
wide world o'er!*)

"How far is St. Helena from an Emperor  
of France?"  
I cannot see—I cannot tell—the crowns  
they dazzle so.

The Kings sit down to dinner, and the  
Queens stand up to dance.  
(*After open weather you may look for  
snow!*)

"How far is St. Helena from the Capes  
of Trafalgar?"  
A longish way—a longish way—with ten  
year more to run.  
It's South across the water underneath a  
setting star.  
(*What you cannot finish you must leave  
undone!*)

"How far is St. Helena from the Beresina  
ice?"  
An ill way—a chill way—the ice begins  
to crack.  
But not so far for gentlemen who never  
took advice.  
(*When you can't go forward you must  
e'en come back!*)

"How far is St. Helena from the field of  
Waterloo?"  
A near way—a clear way—the ship will  
take you soon.  
A pleasant place for gentlemen with little  
left to do.  
(*Morning never tries you till the after-  
noon!*)

"How far from St. Helena to the Gate of  
Heaven's Grace?"  
That no one knows—that no one knows  
—and no one ever will.  
But fold your hands across your heart  
and cover up your face,  
And after all your trapesings, child, lie  
still.

We have always felt a little shame-faced because our enthusiasm over William Vaughn Moody is not equal to that of many of our friends. His collected "Poems and Poetic Dramas" (which is Volume I of a series of his writings being put forth by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) leaves us still shame-faced for the same reason. But we find a refuge for our shame in "Gloucester Moors." It is a noble poem and, tho we do not feel like squandering all our superlatives upon it, it kindles the imagination and leaves one with a wider vision. We reprint it, omitting two stanzas, the second and the third:

#### GLOUCESTER MOORS.

By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

A mile behind is Gloucester town  
Where the fishing fleets put in,  
A mile ahead the land dips down  
And the woods and farms begin.  
Here, where the moors stretch free  
In the high blue afternoon,  
Are the marching sun and talking sea,  
And the racing winds that wheel and flee  
On the flying heels of June.

This earth is not the steadfast place  
We landsmen build upon;  
From deep to deep she varies pace,  
And while she comes is gone.  
Beneath my feet I feel  
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;  
With velvet plunge and soft upreel  
She swings and steadies to her keel  
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,  
The sun is her masthead light,  
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail  
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.  
Now hid, now looming clear,  
On the face of the dangerous blue  
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,  
But on, but on does the old earth steer  
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,  
Tho she goes so far about?  
Or blind astray, does she make her sport  
To brazen and chance it out?  
I watched when her captains passed:  
She were better captainless.  
Men in the cabin, before the mast,  
But some were reckless and some aghast,  
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught  
Sounds from the noisome hold,—  
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught  
And cries too sad to be told.  
Then I strove to go down and see;  
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"  
I turned to those on the deck with me  
And cried, "Give help!" but they said,  
"Let be:  
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,  
Blue is the quaker-maid,  
The alder-clump where the brook comes  
through  
Breeds cresses in its shade.  
To be out of the moiling street  
With its swelter and its sin!  
Who has given to me this sweet,  
And given my brother dust to eat?  
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,  
Yellow and white and brown,  
Boats and boats from the fishing banks  
Come home to Gloucester town.  
There is cash to purse and spend,  
There are wives to be embraced,  
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,  
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—  
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,  
What harbor town for thee?  
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,  
Shall crowd the banks to see?  
Shall all the happy shipmates then  
Stand singing brotherly?  
Or shall a haggard ruthless few  
Warp her over and bring her to,  
While the many broken souls of men  
Fester down in the slaver's pen,  
And nothing to say or do.

One of the most striking little poems we have seen for a long time appears in the San Francisco *Bulletin*. It is a translation by "L. H." of a poem written at the age of sixteen by a young French lad, Henri Charles Reade, who died at the age of seventeen. It is the sort of thing that abides in one's mind.

#### A WORN-OUT HEART.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CHARLES  
READE.

I think that God resolved to be  
Ungenerous when I came on earth,  
And that the heart he gave to me  
Was old already ere my birth.

He placed within my childish breast  
A worn out heart—to save expense!  
A heart long tortured by unrest  
And torn by passion's violence.

Its thousand tender scars proclaim  
A thousand episodes of woe;  
And yet I know not how it came  
By all those wounds which hurt it so!

Within its chambers linger hosts  
Of passion-memories, never mine—  
Dead fires—dreams faded out—the ghosts  
Of suns that long have ceased to shine.

Perfumes, deliriously sweet,  
Of loves that I have never known,  
It holds and burns with maddening heat,  
For beauty I may never own.

O weirdest fate! O hopeless woe!  
Anguish unrivalled! peerless pain!  
To wildly love—and never know  
The object wildly loved in vain!

The trouble with a great deal of the poetry by women is that it is mere make-believe and smacks of the nursery. But when a woman really unpacks her heart in words we are apt to get something full of emotion and capable of stirring the soul's depths. In "The Wind on the Heath," a new volume of ballads and lyrics by May Byron (George H. Doran Company), we find some markedly good things. The following has, to our mind, wonderful power. It is a cry not from the heart of a woman but from the heart of Woman:

#### AT BAY.

By MAY BYRON.

My child is mine.  
Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh  
is he,  
Rocked on my breast and nurtured at  
my knee,  
Fed with sweet thoughts ere ever he  
drew breath,  
Wrested in battle through the gates of  
death.  
With passionate patience is my trea-  
sure hoarded,  
And all my pain with priceless joy  
rewarded.

My child is mine.  
Nay, but a thousand thousand powers  
of ill  
Dispute him with me; lurking wolf-like  
still  
In every cover of the ambushed years.  
Disease and danger dog him: foes and  
fears  
Beside his path, with menace fierce  
and stormy.  
Help me, O God! these are too mighty  
for me!

My child is mine.  
But pomp and glitter of the garish world  
May wean him hence; while, tenderly  
unfurled  
Like a spring leaf, his delicate, spotless  
days  
Open in blinding sunlight. And the blaze  
Of blue and blossom, scents and songs  
at riot,  
May woo him from my wardenship  
of quiet.

My child is mine.

Yet all his gray forefathers of the past  
Challenge the dear possession: they o'er-  
cast  
His soul's clear purity with dregs and  
lees  
Of vile unknown ancestral impulses:  
And viewless hands, from shadowy  
regions groping,  
With dim negation frustrate all my  
hoping.

My child is mine.

By what black fate, what ultimate doom  
accursed,  
Shall be that radiant certainty reversed?  
Tho hell should thrust its fiery gulfs  
between,  
Tho all the heaven of heavens should  
intervene,  
Bound with a bond not God himself  
will sever,  
The babe I bore is mine for ever and  
ever.

My child is mine.

So far the woman suffrage movement has failed to achieve any very compelling lyrical expression—anything, that is, that seems likely to forward the cause with "the man in the street." Mrs. Stetson and Witter Bynner and others have written on the subject with great earnestness; but nothing on that side has seemed to arrest public attention as, for instance, Kipling's "The Female of the Species" arrested it. In *Collier's* we find a new and fairly successful attempt to set forth the cause in verse:

#### THE CALL.

By ELLEN GLASGOW.

Woman called to woman at the daybreak!  
When the bosom of the deep was stirred,  
In the gold of dawn and in the silence,  
Woman called to woman and was heard!

Steadfast as the dawning of the polestar,  
Secret as the fading of the breath;  
At the gate of birth we stood together,  
Still together at the gate of Death.

Queen or slave or bond or free, we battled,  
Bartered not our faith for love or gold;  
Man we served, but in the hour of anguish  
Woman called to woman as of old.

Hidden at the heart of earth we waited,  
Watchful, patient, silent, secret, true;  
All the terrors of the chains that bound us  
Man has seen, but only woman knew!

Woman knew! Yea, still, and woman  
knoweth!—  
Thick the shadows of our prison lay—  
Yet that knowledge in our hearts we treas-  
ure  
Till the dawning of the perfect day.

Onward now as in the long, dim ages,  
Onward to the light where Freedom lies;  
Woman calls to woman to awaken!  
Woman calls to woman to arise!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has been writing for many years, but she has done her best poetical work in the last five years. Her touch was never so sure

as it has been in that time and her inspiration never before so genuine. Her popularity has extended of late to England and four of her books, we understand, are now in process of publication there. The following poem, from *The National Magazine*, is not one of her best, but it has real vitality in it:

#### SCIENCE.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Alone I climb the steep ascending path  
Which leads to knowledge. In the bab-  
bling throngs  
That hurry after, shouting to the world  
Small fragments of large truths, there is  
not one  
Who comprehends my purpose, or who  
sees  
The ultimate great goal. Why even she,  
My heaven-intended spouse, my other self,  
Religion, turns her beauteous face on me  
With hatred in her eyes, where love should  
dwell.  
While those who call me Master, blindly  
run,  
Wounding the ear of Faith with blas-  
phemies,  
And making useless slaughter, in my name.

Mine is the difficult, slow task to blaze  
A road to Facts, through labyrinths of  
dreams.  
To tear down Maybe and establish IS.  
And substitute "I Know" for "I Believe."  
I follow closely where the seers have led;  
But that intangible dim path of theirs,  
Which may be trodden but by other seers,  
I seek to render solid for the feet  
Of all mankind. With reverent hands I  
lift

The mask from Mystery; and show the  
face  
Of Reason, smiling bravely on the world.  
The visions of the prophets, one by one,  
Grew visible beneath my tireless touch;  
And the white secrets of the elusive stars  
I tell aloud to listening multitudes.

To fit the better world my toil insures  
Time will impregnate with a better race  
The Future's womb; and when the hour  
is ripe  
To ready eyes of men, the alien spheres  
Shall seem as friendly neighbors; and my  
skill  
Shall make their music audible to ears  
Which shall be tuned to those high har-  
monies.

Mine is the work to fashion step by step  
The shining Way that leads from man to  
God.  
Tho I demolish obstacles of creeds,  
And blast tradition from the face of earth,  
My hand shall open wide the door of Truth,  
Whose other name is Faith; and at the end  
Of this most holy labor, I shall turn  
To see Religion with enlightened eyes  
Seeking the welcome of my outstretched  
arms,  
While all the world stands hushed, and  
awed before  
The proven splendor of the Fact Supreme.

S. E. Kiser is content usually to write good humorous verse and that is better far than to write poor serious poetry. Once in a while, however, he

gives us something that appeals to sentiment from other than the humorous side and leaves us aglow with a feeling of kindness and satisfaction. He does so in the poem below, taken from his column in the *Chicago Record-Herald*:

#### SWEET OLD AGE.

By S. E. KISER.

An old, old man is trudging by,  
His head is bowed, his eyes are dim;  
A little while and he must die,  
But have I cause to pity him?  
Success is coupled with his name,  
The record he has made is clean.  
Respected, righteous and serene,  
He hears no word of hate or blame,  
And as he nears the closing scene  
His visage bears no tinge of shame.  
The way that he has come is long,  
The end is near, his work is done;  
Where foes beset him he was strong,  
The peace he claims has been well won;  
Behind him lie the terrors we  
Who follow him shall have to face;  
Beyond the danger of disgrace,  
He nears his goal triumphantly,  
And in his breast there is no place  
For bitterness or enmity.

His hands are weak, his steps are slow,  
Ambition urges him in vain;  
With but a little way to go,  
He passes, leaning on his cane;  
Free from remorse and from regret,  
Contentment gladdens all his days;  
No specters rise before his gaze,  
No haunting fears his soul beset;  
He has no wish for empty praise,  
No sinful triumphs to forget.

His children have been guided past  
The pits that opened, deep and wide,  
And, needing him no more, at last  
Have children of their own to guide;  
Love has enriched him; he is free  
From obligations and from care;  
He has no cause to wonder where  
Or ask what his reward may be;  
Ah, proud old age, and sweet and rare,  
That lends its grace to such as he!

The poems in William B. Yeats' new volume, "The Green Helmet and Other Poems" (Macmillan), will add nothing to his laurels. They are very slight and very cryptic. Here is one of the most engaging of the lyrics:

#### THE YOUNG MAN'S SONG.

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

I whispered, "I am too young,"  
And then, "I am old enough,"  
Wherefore I threw a penny  
To find out if I might love:  
"Go and love, go and love, young man,  
If the lady be young and fair."  
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,  
I am looped in the loops of her hair.

Oh love is the crooked thing,  
There is nobody wise enough  
To find out all that is in it,  
For he would be thinking of love  
Till the stars had run away  
And the shadows eaten the moon;  
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,  
One cannot begin it too soon.

# Finance and Industry

## Popularizing the Automobile.

HERE was a time when the horseless carriage was the luxury of the very rich. To-day the automobile rivals the one-time popularity of the bicycle. The automobile industry, tho but two decades old, is equaled in volume and importance only by the industries producing raw materials, such as coal and steel. There are, according to an investigation made by *The Automobile*, 990,738 cars in use to-day in the United States. In California, one person in twenty-eight owns an automobile. In Maine the proportion is one to thirty. New York is fairly representative of the country at large, one out of ninety inhabitants being credited with a horseless carriage. Kentucky stands at the tail-end of the list, with one in six hundred and two. No distinction is drawn, in compiling the figures, between commercial vehicles and pleasure cars. Prices, too, have undergone considerable modification. In 1907 the average price per automobile was a little over two thousand dollars. To-day the average price is only a little over one thousand dollars. The threatened revision of the tariff may open the market to still cheaper cars from abroad. Five or six hundred dollars will already buy a respectable car. "What is home without an automobile?" may soon be the leit-motif of the average American household.

THE figures quoted above seem even more startling if considered in the light of the growth of a single year. During the first nine months of 1912, 275,293 automobiles were manufactured in the United States, and 266,670 registered in the various States. The total number of trucks made was 35,978 and that of electrics, 33,842. Automobile owners paid a total of \$5,229,495 as license fees for their vehicles. The ratio of cars to population was one car to every ninety-three residents of the country, if the result of the last official census (in 1910) be taken as the basis of calculation. How the ratio differs in various States appears from the accompanying table. The total value of the cars registered up to October 1 was \$1,188,885,600 or \$12.98 per capita of the population. As to the distribution of cars in the various States, New York ranks first, being the only State

where there are more than 100,000 automobiles; but it is not gaining so rapidly as the State governed by Hiram Johnson. California leads in the maximum number of new registrations for 1912, but West Virginia has the greatest gain in percentage. Of the cars used to-day throughout the Union, 26.9 per cent. have been purchased since January 1, 1912. Commercial vehicles, which numbered 25,451 in the previous year, record a gain of 41.3%.

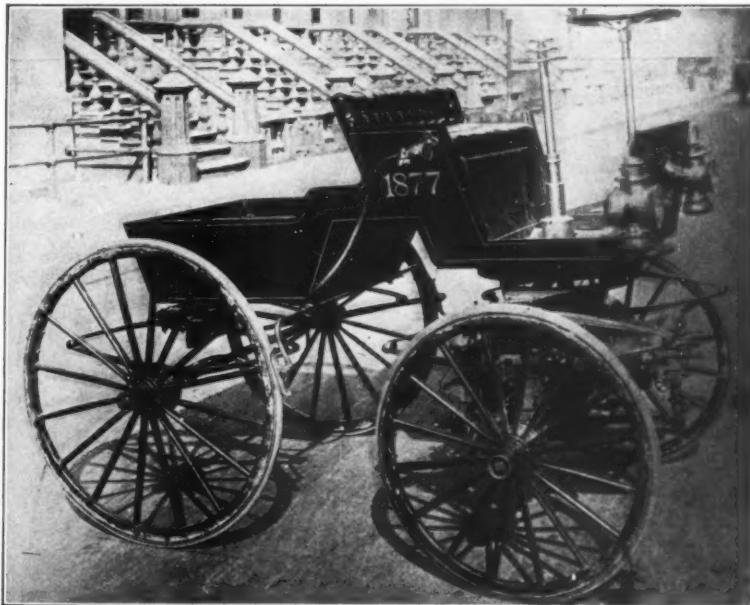
## The Growth of Ten Years.

THE following table shows the development of the automobile industry in the last ten years. We can see how the production steadily increased, at first moderately, then by leaps and bounds.

Year	Cars built	Increase over past year	Per cent. increase
1903	9,000	.....	.....
1904	12,000	3,000	33.33
1905	22,500	10,500	83.96
1906	30,000	7,500	33.33
1907	39,000	9,000	30.00
1908	50,000	11,000	28.67
1909	108,000	58,000	116.30
1910	173,000	65,000	60.25
1911	200,000	27,000	15.62
1912	340,000	140,000	41.20

Evidently 1912 was a banner year in the automobile industry. Not only, remarks the authority to which we are indebted for information, is the pro-

duction increase of 140,000 cars absolutely unprecedented, but the rate of increase is ahead of that of every other industry. There are to-day 286 manufacturers of pleasure cars and 312 manufacturers of commercial cars in the United States. The increase in the last-named class is of special significance as pointing to the trend of the future. The farmer seems to be wide awake to the use of the automobile. Thus, according to *Motor Age*, the North Dakota Farming Association has decided to equip its field men with power machines for the purpose of carrying agricultural education to the farmer at work in the fields. For two years the association has experimented with equines, motor cycles and motor cars, with the result that the motor car proved itself capable of doing more work at a smaller comparative cost of upkeep than either of the other means of transportation. Most remarkable seems to be the development of the motor truck. Thus a number of department stores in large cities, notably in Chicago, are planning to do away entirely with horses. Seven hundred and fifty motor vehicles will take the place of sixteen hundred horses. This means a saving of nearly two miles of street space to the city.



Picture by Brown Brothers

## THE FIRST AUTO EVER BUILT

Such is the claim to distinction of the Selden automobile. Mr. Haynes, one of the first autoists in this country, tells entertainingly of the uproar caused by his first venture upon the highroad in a horseless carriage. In these days, when "everybody's doin' it," we are apt to forget that the automobile has not been in general use for more than two decades.



ONLY HERE AND THERE AN AUTOMOBILE

This is what Fifth Avenue looked like little more than five years ago.

**W**E ARE so accustomed to the sight of the automobile that we fail to realize its comparative youthfulness. Yet, as Elwood Haynes, one of its pioneers, points out in *Motor Print*, the automobile was almost unknown in the United States twenty years ago. When his first machine was taken out into the street for a preliminary trial, the neighborhood was thrown into an uproar. At that time the bicycle was very popular. "I remember," remarks Mr. Haynes, "how, when the little machine here shown made its way along the streets, we were met by a 'bevy' of girls mounted on wheels. I shall never forget the expression on their faces as they wheeled aside, separating like a flock of swans and gazing wonder-eyed at the uncouth and utterly unexpected little machine; this was in 1894. A number of these are married now and have children nearly grown. To these children there is nothing startling about the automobile, tho many of them are intensely interested in its rapid growth and the pleasure which it has afforded them." In those days there was some question as to the right of the horseless vehicle on the public highway. To-day a similar question confronts us with regard to airships and air-lanes. When the little machine of Mr. Haynes was unloaded for the *Times-Herald* contest in 1895 at Englewood, a suburb of Chicago, with the intention of driving down Michigan Avenue to the central portion of the city, the automobilists were stopped by a policeman, who ordered them to leave the boulevard. Vainly Mr. Haynes remonstrated with him and asked him what harm the machine

could do the boulevard, since it was equipped with rubber tires and made but little noise. The officer simply replied, "Arders, sir," and there was nothing to be done.

Manufacturing the Modern Automobile.

**I**F WE examine the picture of the primitive little car used by Mr. Haynes with the modern pleasure car or with the gigantic motor trucks in use to-day we see at a glance the development of the automobile. Theodore M. R. von Keler describes in the *Scientific American* the complex processes involved in its manufacture. The first step in sending the automo-



FIFTH AVENUE AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

To-day there is hardly a horse in sight on the millionaire's boulevard of the metropolis.

bile-to-be on its winding path through furnaces, lathes, drills, and stamping machine, naturally is the purchase of materials from an infinite number of sources. When the steel ingots, sheets, wood wheels, live axles and all the other thousand-and-one large and small bits of metal and wood have been received, the future automobile begins to rise out of chaos, not in a single unit, but in lots of a thousand and more.

"At one end of the huge factory an immense drop forge gives a few 'loving taps' to an unwieldy steel bar, and lo! a side frame member of the chassis is born. Another forge close by, at the same

DISTRIBUTION BY STATES, OF AUTOMOBILES, 1912

State	No. Persons to Each Automobile	State	No. Persons to Each Automobile
California .....	28	Kansas .....	91
Maine .....	30	Wisconsin .....	96
Nebraska .....	37	Nevada .....	102
South Dakota .....	39	Montana .....	107
Iowa .....	50	Illinois .....	117
New Jersey .....	50	Maryland .....	121
Delaware .....	50	Pennsylvania .....	130
Indiana .....	52	Missouri .....	136
Wyoming .....	52	New Mexico .....	137
Rhode Island .....	58	Utah .....	139
Colorado .....	63	Florida .....	142
Connecticut .....	64	Georgia .....	155
North Dakota .....	65	Texas .....	156
Massachusetts .....	66	South Carolina .....	164
Michigan .....	72	West Virginia .....	236
New Hampshire .....	74	Louisiana .....	265
Minnesota .....	74	Tennessee .....	265
Ohio .....	75	Oklahoma .....	302
Oregon .....	76	North Carolina .....	364
Idaho .....	76	Virginia .....	367
Vermont .....	83	Mississippi .....	400
Washington .....	85	Arkansas .....	436
New York .....	89	Alabama .....	525
Arizona .....	90	Kentucky .....	602

time, turns out end members, and before you realize it, there are a dozen or more complete chassis frames standing alongside of you.

"A little farther down the line of huge machines there stands a big forge which by a single blow turns out a front axle for the car-to-be, the steel bar, of course, having been treated before it reached the machining shop. And so on and on. Everywhere stand whole batteries of machines which do nothing all day long but strike a terrible blow every minute or so, or which lift a part to be machined against a multiple drill, the man in charge being so expert in his particular duties that he barely casts a glance on his work now and then. The machines work automatically and with the least amount of energy to the attending operator.

"Take for instance the multiple drilling machine. In a single upward movement of the table on which the crankcase rests, thirty-two holes are drilled simultaneously in less time than it takes to drill a single hole in an ordinary machine from a center punch mark. The casting itself is held securely in a special jig, in such a position as to force the drills to pass between steel bushings spaced with absolute accuracy. The operation of drilling the thirty-two holes, besides requiring only  $1/32$  the cost and time of machine-shop methods, is far more accurate."

The processes that follow are too complex to be taken up here. Armies of experts are trained for each operation involved. There are, the writer goes on to say, men who do one particular operation day in and day out, who repeat it a thousand times a day, and perhaps a million times in all before they are promoted to some foreman position. They are specialists in the highest sense of the word.

A Revolutionary Labor Decision.

THE partial victory of the locomotive engineers, embodied in the award of the arbitration board appointed to pass upon their demands, is not of itself of such vast importance, inasmuch as the effect of the decision, if not subsequently made permanent, ends May, 1913. The principles involved in the decision are, however, of revolutionary significance. The arbitration board, headed by Oscar S.

Straus, frankly admitted its inability to determine from a study of railroad finance whether the railroads could afford to pay increased wages. The novelty of the award is to be found in the conclusion of the arbitrators that, whether they could afford it or not, all railroads in the eastern district must pay a "reasonable" wage. It followed that the board had to decide what was a "reasonable" wage, and this was done by comparing the engineers' wages with the wages of other trainmen, by considering the conditions of the work, and by taking into account the cost of living. The board further suggested that the power to fix wages on railroads should be vested in federal and state commissions just as the power to fix freight and passenger rates is vested in the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The decision therefore establishes two startling innovations: a minimum wage and compulsory arbitration. In practice, comments the *New York Times*, the minimum wage is always the maximum wage, and the rate of pay is frozen to a standard, and not increasable either by individual or collective effort.

"In other words, this award is either nothing or epochal. It is comparatively nothing if it merely composes a controversy until May next. It is nothing less than epochal if it sets the date of the birth of an American wage-earning class whose status is as fixed as that of the railways under public regulation. This is not intended as praise or dispraise of the report at this time. It is merely intended as a statement of the rationale of the report, whose significance is sensed by the representative of labor and expressed by its protest."

Mr. Morrissey, the labor representative on the board, dissenting from the majority, maintains that the creation of a federal board with the right to determine a minimum wage takes away the strike weapon from railroad employees. The press in general upholds the report. "Just as the cunning of capital has been shackled," declares the *Times*, "so will the selfish activities of trades-unions be shackled." At

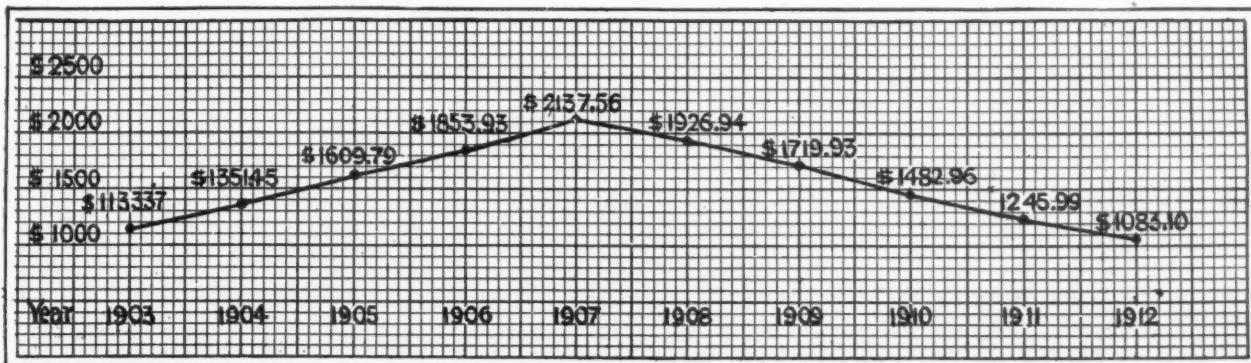
present, explains the *Springfield Republican*, the railroads and the public are at the mercy of railroad labor organizations. The *New York Evening Post*, while not prepared to accept the plan as feasible, indorses its underlying principle. "That," we are told, "some machinery must be set up by law which will prevent a group of impulsive or hot-headed leaders, employers, or employees, from inflicting on whole communities the experiences of a military siege, is a conclusion which, we believe, every thoughtful citizen has already reached. What the French Government did, through the violent expedient of calling out the railway engineers as part of the army reserve and requiring them, under military penalty, to operate the trains, it must be possible for the United States to do through normal and constitutional means."

Barring the Stock Exchange from the Mails.

DENIAL of the use of the United States mails is the curb for the Money Trust proposed by Chairman Pujo of the House Banking and Currency Commission. The Stock Exchange and most clearing houses, asserts Mr. Pujo, are conspiracies in restraint of trade. As such all of their interstate business should be barred from the mails.

"In listing securities, in limiting the size of their membership and by various other restrictions, the Stock Exchanges and Clearing House associations have become monopolies of commerce. I think their business can be denied transmission in the mails under the postal laws. The New York Stock Exchange is a striking example of this business domination. The postal laws should be invoked to exclude the exchanges, associations or bankers and brokers from use of the mails in interstate commerce unless complete reorganization is made. They may be treated exactly as the Louisiana lottery was treated.

"As now organized and conducted, clearing houses force banks to join or refuse to 'clear' their exchanges. In most cases this compels a bank either to join the association or go out of business. Being denied the clearances and support of other banks, institutions which refuse



HOW THE COST OF AUTOMOBILES WAXED AND WANED

This chart shows the fluctuations in the average price of automobiles in the last ten years.

to join the associations find difficulties in doing business."

Thomas Lawson in *Everybody's* urges the same remedy. He proposes an amendment of the federal lottery law which can be put on the statute books at a single session of Congress. The gist of Lawson's recommendation is contained in the first two paragraphs of his proposed statute. The italicized portions of the following passage indicate his proposed additions to the statute:

"No letter, postal-card, or circular concerning any lottery, so-called gift concert, or other similar enterprise offering prizes dependent upon lot or chance, or concerning schemes devized for the purpose of obtaining money or property under false pretenses, or concerning any stock exchange where securities or stocks, bonds, notes, or other evidences of indebtedness, or evidence of part or proportionate ownership of property, are dealt in on a margin or on credit, unless said stock exchange is incorporated by the Congress of the United States; and no list of the drawings at any lottery or similar scheme, and no lottery ticket or part thereof, and no statement, account, bill of particulars, or other information regarding any purchase or sale upon or in any

stock exchange, of any securities, stock, bond, or other evidence of indebtedness, or of part or proportionate ownership of property on a margin or on credit, unless such purchase or sale is made upon a stock exchange incorporated by the Congress of the United States."

Mr. Lawson insists on the unselfishness of his present fight, for he himself is a beneficiary of "the System." He states that ever since he began to play the "game" on a large scale, he has never made less than a million a year in the "gambling hells" of Wall Street.

Making Our Currency of a Smaller Size.

THE Treasury Department of the United States has decided to make paper currency in smaller sizes. A dollar bill to-day is more than three inches wide and a little over seven and one quarter inches long. It is to be reduced to six by two and one-half inches. The order for the change has already been issued and the new bills are now being made, but it will take eighteen months to make the change complete. The reasons for the change, we learn from Robert H. Moulton (in the *Technical World*) were several. In the first place Uncle Sam will save approximately \$600,000

a year by this economy. The saving on the paper for the 240,000,000 notes issued per annum will alone amount to \$85,000.

"The notes being smaller, less engraving will be required for the plates from which they are printed. Also less ink will be used—an item much more important than might be imagined. In addition to this, it is estimated by the treasury experts that the new bills will have a 'life' at least one-third longer than the old ones, because they will require one less fold in order to be stowed away conveniently in pocket book. This means that there will be fewer bills to be redeemed unfit for future use, and the force for the redemption division at Washington can be cut down sufficiently to save \$50,000 a year in salaries. At present it costs the government one cent to print and issue a dollar bill.

"The new paper money will not only be more convenient for the public, but easier for bank clerks and tellers to handle. Experiments made in Washington banks recently showed that the small notes do not cramp up the fingers as do the old ones."

These experiments were conducted with the paper currency of the Philippine Islands, which has replaced the old Spanish notes, and which is exactly of the size proposed for our new greenbacks.

## FORTUNES THAT HAVE LITERALLY GONE UP IN SMOKE

ALMOST six hundred million dollars' worth of property is annually lost in smoke in the United States. Fortunes even larger than that go up the chimney with the soot and the gases. Professor William D. Harkins, who makes these startling statements, tells (in *Popular Mechanics*) of one single chimney which literally spouted up a million dollars a year! It seems strange that so little is known in regard to smoke. Its economic importance is just beginning to be understood. The University of Pittsburgh has recently established a laboratory employing twenty-five specialists for the scientific investigation of this phase of our industrial life. The United States Bureau of Mines is studying the problem of preventing the escape in cities of the black smoke due to coal, and it has just established a special laboratory in San Francisco for the purpose of studying the smoke given off by copper-smelting plants. Chicago, we are told, is conducting similar studies of its smoke problem, and much work is done by industrial concerns here and abroad along similar lines.

The work done so far is, however, entirely inadequate. The smoke inspector in the city of Chicago estimates that the annual damage caused by the soot and other ingredients of

smoke amounts to \$50,000,000 in that city alone, and on the same basis, it is said, the damage in the United States as a whole reaches the prodigious figure of \$600,000,000 a year. This, Professor Harkins explains, does not by any means represent the entire loss, since the black soot which escapes and does a large part of the damage is really wasted coal. The coal lost in smoke amounts on the average to 10% of all that is used.

"In other words, the average purchaser of coal, when he pays five dollars a ton for it, tosses fifty cents worth out of the chimney unburned, to do damage to his neighbors, and then usually wastes a large proportion of the heat in the four-and-a-half-dollars' worth that is left. When it is realized that the purchaser of this ton of coal is also paying for his share of the 300,000,000 tons of coal that are wasted in this country every year, some comprehension may be gained of the magnitude of wastes of this nature. However large these figures, the work of the government has shown that the losses are even greater than they would indicate, for by converting the coal into a gas called producer gas, not only is all the damage due to the soot of smoke eliminated, but in addition, by using the gas in a gas engine, a ton of coal gives two and a half times as much power as it would in a steam engine."

To most people, the writer remarks,

smoke is just smoke; but to those who have studied it, smoke is much more complex and correspondingly much more interesting. Smoke is made up of two parts, the smoke we see and the smoke we cannot see. The visible smoke we call soot, and this is a very remarkable and very injurious substance.

"About one-half of the soot is carbon, which is commonly known in the form of charcoal or graphite, or in a still purer state as the diamond. A form of carbon, which is much more like soot, is called lampblack, and this is used for making black paint. Those familiar with lampblack paints know that it takes very little of the paint to blacken a large surface, and this is also one of the properties of soot, the one which makes it so injurious to delicate fabrics and even to more ordinary clothing.

"In addition to the carbon, soot contains about one-fifth of its weight of tar and oil, and these very sticky substances cause soot to have somewhat the properties of a paint, and make it much more difficult to remove the black substance from any kind of cloth. This tar and oil seem to be somewhat caustic in their action, and cause the soot to have an injurious effect on the leaves of plants; but much more injurious than this is the sulphuric acid, amounting to about one-twentieth of the weight of the soot. This acid eats up cloth, the leaves of trees, and even into stones or the steel

rails of the railways. It may not eat holes in the cloth, but it weakens the fabric, and on leaves it often causes the formation of spots.

"Besides these substances soot contains a large number of ingredients of interest to a chemist, which are here put down in order to show its complexity. It contains ammonia, best known as a cleaning fluid; phosphate of lime, a constituent of bones; from one-tenth to one-fourth of its weight of sand; and small quantities of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, phosphate of aluminum, chlorine, sulpho-cyanogen, carbonic acid, water, and traces of other substances."

The throwing off of visible smoke may be stopped by burning the coal in a proper way; or by converting it into gas and then burning this gas; or by precipitating out the soot by electricity, according to the process invented by Doctor Cotrell of the Bureau of Mines.

The most injurious constituents of the invisible smoke are sulphur dioxide and sulphuric acid. These substances have an injurious effect on trees. The loss to the forests in the vicinity of the smelters of the West amounts to many millions of dollars.

A few years ago a firm of smelters found that very large quantities of arsenic, copper, sulphuric acid, and other substances were thrown out by their four great smokestacks. The farmers in a circumference of fifteen miles complained that the heels of their cattle were being poisoned by arsenic. To remedy matters the smelter company built one great smokestack, the top of which was 1,100 feet above the valley below, in order to throw the smoke so high that the sulphur dioxide and sulphuric acid would not again come down to the surface of the earth, and it was supposed that the gases would do no more damage.

Courtesy Popular Mechanics

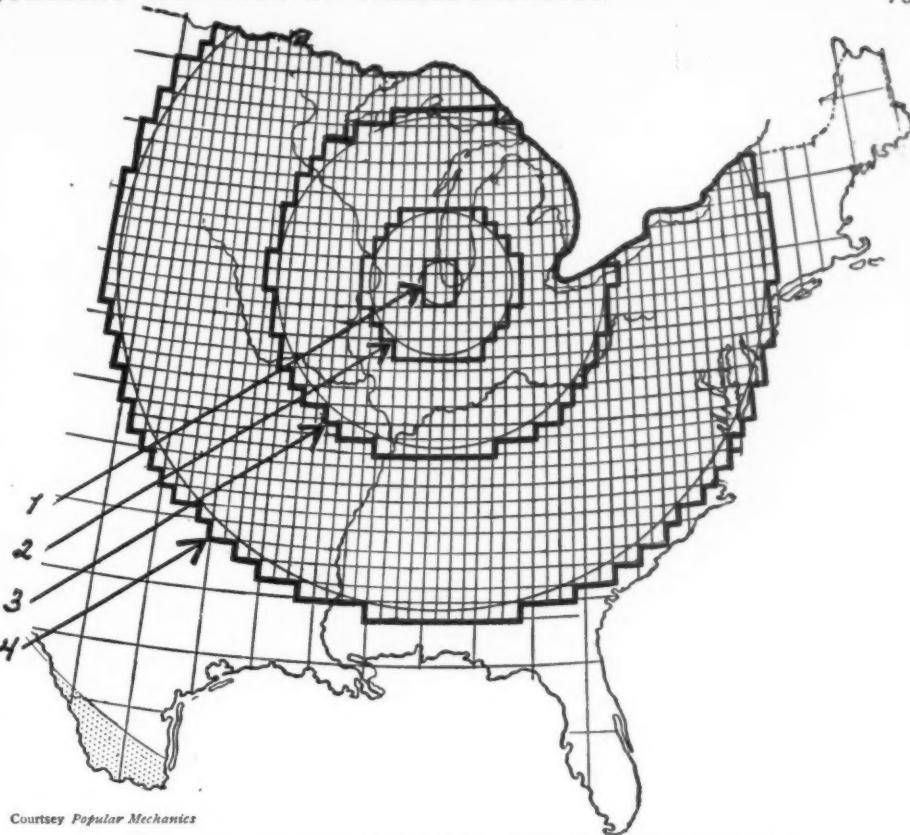
THE ZONES OF OUR EMANCIPATION FROM EXPRESS EXTORTION  
The country is divided, for the purpose of the parcel post, into 3,500 units. The numbered arrows point to the limits of the zones indicated. In the first zone, figuring from Chicago as a center, the rate is five cents per pound and three cents for each additional pound. In the second zone the rate is six and four cents respectively. In the third, the rate is seven and five cents respectively. In the fourth zone the rate is eight cents and six cents respectively.

"The great stack and the flues which led to it are said to have cost nearly a million dollars. The great flues, which carried the smoke from the smelter up the mountain side to the foot of the stack, were built very large in order that all of the solid part of the smoke, which contained copper and arsenic, might settle out before the smoke escaped. This great flue was 2,200 feet long, the first 1,200 feet being 60 feet wide, and the remaining 1,000 feet 120 feet in width. The depth of the flue, from its top to the bottom of the excavation, was 36 feet. That this flue was very effective in reducing the amount of copper lost is shown by the saving of about a half million dollars' worth of copper per year by its use.

"It would seem that such an effective

flue as this would stop the losses, but an analysis of the smoke from the stack, made several years later, showed that even after this large amount of copper had settled out of the smoke, over 4,000 pounds of copper per day, at that time worth about one thousand dollars, still escaped from the top of the stack, and the wheels of mowing machines run in hay fields miles away became rapidly coated with copper."

The farmers still claimed that their horses and cows were being poisoned. Professor Swain, of Stanford University, made another analysis of the smoke. His investigation revealed the astounding result that over 59,270 pounds of arsenic still escaped from the stack in one day!



## SQUEEZING THE GODS OF TRANSPORTATION

THERE are but two important facts about the express business, in the opinion of Albert W. Atwood. Every one uses it and nobody is satisfied with it. Four express companies hold us in the hollow of their hand. For half a century, the writer goes on to say in the *American Magazine*, they and a few smaller companies, mostly associated with them, have practically monopolized the express business. Upon property and equipment which the companies themselves value at less than \$30,000,000 they have

earned enough, after paying out to the railroads \$397,653,860 in the course of their existence, to retain profits of \$294,043,285. Yet the express business has been conducted, we are told, carelessly, inefficiently, stupidly. The leading express companies made no less than 10,000 errors in their charges to customers in two business days, as brought out by the recent investigations of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The energy wasted in the counting rooms of the express companies is pro-

digious. There are no less than ten accounting or auditing acts which an express company must perform for each package. The Post Office does a much larger business without any of these. The postage stamp takes the place of ten processes of express auditing, if we except the single account which each postmaster must keep as to the number of stamps he buys. The companies, while monopolizing the business, have preserved their separate entities. The public, therefore, has

(Continued on page 76.)

## THE MOTHER OF MARIE—A STORY

The writer of this story is Marguerite Audoux, the French seamstress who woke one morning a year or two ago to find herself famous as author of "Marie Claire." This story, under the title "Mother and Daughter," appears in a volume of her short stories, "Valserine and Other Stories," published by George Doran Company. This is a complete little domestic drama told in barely fifteen hundred words. Maupassant himself could hardly have compressed it into smaller compass.

**M**E. PELISSAND came into the sitting-room. She walked restlessly about it once, twice, holding in her arms a basket of stockings to darn, of odds and ends to mend. She stopped at length before the armchair, as if she contemplated sinking into its comfortable depths, then seated herself on a chair nearer the piano.

Marie stopped playing at once. She knew that her mother disliked music.

Mme. Pelissand held the mending-basket between her knees, a hand on either edge, and said softly:

"You may go on playing, Marie."

For the first time Marie turned and looked at her mother. Her eyes expressed the surprise she felt. She was still silent, but her glance betokened her thought, "What does mamma mean now?"

For several days Mme. Pelissand had not seemed like herself. Formerly she would never cross the sill of the room while her daughter played or corrected the copy-books of her pupils' work so as to be ready for the next day's routine. She detested the necessity that absorbed so much of Marie's time and strength, and in order not to be unduly irritated at the sight and sound of these displeasing facts, spent her evening hours alone in the dining-room.

Yesterday evening, for the first time, she had sat near her daughter, and several times Marie had noticed her making a movement of the head, opening her mouth as if she were going to say something, each time lowering her chin upon her breast as if ashamed at her own ineptitude.

In spite of the permission, Marie did not venture to play. At length her mother repeated her former remark,

"You may go on playing, Marie."

This time Marie's look was longer, more searching. Receiving no answer, she took her place in the usual position of the musician, but her fingers did not strike true, the favorite Beethoven sonata left her unmoved. Stealthily she regarded her mother. Mme. Pelissand had her eyes riveted on the carpet, and her fingers actually seemed to clutch the handles of the basket.

"Mamma, something is the matter; what is it?"

The eyes of her mother avoided her own. Mme. Pelissand thrust her hands in front of her as if trying to push something unseen away. She rose, then reseated herself quickly. Suddenly at bay, she looked her daughter squarely in the face.

"What is the matter? I wish to marry again."

Marie commenced to laugh and play at the same moment. She stopped both simultaneously. She comprehended that her mother was speaking the truth. She was mentally paralyzed. She looked furtively at her vis-à-vis. She noted the white hair puffed youthfully about the temples, the wrinkled face, the narrow, stooping shoulders, the emaciated hands. She blurted out:

"Why, mamma, you are 58 years old."

"Yes," responded her mother, "but what of that?"

"What of that?" What a strange answer! Marie had nothing to say. Tears came to her eyes, but she would not be silenced.

"What will become of me?"

"You, my dear, are certainly old enough to be left alone."

Holding a stocking up to find the holes, she said dryly:

"You reproach me for my 58 years, but you seem to forget that you are 37, nearly thirty-ci—"

"I do not forget," interrupted Marie, "only—"

"Only what?" asked her mother.

"I was thinking," answered Marie, "that you have always prevented my getting married because you did not want to be left alone and now you are doing what you have begged me not to do so many times."

There was a silence. Bitter thoughts surged in the daughter's breast which she did not dare voice. After a long silence Mme. Pelissand said:

"I am going to marry M. Tardi. I have told you about him. When he was 20 years old he asked me to marry him, and my parents refused because he was too young."

Marie made a gesture signifying that she recalled the name.

Her mother continued. "He married, too, but it seems he never ceased to love me. He has been a widower now three months and last week he asked me to be his wife." She added, after a short pause, "He has a fine house in the South of France. We are going to live there."

Marie's head had dropped. She raised it now. She said gravely, "You do not have to marry him simply because he asked you."

Mme. Pelissand's answer was a vague gesture.

Marie continued. "Every time a man has asked me to become his wife you have forbidden me to think of it."

Her mother looked ashamed.

"I loved Julian. I wanted to marry him. I did not care before that. Still you stepped between, saying my duty was to you. You complained bitterly when father's death left us poor and I went to work. I refused a happiness that must be taken at the expense of yours, and Julian, finally tired out, married another. To-day you calmly announce that you are going to marry a man you never cared for and whom you have not even seen for years."

Mme. Pelissand's head was now bent so low that only the nape of her neck could be seen; but visible there were rigid cords like snakes.

Marie, with a shaking voice, continued:

"Mamma, I did my duty by you, won't you do the same by me? Do not leave me alone in the world."

Mme. Pelissand straightened herself abruptly.

"I am going to marry because I can no longer live with you, Marie."

Marie's face was spectral. She stared forward until it almost touched the agitated one of her mother.

"Why? What do you mean? Of what do you complain?"

"Of everything."

"For example?"

"You are more intelligent and more cultivated than I. You sit for hours dreaming of things of which you never speak, and when our friends come to see us you sit and talk learnedly to the clever men, and I am ignorant of the very subjects you converse about. You choose the books I must read and I am bored by them, frightfully bored. You decide the colors of my gowns, the shapes of my hats. You earn the money by which we live and if I give an order to the servant she does not obey until you second it."

"Yes, everything is changed. It is you who are the parent and I am the child. I am afraid of being criticized whenever I open my mouth; and even when you try to be most sweet and charming you have a patronizing manner that is most irritating."

A long silence intervened. Marie was lost in her dreams. Her fingers lightly touched the keys.

Finally her mother began to weep. She asked timidly, "Won't you let me marry him, Marie?"

Marie rose from the piano-stool. She came and bent lovingly over her mother. She dried the wrinkled cheeks, then kissed her forehead.

"Of course you may marry him, dear. Since only one of us can be happy, I wish you to be that one."

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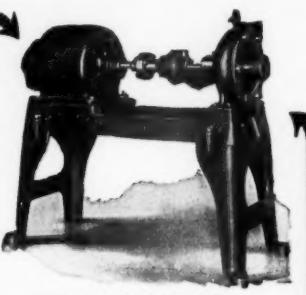
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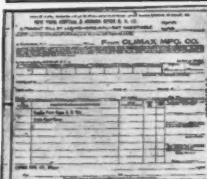
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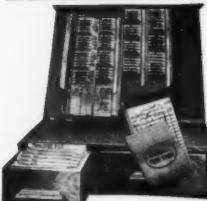
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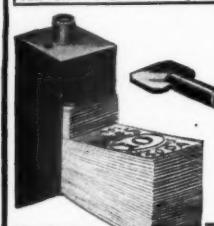
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*(Continued from page 73.)*

none of the benefits of a monopoly such as the Post Office affords. We suffer just as we would suffer if there were four or five big separate post office systems in this country, with numerous smaller ones.

"I suppose no living being knows how express rates were originally made or could say definitely how they are made now," confesses Joseph Zimmerman, general traffic manager for Adams Express Company. Formerly, as one elderly official testified, the method of making rates consisted chiefly in sizing up the shipper. One of the chief reasons why packages are to-day overcharged, double-charged, mis-sent and lost is because employees, in the rush of the moment, and never quite fully understanding all the "graduates," "classes," "specials" and other intricacies of the vast system, guess at the rate which should be imposed and often at the weight itself. To protect themselves they usually guess a little over rather than a little under the exact amount.

As the only solution of all these vexing problems, Mr. Atwood proposes that the Government buy out the actual equipment of the express companies and unify their service with that of the Post Office. There is no good reason, he thinks, why package mail should be subject to private profit and worse than blundering service, while letter mail is a province of the government and efficiently conducted. Our present experiment with parcels post he regards as not far-reaching enough and as unjust to the local merchant. "The founders of the American postal system," Mr. Atwood declares, "intended that packages should be included in the service, but this function has been permitted to drift away into the hands of intruders."

"Some years hence men will have entirely forgotten that the express service was ever under private management. That is the way with most of the present acknowledged functions of government. At one time they were nearly all entrusted to private enterprise. The inconceivability that our postal affairs, customs regulation and public finances should ever be reentrusted to private enterprise will before long have found its counterpart in the same state of mind in regard to the express service.

"Not so many generations back the Post Office was a private enterprise farmed out to those who could make the most of it. Before that it was a mere engine of the ruling monarch for his own convenience, for purposes of taxation and to enable him to do services for his chosen friends. The post was never of any advantage to the people at large until it became a public function. Its rightful extension will not only increase the prosperity of all by facilitating the opera-

tions of commerce, but will lead to a more complete democracy."

Uncle Sam, however, does not seem to be ready to go into the express business on a large scale at present. For the time being he contents himself with regulating the express companies through the Interstate Commerce Commission. From an elaborate analysis of the express situation by W. E. Brigham in the *Boston Transcript*, it appears that the express companies have reached the limit of their monopolistic control. In June the Interstate Commerce Commission sustained eleven counts in the charges made by the shippers against the express companies. These are:

"1. Double collections through carelessness and indifference in the system of accounting employed.

"2. Overcharges and undercharges, presumably based on carelessness but capable of being used and evidently used as a means of making rebates to certain favored shippers.

"3. Indirect routing for the purpose of creating a false ratio of division of the rate, for the benefit of the express company obtaining the original consignment of the package.

"4. Arbitrary establishment of limitation of the so-called 'free delivery territory' surrounding important offices without notice to either consigner or consignee; to the end that the company, after accepting a consignment for delivery at one rate, was able to extort an additional charge on the ground that the service did not include delivery outside a certain circumscribed zone.

"5. Issuance of receipts for consignments phrased in language so obscure and involved as to limit the rights of both consigner and consignee in actions growing out of lost or damaged shipments.

"6. Delays in the settlement of just claims for loss or damage to goods in the care of the express companies.

"7. Extortionate charges for the insurance of articles consigned of which the value exceeded \$50.

"8. The establishment of certain classifications at varying rates designed to furnish benefits to the constant shipper at the expense of the casual user of express service.

"9. Long delays and extortionate charges for the collection of moneys upon C. O. D. consignments.

"10. The flagrant complication of rates and the use of language and tabulations of rates and charges designed to befog the mind of the shipper and to place him wholly at the mercy of the express employer as the arbiter of the rates.

"11. Unreasonable rates for express service."

In October the express companies pleaded guilty to all of these counts except one. They have already adopted four of the reforms suggested by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but they make their fight on the elev-

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enth count. They balk at the trimming of their revenues by the Commission's system of rates. The railroads allied with the express companies made an eleventh-hour attempt to delay a decision, but their efforts were balked. The recommendations of the Commission, which will be enforced, unless the courts intervene, are as follows:

"1. The habit of the companies of basing all express charges upon a standard of a 100-pound package was working a hardship upon the smaller shippers. The Commission, therefore, revised the rate on the basis of the small package.

"2. In fixing its rates the express company should not, as a common carrier, make a charge in excess of what a railroad company would in performing similar service.

"3. The Commission desired to treat the express companies as a forwarder of freight by passenger train, giving supplemental service at each terminal and intermediate care to goods in transit.

"4. That monopoly should not form the basis for express rates and that the express companies should not be exclusive forwarders of freight over one or more lines of railway.

"5. That the rates should not include more than a reasonable compensation for service given, even tho the compensation should fall below the exact amount exacted by the railroad as a minimum for the transportation of 100 pounds freight.

"6. That the rapid rate decline in express tables similar to that made by railroads in freight rates should not be fixed. This was considered an unreasonable obligation upon the express companies and the Commission felt that in this respect express service was more analogous to passenger than to freight service.

"7. That in compounding express rates a railway company should be allowed a compensation for bulked freight moved upon a passenger train, as to which it is relieved by contract for loss or damage and is without expense for furnishing receipts, bills of lading, bookkeeping and all other general expenses.

"8. That the rates should include a return to the express company, furnishing compensation, with a profit, for the expense of services."

The interrelations existing between the express companies themselves and between express companies and the railroads shed light on the complexities of the problems involved. They supply a motive also for that opposition to reform which for years, it is charged, has frustrated any attempt to enforce a "square deal" from the gods of transportation. It is cited in the Commission's report that, as trustee for the benefit of Adams Express Company, the Standard Trust Company of New York holds a thousand shares of stock in the American Express Company. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad owns 30,000 shares of stock held in the American, Adams

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Express Company is the owner of 6,500 shares of stock held in the same trusteeship in the Southern Express Company. It was observed by the Commission that the largest stockholder in the United States Express Company is also the largest stockholder in the Wells-Fargo Company, and that the Southern Pacific, Delaware & Hudson and the Erie Railroads are all strongly represented in the Wells-Fargo directorate.

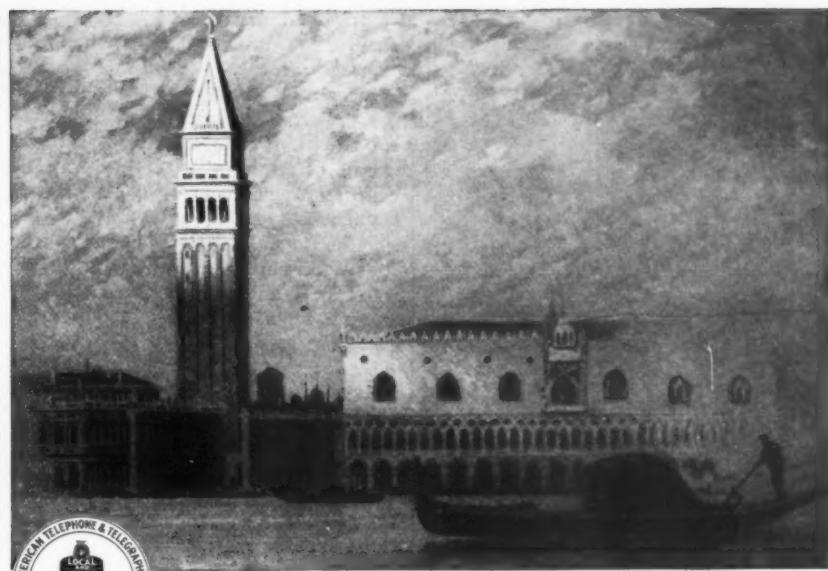
"The second largest stockholder in the United States Express Company is the American Express Company. The Wells-Fargo Company owns stock and bonds in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to the amount of \$1,156,000, in the Chesapeake & Ohio bonds and notes to the value of \$700,000, in the Puget Sound Railway bonds to the amount of \$778,000, in the Southern Pacific bonds to the amount of \$1,223,000, and stock to the amount of \$70,000.

"An analysis of the stockholdings of the United States Express Companies shows that Mrs. Mary W. Harriman, widow of the late E. H. Harriman, owns twenty-seven per cent. of stock in the United States Express. The American Express Company owns nineteen per cent. The remaining fifty-four per cent. is divided among no less than 1991 stockholders."

The railroads, with the active cooperation of the express companies, have been increasing their charges to the express companies for several years. The stockholders of the express companies raise no objection because their interests are largely identical with those of the railroads. The public, however, is fleeced, coming and going. By this neat arrangement, such at least runs Mr. Brigham's impeachment, the express companies are enabled to cry "wolf" when the Commission reduces their rates. They claim that they will lose, on their local business alone, \$27,000,000 if the new rates are established and, arguing for delay, they propose a gentleman's agreement with the Commission for a joint study of rate schedules before action is taken. There is, however, little likelihood that the Interstate Railroad Commission will modify its conclusions. The express companies are cornered at last. They must render efficient and economical service or perish on the scrap heap of industrial evolution.

## WHY THE HIGH COST OF LIVING MUST GO STILL HIGHER

IN THE last fifteen years prices have risen steadily in all gold-standard countries. The rise has averaged from thirty to fifty per cent. And yet, Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, explains in the *North American Review*,



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the trend of prices in the future will continue upward. Whether the scale of prices contracts or expands depends on which is gaining in the perpetual race between the circulation of money and checks, on the one hand, and the volume of trade on the other. If the facilities for payment exceed the needs of business, prices will rise; if the business to be outdone outstrips the money and checks to do it with, prices will fall. Thousands of causes, the writer admits, can affect the general level of prices.

"For instance, it can be shown that a protective tariff tends to raise the general price level of the country by inflating its currency, on the one hand, and decreasing its volume of trade on the other, to say nothing of the effects on the relative prices of different commodities according as they are or are not 'protected.' Contrariwise, a reduction in the tariff such as we may expect next March will tend to restrain the upward trend of prices. So also trusts and labor unions and the concentration of population in cities, as well as various other influences, affect the volume of trade and the circulation of media of exchange.

"We are not entering here on any denial of the potency of these causes. We are merely insisting that they can act only through the two channels—volume of trade and circulation of money and checks. Many who have noted the influence of some particular cause, such, for instance, as labor unions, jump to the unwarranted conclusion that the whole scale of prices must be directly affected thereby. But we cannot assume that when a particular price rises it pulls up the general level of prices with it any more than we can assume that a man who walks up-stairs pulls the earth up with him."

The circulation of money, Professor Fisher goes on to say, resolves itself into the "volume of money" in circulation multiplied by the "velocity of circulation" of that money—that is, the number of times the money of the country is "turned over" in the course of a year. In the same way the "circulation of checks" resolves itself into the "volume of deposits subject to check" multiplied by the ratio of their activity. The total annual circulation of media of exchange in the United States (1911) was approximately \$422,000,000,000. Only 8% of this vast sum consisted of money payments. The remaining transactions were by check. The average dollar changed hands about twenty-one times in a year. Bank deposits were turned over fifty times a year.

"In the last fifteen years money in circulation in the United States has grown at the rate of 4.2 per cent. per annum, which is a very rapid rate. But deposits have grown at the still more rapid rate of 7.3 per cent. per annum. The rate of



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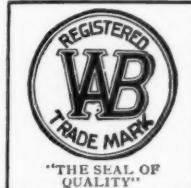
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turnover of money has grown less than 1 per cent. per annum and the rate of turnover of deposits 2 per cent. per annum. These rates of increase of the four factors on the left side of the equation of exchange have caused the total of that side—i. e., the total expenditures—to increase at the rate of 9.1 per cent. per annum. Consequently the right side of the equation had to increase at this same rate, and as the volume of trade increased only 5.3 per cent. per annum, the result was that, to make things even, the price level had to rise at the rate of 3.5 per cent. per annum. We may say, then, in a general way, that in the United States prices have been rising over 3 per cent. per annum *in spite of* a great expansion of trade and *because of* a still greater expansion of facilities for payment. The following figures show the present average annual rates of increase in the United States of the six factors in the equation of exchange:

"Money in circulation, 4.2 per cent. per annum.

"Its velocity of circulation, 0.7 per cent. per annum.

"Deposits subject to check, 7.3 per cent. per annum.

"Their velocity of circulation, 2.0 per cent. per annum.

"Volume of trade, 5.3 per cent. per annum.

"Scale of prices, 3.5 per cent. per annum."

Similar conditions prevail throughout the world. The awakening of the Orient will mean the pouring of incredible hoards of gold from stockings and cellars into the banks. The use of checks instead of money is increasing with prodigious rapidity in Europe and Asia. The volume of trade, however, is not keeping pace with the volume of money expansion. There is, Professor Fisher thinks, no evidence that it will expand any faster in the future than in the past. There is some reason to believe that trade, while it will continue to expand, will expand more slowly. The fuller occupation of our lands and the decrease in the growth of population, which is partly a consequence of this occupation and partly a consequence of the voluntary decrease in the birth rate, will naturally tend to curb the rate of increase.

"The following estimates for the future rates of increase of the primary world factors in the problem seem, therefore, conservative:

"Money, not less than 2 per cent. per annum.

"Its velocity, not less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum.

"Deposits, not less than 6 per cent. per annum.

"Their velocity, not less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum.

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much more important than money, it can be shown that the average growth of the combined facilities for buying goods (by both money and checks) will probably be at least 6½ per cent. per annum. As trade promises to grow at most only 4½ per cent. per annum, I regard the difference 6½—4½, or 2 per cent., as a fairly safe minimum estimate for the future average annual expansion of the scale of prices, while, humanly speaking, I feel perfectly safe in predicting that the trend of prices for many years to come will not be downward. As already stated, this conclusion does not preclude, of course, the possibility or even probability of temporary recessions of prices like that following the crisis of 1907.

What, may be asked, is the harm in rising prices? This is the salient point in the discussion. The changing from one price level to another, we are told, interferes with all business contracts and arrangements expressed in money, which by law and custom cannot be easily adjusted in the interim. The working man who put one hundred dollars in the savings bank fifteen years ago now finds that he has "accumulated" one hundred and fifty dollars, the fifty dollars being interest accrued.

"But this one hundred and fifty dollars, instead of being a *real* increase of fifty per cent.—as he has every right to expect and as would have been the case had his dollar remained constant in purchasing power—will now buy no more than the original hundred dollars. In other words, the fall in the purchasing power of money has in recent years subtly robbed all the savings-bank depositors of practically all their interest. Similarly, salaried men and wage-earners have been heavy losers. Losses of an opposite kind are experienced during a period of falling prices. Worst of all, great and general price changes cause uncertainty. Business is always injured by uncertainty, and uncertainty in the purchasing power of the dollar is the worst of all business uncertainties, tho this is seldom appreciated. The fact that most people fondly believe that a 'dollar is a dollar' merely shows that a dollar ought to be always the same. The dollar ought to be standardized just as the yard-stick has been standardized or any other unit or measure or weight employed in commerce."

A writer in *Moody's Magazine*, A. W. Ferrin, enthusiastically indorses Professor Fisher's standardized dollar. The idea will no doubt be discussed at the International Conference on the High Cost of Living suggested by Mr. Taft. Professor Fisher's new theory has roused considerable excitement in economical circles and many writers, notably J. Laurence Laughlin, have voiced their emphatic disagreement. Professor Fisher's proposal, as explained by Mr. Ferrin, is to increase the weight of the gold dollar. This increase in weight would not be added



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to the coins but only to the bullion out of which they are made.

"In other words, the proposal is to restore the ancient custom of a 'seigniorage' on gold coinage. At present coinage is free, and the weight of a gold dollar is as great as the weight of the bullion which the miner takes to the mint and for which he receives back a dollar. He now takes 25.8 grains of gold bullion to the mint to secure a 25.8 grain gold dollar. The coined dollar weighs the same as the uncoined or 'bullion dollar.' Prof. Fisher proposes to increase the weight of the uncoined dollar, that is, to require 26 or 27 or 28 grains of gold bullion to be taken to the mint to secure a 25.8 grain gold dollar. The coined dollar would remain unchanged in weight (25.8), but the bullion required to secure the coined dollar would be heavier. The difference in weight between the two would be what is called 'seigniorage.' It would not be fixed once for all but would be continually adjusted so as to give the dollar always fixed purchasing power. The adjustment of the seigniorage would be entirely automatic, dependent on an official index number of the price level. If the official index number should show a rise of prices in any year of, say, 1 per cent., the mint would add 1 per cent. to the seigniorage, or if gold should lose in weight of its value, the mint would pay 1 per cent. less for it. This, Prof. Fisher contends, would tend always to preserve a uniform purchasing power of the monetary unit."

Mr. Ferrin points out that even as early as 310 A.D. the high cost of living was a political issue. The emperor Diocletian issued an edict fixing maximum prices on all commodities. Anyone who would charge more than the official price was to be beheaded. The average American workman spends \$266, almost half his income, on food. The Roman working man received only one ninth to one fifteenth as much pay as the American working man, while the average price of meat was about one third that of to-day. The prices of wheat, rye and barley make even a worse showing for Rome. Diocletian's method may have been justified by conditions, but it was not justified by results. Mr. Ferrin seems to fear that the Progressive Party may propose similarly drastic measures in this country. Political economy died, he declared, when the Progressive Party was born. He expresses the hope that the International Conference on the High Cost of Living may be speedily summoned. For while intensive farming and reduced tariffs will go a considerable distance towards reducing the distressing results of the advanced price of foodstuffs, the rising cost of living will continue to exasperate the modern American as much as it did the ancient citizen of Rome until the problem of a stabilized monetary unit has been solved.



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### THE INVESTOR IN PERPLEXITY

A great many thousands of people at the present time and for many months past have held back money which they otherwise would have invested, because they have been very perplexed. They have read various reports to the effect that bonds and stocks were declining, that the Government is suing a lot of Trusts, that the railroads are finding it hard to make ends meet, that the cost of living is high and going higher, that we have a perfectly rotten currency system, that money is scarce and hard to get, that Governor Wilson is going to start an industrial slaughter by the reform of the tariff, and that things generally are going to the dogs.

On the other hand he finds perhaps that his own business is producing very good results and that his own money is piling up in the bank. He knows that it is foolish for any man who calls himself thrifty to leave a lot of money lying idle without interest or at a very low rate. Therefore, he is torn between his desire to get his money working properly and his equally strong desire not to lose it in unwise investments at a dangerous period.

The result under such circumstances is usually that investment capital accumulates in the banks, because the negative evil is better than the possible positive evil. There are, however, so many exceptions to this rule, and so many pitfalls especially designed to attract this money at such a time that a good deal of the money finds its way into various strange and unusual channels.

For instance, there is always the man who advertises and circularizes to the effect that he has certain securities for sale which are absolutely immune from the influences of the stock market, the money market, Balkan War, tariff revision or any other unfavorable circumstance. This argument of immunity always becomes prevalent in the country at a time when there is a great deal of unemployed and frightened money and when men are thinking a lot about the element of uncertainty in the business world.

The argument of course is a complete fallacy. It is based upon the old theory that an investor never loses any money until he sells his investment. If, for

instance, he puts a thousand dollars into a mining property paying no dividends, and the stock continues to pay no dividends, and he continues to hold the stock indefinitely, he is not considered to have lost any money. Perhaps if he wanted to sell the stock he would not get any more than \$5.00 for the lot; but still he would not be considered, according to this theory, to have lost any money. That is the real and ultimate meaning of the statement which one meets so often, that "No investor in the securities offered by this house has ever lost any money by his investment."

Of course, this illustration is taken from the bottom rather than from the top of the heap, so to speak. There are a great many classes of securities that are offered, especially at a time when people are frightened, which are not by any means of the "get-rich-quick" class. Also there are a great many securities that have been sold by houses, that use the statement that their investors have never lost a dollar, which are very good securities. It is quite safe, however, to say that no house which has been long in business could make this statement if it dealt in securities which had any market at all in times of panic, for there comes a period in the affairs of most men when they would be very glad indeed to sell some of the securities they own without taking a loss, or indeed with a reasonable amount of loss.

A salesman for a realty company in New York, which offered its own first mortgage bonds to yield six per cent., recently called upon a middle-class investor in New Jersey to sell him some of the bonds. He knew that the investor had money because he had just been the beneficiary of a will whose terms were made public.

"Young man," said the investor, "I am too uncertain about business at the present time to make any investment. I am going to keep my money where I can get it when I want it, and I do not intend to be caught in any Wall Street catastrophe that may come."

That was the salesman's cue. He was drilled and trained to perfection to meet and to overcome that very feeling

of uncertainty. He launched into his argument with zest. He started with the statement that the bonds in question were not only not listed in Wall Street but were not traded in by any dealers and brokers in the Wall Street district. He explained the pains that had been taken by the management to see that these bonds never fell into the hands of the Wall Street trader, whom he characterized in no uncertain terms. He outlined what had been done to make these bonds purely an investment security without regard to financial, commercial or banking conditions. None of them, he said, were sold to the banks, to dealers, or even to individuals who wanted large lots of them for the sake of making a market and getting profits out of them.

The investor, who was not a financial man at all, was almost convinced. Also he was attracted by the apparent opportunity to get six per cent. on his money. Caution, however, induced him to take another step before he plunged, he reached for the telephone and called up a friend of his, a broker, who had been advising him to go very slowly and to keep his money in liquid form. He told the broker the circumstances, the broker listened to the story and then laughed.

"Ask him," he said, "what you can do if you have those bonds and circumstances come around during the next six months which make it necessary for you to have some money. It is always perfectly easy to buy securities that won't fluctuate in price at all; but there never was and there never will be any security which is both bought and sold freely that will not fluctuate in price. If you can get a written guarantee from any responsible people that you can get rid of these bonds at a three or four per cent. discount any time you want to, that might be all right; but for goodness sake don't put your money entirely out of your own control for good and all, no matter how much interest you get on the so-called investment. Anyway, let's talk it over, and look over their literature, before you do anything."

The investor hung up the receiver and turned to the salesman, who of course had not heard much of the conversation. When he asked whether there would be a guarantee that the money could be gotten when wanted, he talked about a sinking fund which was to retire five per cent. of the bonds every year. He did not know, however, just how the sinking fund worked. He did not think that there was any guarantee that any part of the money could be obtained upon demand. He was not sure that any bank would lend money on the bonds. He was an honest young

(Continued on next page.)



## The Value of Preparation

THE Bulgarians were prepared for their spectacular struggle with the Turk, and they won a series of brilliant victories. So have other armies, and so always have individuals won when they were fully prepared. In times of peace they prepared for war.

If you are to win the battle for your own financial future it is just as necessary for you to act now, that you may be prepared. If you have not already begun a systematic campaign for financial independence in advancing years, you should lay definite plans at once.

Don't deceive yourself with the thought that everything will come out all right, somehow. Things have a way of not coming out right at all unless you personally see that they do.

The best New Year's habit you can form is to start saving money systematically, and thus provide a competency for the future. If you have some money accumulated—\$100 or so—put it to work, and see that you get ample security along with a good rate of interest. For instance, you can invest \$100, \$500, or any multiple of these amounts in the Coupon Bonds of the American Real Estate Company. These bonds earn 6% interest payable by coupons semi-annually, and return principal in ten years.

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50,000 Marion Co., S. C., Sch. Dist.....	5's "	4.75
40,000 Fort Lauderdale, Fla.....	6's "	5.50
30,000 Chatham, Va.....	5½ "	5.20
15,000 Elko, Nev.....	6's "	5.25
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man and did not try to misrepresent, but said he would look up the questions and come back again.

That purchase was never made. It seldom is made if the investor looks far enough into the situation.

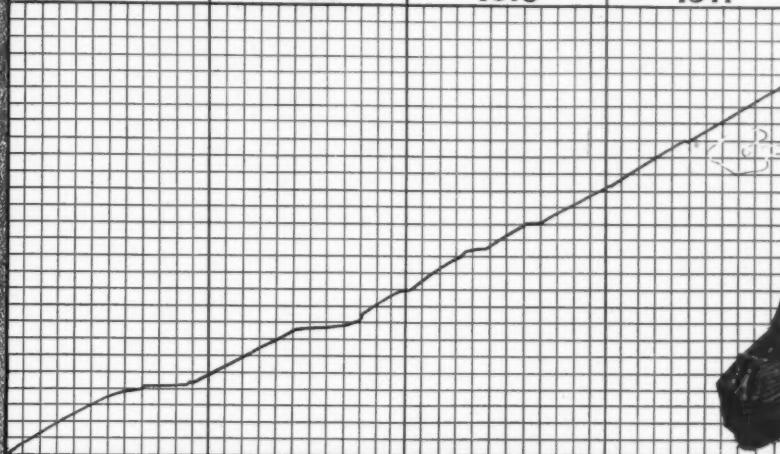
There is one fine big solid class of security for income only which has always been a staple investment and a pretty sure refuge for the investor in times of uncertainty. That is the farm mortgage or the mortgage issued in conformance with savings banks regulations and based upon good city property which produces revenue, or which represents the homes of substantial people. This big class of mortgages against real property is a real investment and a good investment in almost all the countries of the civilized world. Nobody can criticize it if it is properly used.

Such mortgages, of course, must be issued at a conservative percentage of a conservative valuation. If they are based on boom property in a boom section they are just as fatal as any other class of securities filled up with wind and water. If they are based on solid property at a reasonable market value they are just as good as any other solid security at a reasonable price. Usually they are even marketable in a pinch at very little or no loss except a fee to somebody; but as a rule they should be bought for income only. Consequently, the best of them are for short terms—one, three or five years. That means that they automatically turn themselves into money every now and again, so that the investor keeping his money in them has cash coming in from time to time, generally in quite sufficient volume to meet any extraordinary demands that may fall upon him even in times of panic.

There are other investments equally legitimate with somewhat similar character. Good solid bond mortgage bonds of some good solid little properties not big enough to be listed on the Stock Exchange or to be dealt in widely day by day, come in this catalog. They can usually be sold in case of need within a reasonable distance of the price you pay for them, and they pay a good rate of interest.

On the whole, these are safe and comfortable eddies off the main stream of investment, which runs, of course, in standard bonds, standard stocks, and large city mortgages. One has to be careful, of course, that in seeking the seclusion of this quiet kind of investment, he does not find himself in some back water full of whirlpools and treacherous currents. Seek your financial advice from people who know all the markets, who give credit where credit is due, and lay blame with discrimination.

1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
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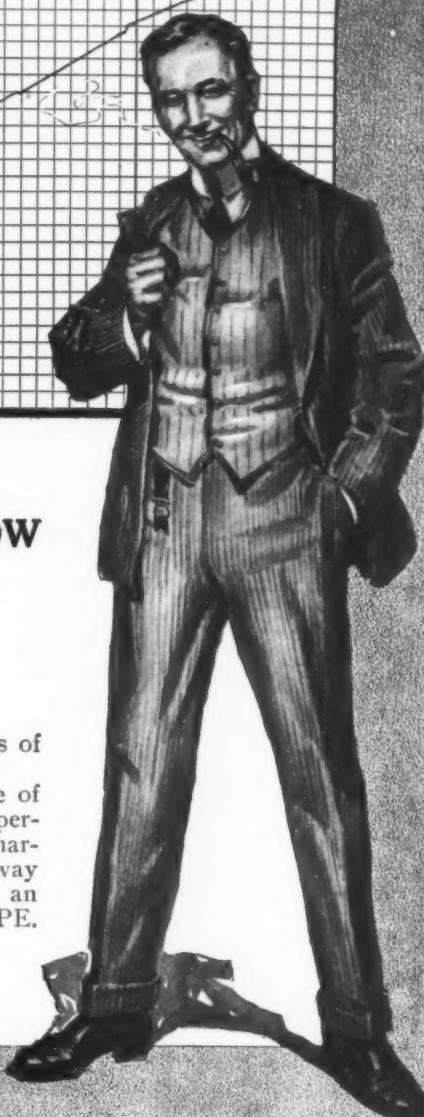
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#### QUIETING HER NERVES.

A woman hired a taxicab. The door of the cab was hardly closed before the engine started with a jerk, and the cab began to race madly along, narrowly missing lamp-posts, tramcars, policemen, etc. Becoming frightened, the woman rapped on the window of the cab and remonstrated with the chauffeur:

"Please be careful. This is the first time I ever rode in a taxi."

The chauffeur reassured the passenger as follows:

"That's all right, ma'am. This is the first time I ever drove one!"

Rose Pastor Phelps-Stokes, the Socialist, tells the following of a fresh-air-fund

little girl who was visiting for a few days last summer at a dairy farm:

#### AS USUAL, NOTHING TO WEAR.

"In a soft and wistful August twilight," she said, "this little girl and I stood watching the milking. The little girl was complaining about her shabby clothes—the gift of some charitable organization.

"'Eve,' she grumbled quaintly, as she looked down at her old-fashioned and ill-fitting dress—'Eve had nothing but leaves to wear; and I have nothing but leavings.'"

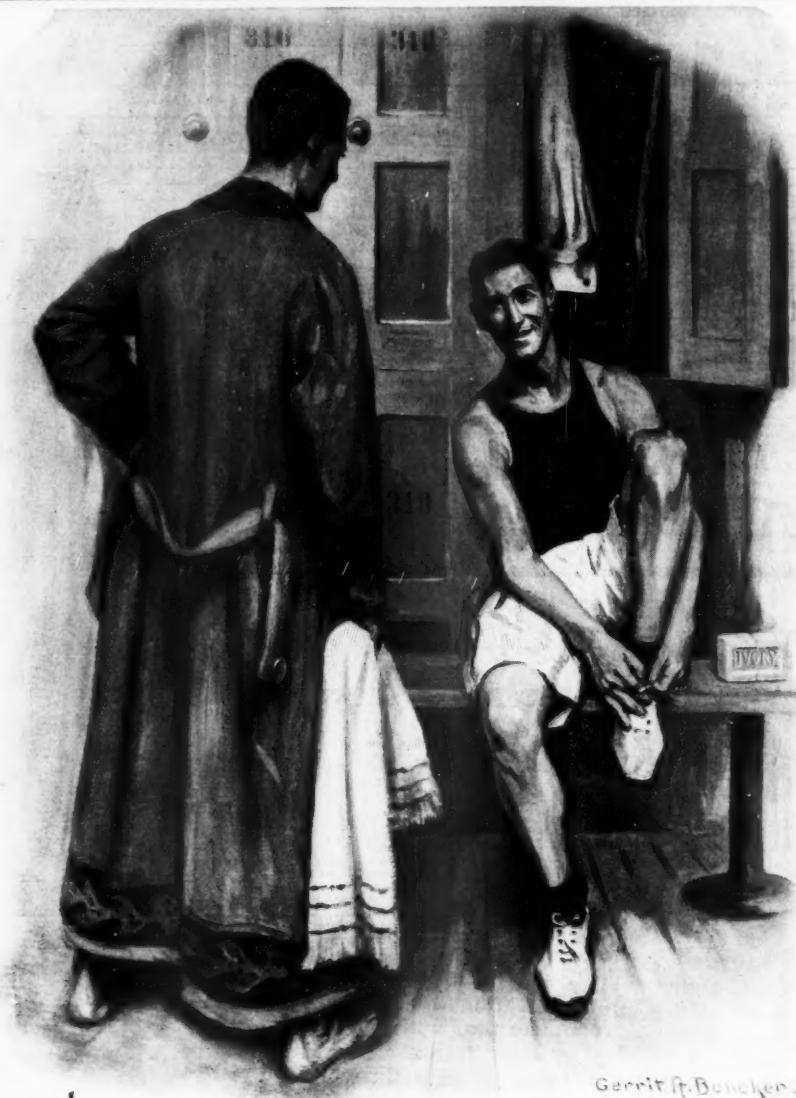
Woodrow Wilson is said to be fond of limericks and to have been guilty of making one or two himself. Here are

two new ones from *Fun* that are good of their kind, being the kind that depend for their point upon some one of the queer spellings or abbreviations of proper names:

#### LIMERICKS.

A wild and uncivilized Sioux  
Once asked a Chinee for a choux.  
No "baccy" he had;  
It made him so mad  
He cut off the Chinaman's quiox.

There was a young fellow from Me.,  
On whom the girls looked with disde.  
To get him a wife  
He's tried all his life,  
And still he is looking in ve.



Gerrit F. Bencker.

ANY ATHLETE who uses Ivory Soap will tell you that the best thing about a hard game or other physical exercise is the bath which follows it. The soothing, refreshing, glowing cleanliness produced by Ivory Soap is evident especially to him because:

After physical exertion the skin is extremely sensitive and sometimes sore from chafing and perspiration. A soap which at this time can cleanse thoroughly without making the skin burn, naturally makes a very grateful bath.

Ivory Soap, being mild, pure and free from alkali, can be rubbed into the open pores without the slightest irritation. It does nothing but cleanse. Then, being free from excessive oil, it rinses readily, leaving the skin not only clean in every sense of the word but soothed, cooled and refreshed.

The satisfaction which Ivory Soap gives under such extreme conditions shows why it has attained its widespread use and why it is so desirable not only for toilet and bath but for all purposes requiring a better than ordinary soap.